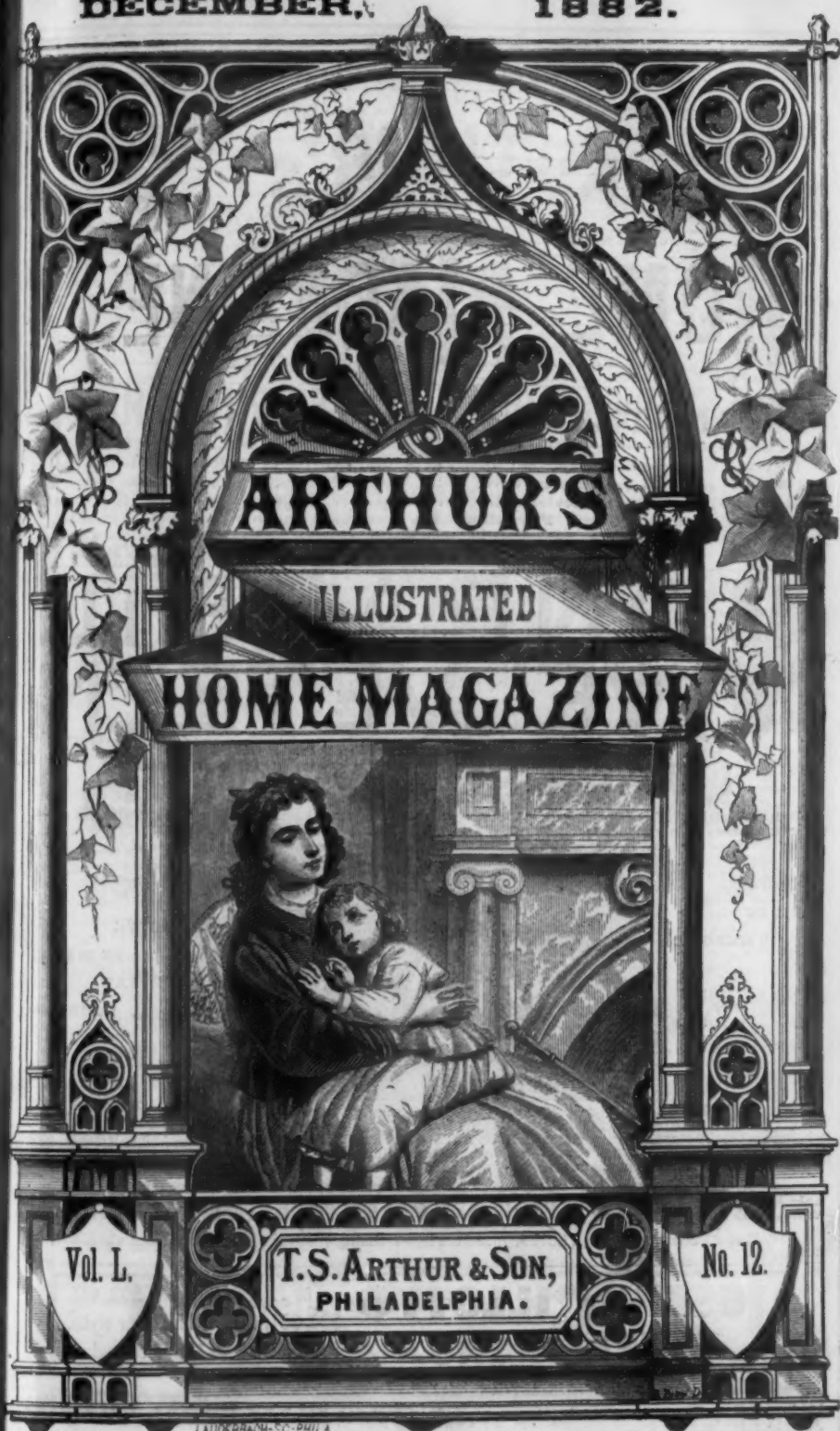


DECEMBER,

1882.



ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. L.

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DYE AND  
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# FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1882:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE No. 1.—LADIES' *NÉGLIGÉ*.

FIGURE No. 1.—In this engraving is illustrated a *négligé*, whose beauty, novelty and grace say much in its favor, and are certain to make it a most acceptable mode to ladies desirous of being attractively and beautifully attired in the privacy of their homes. Made of suitable fabrics, it will also prove a charming style of tea-gown. The material used in the present instance is fine soft cashmere of a deep, lovely blue shade, and about the front of the robe is a double box-plaited ruche of the same fabric, invisibly sewed on. The garment is short and round, and in construction is charmingly suggestive of the Mother-Hubbard mode. At the top it is deeply shirred in yoke outline, the shirrings being all secured to stays that are in square yoke shape and fit the shoulders smoothly. Below the shirrs the garment falls in loose, graceful folds; and under each arm all unnecessary fullness is removed by a nicely arched seam. The closing is made down the front with button-holes and buttons. About the neck is a rolling collar bordered all around with Moresque lace, and from beneath its ends at the throat fall long loops and ends of satin ribbon. The sleeves are novel and beautiful in shape. They are slightly

gathered to stand high at the shoulders, and are fitted comfortably close to the arm to a little below the elbow, whence they widen with a pretty flare at the wrist. Two frills of lace encircle the lower part of each sleeve, the upper frill being headed by a loose twist of ribbon knotted in a dainty bow at the back of the arm.

The pattern to this exquisite wrapper is No. 8326, which is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 40 cents. For camel's-hair, Surahs, satins, brocades, cashmeres, flannels, light-textured cloths and all soft woolen fabrics, it is a superb mode. Little plaitings, full ruches, embroideries, laces, ruffles, braids, flat bands, etc., are all suitable garnitures for wrappers of this style. The sleeves may be gaily lined to the elbows, with very pretty results. A tasteful and serviceable example of the mode is developed in dress goods of a soft gray shade, and its decorations consist of parallel rows of narrow braid about all except the closing edges, together with a tiny knife-plaiting of the material at the bottom. Wrappers of this description, made to serve as tea-gowns, may be



FIGURE No. 1.—LADIES' *Négligé*.

The sleeves are garnitured with delicate fur or swan's-down, or with elaborately applied laces or embroideries.



8339

*Front View.*

## LADIES'

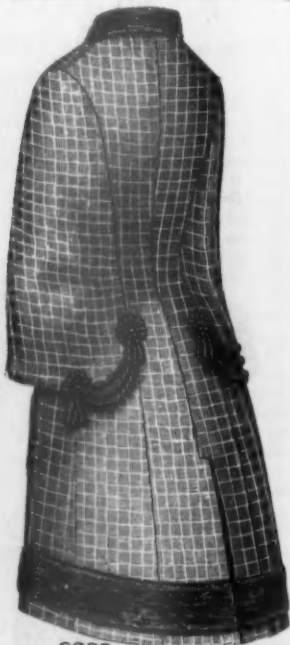
No. 8339.—This pattern is in 10 inches, bust measure. To make size, will require  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54 inches



8328

## GIRLS' BASQUE.

No. 8328.—This is a jaunty style of dress-body. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 8 years, will require  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of material 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



8339

*Back View.*

## WRAP.

sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 the wrap for a lady of medium rial 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



8350

*Front View.*

8321

## MISSES' POLONAISE.

No. 8321.—This becoming fashion for misses' wear is adapted to the construction of any material at present in fashionable use. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8350

*Back View.*

## LADIES' JACKET.

No. 8350.—The garment is here made up in plain coating and trimmed with plush. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8332

*Front View.*

8346

## CHILD'S JACKET.

No. 8346.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the jacket for a child of 6 years, will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



8377



8332

*Back View.*

## LADIES' WRAP.

No. 8332.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 48 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54 inches wide. Price, 40 cents.

## CHILD'S GULMPE.

No. 8377.—To make this garment, for a child of 6 years, requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36 inches wide. The pattern is in 9 sizes for children from 2 to 10 years, and costs 10 cents.



8333

*Front View.*

8333

*Back View.*

8335

*Front View.*

8335

*Back View.*

## CHILD'S CLOAK, WITH CAPE.

No. 8333.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the cloak for a child of 6 years, will require 3 yards of material 22 inches wide, with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of plush 20 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

## CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 8335.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 6 years, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



FIGURE NO. 2.—LADIES' VISITING TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 2.—The elegant toilette here illustrated is made of *acajou* velvet and Surah. The skirt is short and round, and is trimmed about the foot with a narrow box-plaiting of Surah, surmounted by a deep, side-plaited flounce of the same fabric. Upon the front-gore are arranged three pretty puffs, which extend from the belt to the top of the flounce, and are separated by two narrow panels of overlapping pointed tabs of velvet. On the point of each tab, and over the lower end of each puff, is arranged a handsome *passementerie* ornament. The side-gores are overlaid with flat panels of velvet, that are lined and piped with Surah and extend nearly to the bottom of the flounce. The back-drapery is differently draped at the sides and is both deep and *bouffant*. Its edges are plainly finished. The pattern to the skirt is No. 8342, and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist

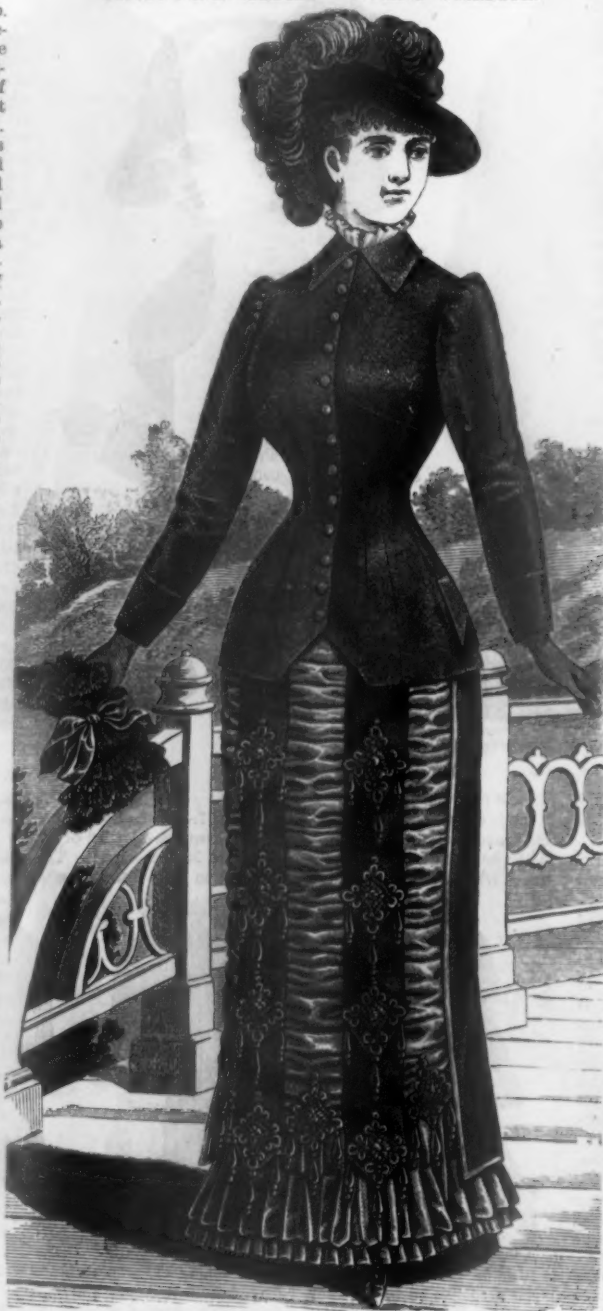


FIGURE NO. 2.—LADIES' VISITING TOILETTE.

of *acajou* felt, trimmed with ostrich plumes.

measure, and costs 35 cents.

The basque fits as closely as a Jersey bodice, and is made of velvet. Its adjustment is attained by double bust and single under-arm darts, low side-backs and a curving center seam. Below the waist-line the center and side-back seams are left open, so that the back falls in two narrow tabs, which are sewed flatly to an added skirt of Surah. This skirt is joined at its side edges to the side-backs, and at its top to the back underneath, and is plaited so as to fall in two triple box-plaits. Pocket-lapels rest upon the hips, and cuff-facings finish the sleeves; while the neck is completed with a rolling collar. The pattern to the basque is No. 8337, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents.

The muff is of velvet, trimmed with lace and ribbon. Its pattern is No. 8341 and is in one size, and costs 15 cents.

The hat is

FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' PROMENADE TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 3.  
—The materials combined in the present costume are handsome grosgrain silk and plain velvet. In accordance with the decrees of Fashion, the skirt is short and round, and the three gores and the full breadth composing it are shaped so as to hang gracefully. A deep, side-plaited flounce of silk surrounds the foot of the skirt, and its plaits are stitched to position midway between the top and bottom. Two similar flounces are arranged above it upon the front-gore, the upper flounce extending a little beneath the lower edge of a softly wrinkled *tablier*, which overlies the upper part of the front-gore and has its side edges inserted in the side-front seams.

The over-dress or pelisse forming the upper part of the costume, is an example of elegance in regard to adjustment, and illustrates a pleasing novelty in draperies. It is constructed from velvet, and its fitting is secured by the aid of double bust darts, single under-arm darts and seams, side-back seams curving from the back of the arm's-eyes and terminating in dart fashion some distance below the hips, and a well-arched center seam that extends only a short distance below the waist-line. At the end of the



center seam are left narrow extensions, to which are joined the side edges of an extra skirt-portion of silk, all the fullness being disposed in a triple box-plait underneath. The folds of the plait flare with a graceful fan effect and present a handsome contrast with the flat draperies of the sides. The front exhibits a deep vest effect at the center, but at the sides is long and unwrinkled, its edges flaring beautifully and exposing the short *tablier* and the plaited flounce upon the front-gore. Button-holes and buttons close the vest portion, and a rolling collar finishes the neck. The sleeves are slightly gathered at the top to raise them becomingly high at the shoulders, and are fitted comfortably to the arm. A cuff-facing of velvet, with its upper back corners reversed to show its pretty silk lining, completes the wrist of each sleeve in accordance with the style of the garment. Upon the hips are oblong pocket-laps and at the neck and wrists are worn dainty ruffs of lace. The pattern to the costume is No. 8352, and is in 13 sizes for ladies, from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price, 40 cts.

The hat is of fine felt, trimmed on one side with a

FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' PROMENADE TOILETTE.

large bird and on the other with a twist of silk.



8348

*Side-Front View.***LADIES' PANIER**

No. 8348.—Camel's-hair and plush construction of this stylish walking-skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 make the garment for a lady of of one material and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of the one and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of the other



8330

**MISSSES' BASQUE.**

No. 8330.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and is a convenient mode for any variety or stylish combination of dress goods. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



8348

*Side-Back View.***WALKING-SKIRT.**

are the materials employed in the skirt, the decorations consisting of deep band of the plush. The pattern to 36 inches, waist measure. To medium size, will require  $8\frac{1}{4}$  yards another 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



8331

**LADIES' DRESS BASQUE.**

No. 8331.—The handsome basque here illustrated is made of brocaded satin and decorated with Spanish lace and jet *passementerie*. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8329

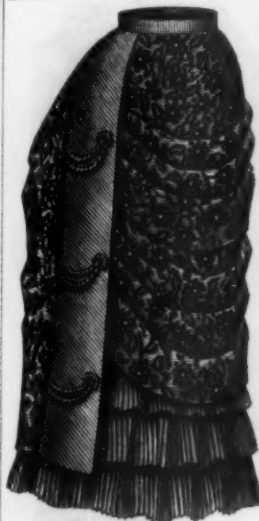
*Front View.*

8329

*Side-Back View.***MISSSES' WALKING SKIRT.**

No. 8329.—The stylish walking skirt here portrayed is made of plain suit goods, the same, brocade, buttons and ribbon forming the decorative accessories. It will be one of the much admired fashions for misses' wear, and the selection and disposal of its decorations may be in accordance with individual preference. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it needs  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.





8358

## LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8358.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, needs 6½ yards of plain material and 4½ yards of brocaded goods 22 inches wide, or 3½ yards of plain material and 2½ yards of brocaded goods 48 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



8341

## LADIES' FANCY MUFF.

No. 8341.—This pretty accessory may be made of silk, velvet, plush, lace or any material suitable for such articles. The pattern is in one size, and costs 15 cents. In its construction it will require ¾ yard of material 20 inches wide, together with the same quantity of lining fabric.



8354

## LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8354.—This skirt is here made of brownish gray suiting and trimmed with seal brown velvet, buttons and a narrow plaiting of the material. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, the skirt needs 9 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 4½ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



8369

MISSES' RIDING-HABIT,  
(COMPRISING A BASQUE, SKIRT AND TROUSERS).

No. 8369.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years old. For a miss of 12 years, it will need 4½ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



8353

## LADIES' COAT, WITH VEST.

No. 8353.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is a tasteful selection for any coating fabric. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 5½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 48 inches wide, or 2½ yards 54 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



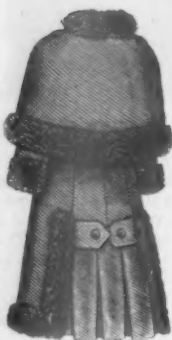
8338

## LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED BASQUE.

No. 8338.—The pattern to this stylish dress-body is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In constructing the basque as represented for a lady of medium size, 3½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8324

*Front View.*

8324

*Back View.***GIRLS' CLOAK,  
WITH CAPE.**

No. 8324.—This stylish cloak may be made of cloth, velvet plush, or any variety of cloaking, and the decorations will be in accordance with the material. The cloak, for a girl of 8 years, needs  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 27 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 3 to 10 years of age. Price, 25 cents.

**FIGURE NO. 4.—CHILD'S COSTUME.**

FIGURE No. 4.—This consists of Child's costume No. 8335, differently represented in two views on page 3. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume for a child of 6 years, will require  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



8325

*Front View.*

8325

*Back View.***GIRLS' COSTUME,  
WITH REMOVABLE  
COLLAR.**

No. 8325.—The pattern to this costume is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of one material, with 1 yard of another, each 22 inches wide. If goods 48 inches wide be selected, then  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of the one and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of the other will be sufficient. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



8371

**WINDOW LAMBREQUIN.**

No. 8371.—Canton flannel is the material used in the construction of this handsome lambrequin, which is very prettily decorated with fringe, cord and a large, heavy tassel. The pattern is in 4 sizes for windows from 4 to  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide, and will develop nicely in lady's-cloth, brocatelle, reps, crêtonne or any suitable material. To make the lambrequin for a window five feet wide, will require  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 27 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

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THE YULE-LOG.—Page 767.

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. L.

DECEMBER, 1882.

No. 12.



## THE SILKWORM.\*

"THE ideal of the human arts of spinning and weaving"—said to me one day a Southerner (a manufacturer, but a man of imagination)—"the ideal which we always follow is a

\* Jules Michelet.  
VOL. L.—48.

woman's beautiful hair! Oh! how we are the softest work of finest cotton from approaching it! At what an enormous distance does all, and ever will all, our progress leave us! We drag ourselves onward, a long, long way in the rear, and enviously regard that supreme perfection which Nature daily realizes as a mere matter of pastime. (703)



THE TULE-LOG.—Page 27.

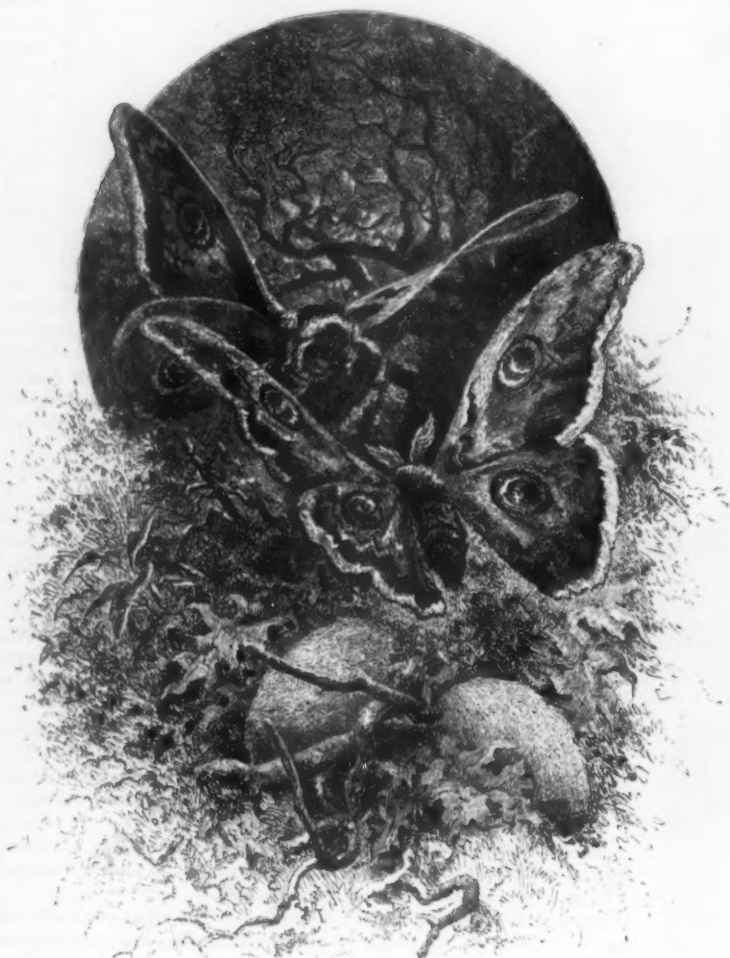


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(703)

"Sir, we must own the truth; there is only one thing worthy of being placed side by side with woman's hair. Only one manufacturer can contend against it. That manufacturer is an insect—the modest silkworm."

A peculiar charm attends the labors of the silkworm; it ennobles everything which surrounds it. In traversing our rudest provinces, the valleys of the Ardèche, where all is rocky—where the mulberry and the chestnut seem to dispense with earth, to live upon air and pebbles—where low stone

houses sadden the eyes by their gray tints—everywhere I saw at the door, under a kind of arcade, two or three charming brunettes, with ivory teeth, who smiled on the wayfarer, and continued spinning their

silken gold. The wayfarer said to them in a low voice, as the carriage bore him away: "What a pity, innocent fairies, that the gold may not be for you! That instead of being disguised with a useless color, and disfigured by art, it does not retain its natural hue, and shine on the person of its beautiful spinners! How much better the royal tissue would become you than the *grandes dames*!"

A mere glance at the silkworm convinces you that it is no more a native of Europe than any other sweet thing. All that is soft and exquisite springs from the East. Our West, that hardy soldier, blacksmith and miner, is good only to dig. It is good mother Asia, disdained by her rude son, who has bestowed upon him the treasures which seem to concentrate the essence of the globe. With the Arab horse and the nightingale, she has given him coffee, and sugar, and silk.

When silk first arrived at Rome, the empresses felt that previously they had been no better than plebeians. They compared it, as far as its soft lustre was concerned, to the pearls of the Orient, paying for it, without haggling, the price of pearls and gold.

China esteemed it of such high value, that, to preserve the monopoly, she inflicted the penalty of death on any persons who dared to export the silkworm. It was only at the utmost peril, and by concealing it in a hollow cane, that men succeeded in carrying it to Byzantium, whence it passed to the West.

In the Middle Age, the age of indigence and barren disputes, when wool was the luxury of the rich, and the poor wore serge in winter, no attention was paid to silk, and its manufacture was exclusively confined to Italy.

It is the gold of the silkworms of Verona which, in Giorgione, at the mighty outcome of the Venetian art, and in the strong Titian, the master of masters enriches with a ruddy radiance their beautiful blondes and brunettes, the sovereign beauties of the world.

On the other hand, in an age of decadence, when Spain and Flanders had waned, the melancholy artist who preferred to paint the beauty which years had marked—the fading flower—the fruit too early pierced and unnaturally ripened—Van Dyck, clothed with white silk, like a consoling beam of moonlight, his languishing and drooping signoras. Under the soft folds of their satins they still trouble hearts with vain dreams and regrets.

The woman who possessed the secret of preserving her charms to the last decline of old age, whose cipher everywhere inscribed teaches us that Love can conquer Time, Diana de Poitiers, in her



profound art, did exactly the opposite of what our imprudent ladies do, who, incessantly changing, as if to amuse the passer-by, leave no trace upon the soul, and produce no permanent impression. She permitted the Irises to delectate themselves with their fugitive rainbow; but, like the celestial Dian, always wore the same costume, black or white, and invariably of silk.

It was to please her that Henry II wore the first pair of silk stockings and the fine, silken, close-fitting vest, which indicated all the gracefulness of a muscular yet slender figure. We know how ardent an enthusiasm Henry IV at a later period showed in promoting the growth of the silk-manufacture, planting mulberry-trees everywhere—along the highways, in the market-places, in the courts of his palaces, and even in the gardens of the Tuileries. Colored silks, for decoration and furniture, and silks with flowered designs were soon afterward manufactured at Lyons, which provided all Europe with them.

Shall I say it, however? These colored and ornamented silks do not by any means produce a great and profound effect. Silk in its natural state, and not even tinted, is in much more intimate sympathy with woman and beauty. Amber and pearls, the latter slightly yellow, with rich falls of lace, the latter not too yellow, are the only suitable accompaniments of silk.

For silk is a noble and in nowise pretentious attire, which lends a subdued charm to the exuberant liveliness of youth, and clothes declining beauty with its most tender and touching radiance.

A genuine mystery attends it which is not without attraction. Color or gloss? Cotton has its peculiar gloss, and, when fitly prepared, often acquires an agreeable freshness. Silk is not properly glossy, but luminous—with a soft, electrical light, which harmonizes naturally with the electricity of the woman. A living tissue, it embraces willingly the living person.

Oriental ladies, before they foolishly adopted our Western customs, wore but two kinds of stuff—underneath, the real cashmere (of so fine a texture that a large shawl might be passed through a ring), and above, a beautiful tunic of silk of a pale blonde, or rather straw color, with a gleam or flash of magnetic amber.

These two articles were less garments than friends—gentle slaves—supple and charming flatterers, the cashmere warm, caressing and pliant, enfolding the bather lovingly when she emerged from her bath; the silk tunic, on the contrary, light and ærial, only not too diaphanous. Its blonde whiteness agreed most admirably with the color of her skin; one might indeed have very justly said that it had imbibed that color through its constant intimacy and accustomed tenderness. Inferior to the skin, undoubtedly, yet it seemed related to it, or rather, it became in the end a part

of the body, and, as it were, melted into it, like a dream which informs our whole existence, and cannot be separated from it.

### MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

CHRISTMAS always brings many memories. Sweet thoughts and associations cling about it. "Merry Christmas" is ever treasured in our hearts, whether a shadow swept over its dawning, or the tender light of love shed upon it its glorified radiance.

"Merry Christmas!" sweet and sacred. We speak of it, as the years go on, with mingled feelings of joy and longing—the Christmas that has gone. Ah, friend, do you remember it now? Do you think of all the enchantment clustering about it—the Christmas that has gone? How the little feet woke all the slumbering echoes in the old home! How the walls rang with the melody of children's voices! Precious little voices! Oh! how we miss them to-day. Some are still sounding on in this land of our brief abode, and some—ah! but we may not check the gathering tear—some are singing with the redeemed in the land where there is no night, no more tears, no more pains, "for the former things are passed away." And our very souls are longing with an inexpressible pain and yearning for the lost melody—the voices of the children gone.

That olden Christmas! the holly, the wreaths, the evergreen boughs, the gifts, sweet tokens of love and remembrance, the greetings, clasp of dear hands, the mother's kiss and moistened eye, the hum of happy voices, the familiar old hymns, sung in trembling tones, the joyous shout and silvery laughter and the hallowed peace and beauty of the day pervading all—resting over and above all—how its memories are twined amid the very fibres of our being!

"Merry Christmas!" The Christmas that is here! Ah, friend, your eye is less bright, your soft hair is touched with Time's white fingers. We are older—need I say sadder? Still, "Merry Christmas!" We have wept above our dead hopes; we have seen our purposes fail ere they reached their height; the fire of love on some altars has burned out and left us nothing but white and lifeless ashes, "nothing but dust;" and because of the inconstancy of friends loved too well many of us will all of our days go on with an added burden to bear. We have felt the fond hands of our fireside angels growing cold and slipping forever away from our warm clasping, while all the world grew dark, earth and heaven seemed to drift far out of our sight, and we were alone with our awful sorrow and the darkness and

stillness of death covered our souls. And ever since there has waited the vacant chair, and our vacant hearts, missing one welcome voice from life's melody, are ever crying out for our beloved,

"Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Still, sweet friend, "Merry Christmas!" The olden charm may forsake many a dear remembered day, but enough of Christmas glory will ever cling about this hallowed time to bid us, under all pain or trouble, to repeat the glad words, "Merry Christmas!"

So keep the day in memory once more of the spotless gift. We may keep it, mayhap, with a little less merriment, a little sadder pain at our heart, a tear sometimes coming unbidden to our eyes, and our voices may quiver when we try to sing the old songs. But the day is hallowed throughout all time. "Merry Christmas," bury old wrongs and grievances; cover them well and rekindle a flame of love to shine in their stead; harbor no ill-will to thy neighbor; think no evil thought of him who has done thee harm; speak tenderly to the little child, reverently to the aged. "On earth peace, good-will toward men."

The Christmas that is to come, my friend. Here we pause. Over Time's boundary line we cannot step. The Christmas that is gone, we still keep in memory's sacred place; its treasured associations are forever our own; we have rejoiced in its gladness, we have sorrowed in the sorrow that touched its glory. The Christmas that is here we have and hold to-day, and our thoughts are of the Babe of Bethlehem, the King of kings. But the Christmas that is to come, in vain we reach forward as if to lift the veil. Mortal eye hath not looked upon its dawning, nor hath human voice broken its unutterable silence. The Christmas that is to come, will it dawn for you, beloved? will its morning beams shine for me? From the stillness of the future cometh no voice; we have no knowledge of what a day will bring forth. To-day in the mellow sunshine we clasp hands and stand side by side. Above us the unfathomable blue of the heavens, the soft clouds sailing away serenely as in summer noon, and below the white fields. The Christmas that is to come! We plan, we build, we hope, we dream, but the voices of the future utter not a word. Will we meet and look into one another's eyes? Will our hearts beat in loving response as to-day? Or will the last sad rite of respect and love have been performed for us? We know not.

Many who to-day rejoice with great joy will have finished their sojourns in this abode of change. Many whose hearts are bowed with unutterable woe, will have found light and peace, "the peace that passeth understanding," and go on their way rejoicing—some will have won

honors and fame's laurels—some, tempted and weak, will have fallen on the highways of life, and still time hurries on. Oh! the Christmas that is to come. I look into thine eyes, friend of my life, and they are dimming with tears. Let us turn from these thoughts leaving the changing years in the hands of the Infinite—the King of kings, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, but as the heavens are high above the earth, so are His thoughts above ours, and His ways above our ways. And still to-day in the mellow gold of the winter sunlight let us rejoice and sing as of old, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" C. E. F.

### THE TURKEY.

WHILE the eagle ranks the turkey in that it has been made our national emblem, we care but little for the cruel and stately bird. But for the turkey we have a special affection.

This bird is a native of America, and has been exported to different parts of the world. Even as far back as 1690, it was taken from here into England, Spain and Holland; but everywhere it has remained the same; for in acclimatizing itself to these various countries, it seems to have changed but little in appearance and habits. To the most diverse varieties naturalists have given different scientific names. The wild bird of our extreme North and West is called "*meleagris gallopavo*," to the extreme Southwestern species the name of "*meleagris Mexicana*" is given; while the more splendid bird of Honduras is called "*meleagris ocellata*." It is said that our domestic variety comes from the Texas and Mexican stock.

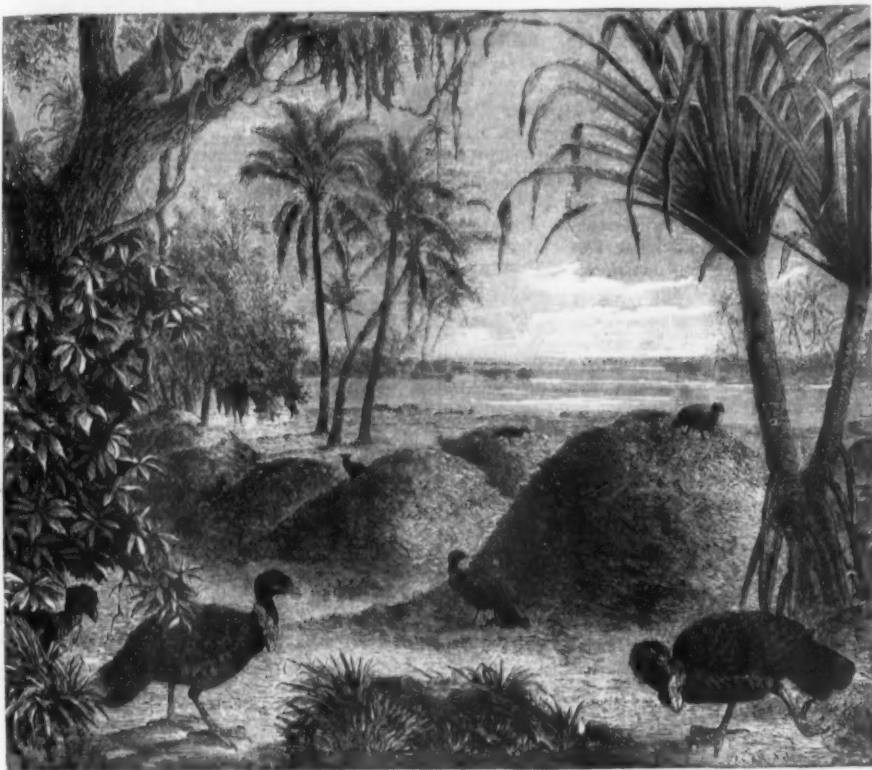
The wild bird is always very readily distinguished from the domesticated species by the color of the tail coverts; they are invariable dark-brown chestnut. The meat of the breast is also darker than that of the tame varieties. We know all about the habits of the domestic fowl. The wild species are very shy; with a very keen eye and ear they learn to detect the presence of enemies. Like the ostrich of the desert they seldom escape by flying, but using their wings to accelerate their speed, they can run as swiftly as a horse. Their nests are generally made of leaves and brush, and carefully concealed in a thicket or beside some fallen tree. In going to the nest the hen will scarcely ever retake the same route, and if an enemy is discovered near it, will use the same wiles many birds adopt to lure the intruder away from the sacred spot.

They lay fifteen or twenty eggs; sometimes the male bird assists in incubation. Until the chicks are able to fly, the mother hovers near them on the ground, but as soon as possible they are taught

to fly to the boughs of trees and roost with the rest. Here they have enemies. The owl attacks them, but the keen eye of the turkey generally discovers the soft-winged intruder and just as he makes his swoop the intended victim lowers its head, erects its tail over its back and the claws of the owl not finding anything to clutch, he slips off disappointed. In countries where the lynx abounds they find him a dreaded enemy. As the birds are feeding, he creeps up stealthily and suddenly springing among them, strikes one down with his strong paw.

When all is gone they lift up their heads to escape, but seem never to think of stooping and going out as they came in. This is a simple but very effective device.

At certain seasons of the year, generally in September or October, they change their feeding grounds, and if in their migrations they come to a river, a very curious sight will be observed. They seem to be holding a council; they cluck and gobble and strut in an unusual manner. Finally, at a given signal, they fly to the tops of the highest trees nearest the bank; at another signal they are



But man is his greatest foe. At the mating season he lures them within reach of his rifle by imitating the call of their mate; or, finding their roosting-place, shoots them by night.

The most are captured, however, by stratagem. A pen is built in the woods of rails or trees. A trench is dug beneath the lower log sufficiently large to admit the game; grain is strewed ten or fifteen feet away leading to the trench. Within the pen is a larger quantity. The unsuspecting turkeys feed on the grain toward the trap, with their heads to the ground; in that position they stoop under the pen to secure the grain within

on the wing for the opposite shore. Not all get there. Some fall, and occasionally drown; not often, however, for, raising their tails to catch the wind, and paddling as best they may with their feet, they generally manage to get to land.

It is at this time they are easily captured, for they seem too weary or bewildered to exercise their usual sagacity or speed. They usually spend a day or two near the place of landing, often in the trees pluming themselves. At such times they are not so wild and wary.

The turkeys in the picture are inhabitants of Persia, and in that warm climate they seem to



have changed one peculiarity common to all other varieties. Instead of incubating, they scrape together the moist leaves that fall from the trees, and placing their eggs within, allow the heat that comes from fermentation to hatch them. This is indeed very curious, but is only one of many instances of modified instinct; a result of sagacity, closely allied to reason.

### "HAPPY, HAPPY, HAPPY!"

**D**ISCONTENTED I certainly was, and for no good reason whatever. I had no troubles except imaginary ones. A pleasant home was mine, and my friends and acquaintances were numerous.

It was a lovely day in the early spring-time; the sun was shining bright and warm; the trees were sending out shoots of tender green, and every little bird was singing its merry song of thanksgiving.

But suppose the sun was then shining, it might rain soon. You could never be certain of the weather in spring; and my friends and acquaintances, as years go on, might wander away and so leave me alone. And the corners of my mouth drooped dismally as the spirit of discontent whispered these and other dreary thoughts. As if in answer to them all there came through my half-open window the sound of singing. I leaned out listlessly.

It was only only one little word, sung over and over again by soft baby-voices:

"Happy, happy, happy!"

When I looked at the songsters I felt my cheeks glow crimson with shame. Such wee, little girl-babies as they were—the oldest could not have counted more than five years in her life, and the other little one had not yet seen three summers. Poor, ragged children! But nevertheless, in spite of their rags, they seemed merry-hearted. Their small feet were stockingless and their shoes—what still remained of them—had at some distant day belonged to grandmamma, or more probably grandpapa.

After looking pityingly at their ragged dresses I involuntarily turned and looked down upon my bed, where lay the handsome dress of silk and velvet, sent home a few hours before by the dress-maker. And yet that very dress had been the cause of the beginning of my discontent, and for no other reason than because, contrary to my orders, the skirt had been trimmed with heavy folds of velvet instead of ruffles of delicate lace. I had fully intended, let the cost be what it might, to send back the dress and have the velvet removed and the lace used in its place. But when I again looked out of the window and saw the forlorn babies, my good counselor whispered to me that

the money which it would take to alter my dress would go very far toward making the children comfortable.

"Happy, happy, happy!" they sang, and shutting my window I ran quickly down-stairs; not listlessly now, but with an idea of really doing something definite. I hastily opened the front door.

"Little girls! Little girls!" I called. "Come here; I have something to say to you." And half-slyly, half-curiously, the children came up to me.

When I saw them close by, I think that, in spite of dirt and rags, I really envied the babies their happy, contented faces. They seemed to me as if they had certainly slipped down from Heaven and were masquerading in some earthly costume.

"What is your name, dearie?" I asked of the eldest. But the little one answered me:

"Her dot no name but Sister."

"And what is your name?" I inquired, looking smilingly down into the dimpled, upturned face.

"Me's only baby," she said.

"Well, little sister," said I, turning again to the eldest, "where does your mamma live?"

"My mamma lives in Heaven, and I dess her name is Angel now."

"What is your papa's name?" I queried.

"His name is Angel, too, I dess, tause he dot dood before he died, and I 'most know he went to Heaven."

"But where do you live, dears?"

"Over there," was the vague answer.

"Well, I will go over there with you," I said, as, taking a dirty little hand in each of my own, I went with the children to the dreary place which they called home.

Up and down streets, through alleyways, around corners we went, and I wondered how baby-feet could travel such a long distance. At last we came to the poorer part of the city, and going down a very dark and dirty alley we stopped in front of a desolate, half-tumbled down old house; after knocking, the door was opened by a stout, good-natured German woman, and from her I soon learned all about my two protégées.

Their mother had been a hard-working, industrious woman, but the father had fallen in with evil associates, and so, six months ago, the mother died of a broken heart, and the husband, softened by the sight of his wife lying so white and still in her poor, pine coffin, resolved to try and be a better father to his motherless children; and for nearly three months he was very tender to his babies. But one day, while at work on a new building, the scaffolding fell, and so the children were both fatherless and motherless.

Then this good-natured German woman, with her big heart but small purse, pitied the homeless children and shared with them her scanty store;

and so, when I asked if I might have the babies, she gladly let them go, for she had hard work to get bread for her own brood, and often they all went supperless to bed.

I had a friend living a short distance out in the country. Only a year ago she lost both husband and child. She was very lonely, and I felt sure that for the sake of those so sadly missed she would willingly take the children and give them all the love and care that they would ever want.

So to her I carried the little ones, and though I may live to be very old, my thoughts will always go gladly back to that pleasant spring day when my friend opened her arms to the poor babies and took them in, dirt, rags and all; and I knew that they had found a haven of rest for all their childish troubles.

And if ever I am feeling discontented and dreary, I think of the little ones, and before the echo of their quaint song the dismal thoughts vanish, and I presently find myself singing "Happy, happy, happy!"

HAMILTON.

### ON THE "RANCH."

YES, here we are at last, away out in Western Kansas, on a great "ranch," settled cozily in our snug, stone house, which, with its low, square walls looks so like a fort that we have laughingly christened it "Old Fort Comfort." Already I feel that anything I may write from here will be very different from articles written from the old home; for the Kansas breeze gets into everything, even into one's brain, and life grows wider and more roomy, more vigorous and breezy from day to day. I look out over the great plains, along the river, up the rugged bluffs on either side, where the cattle are grazing, with the herder close by on his pony to see that they do not stray too far. I notice the great lack of trees, which form so beautiful a feature in the landscape East, and which I expected to miss so sadly here, and wonder so much that I do not; and as I look I ask myself what is there to like or to help make a home-like place here. I hear the prairie-wolves barking close by. Walter comes in and coolly "tells me he has "killed a rattlesnake," and yet nothing affrights or discourages me. The air is full of new sounds; the view is as unfamiliar and apparently as uninviting as need be, but—is it the perversity of human nature?—I like it all, and cannot get homesick or wish myself away if I try. I can see just how the days will go on here and how different life will be from anything we have known before; but from the very first I felt at home, and know it is no misnomer to call this "Fort Comfort." It will be just that to us, and we take up our work here full of courage and hope; and yet it is with the shadow of a great sorrow over us, for God has called our mother

away, and all these days we are learning the loneliness of an orphan's lot. Never again may we look for her cheery letters—letters so full of wise counsel and love, so rich in motherliness, giving all the little items of home news that only mothers could think of; never again may we write her of the things that vex and perplex us; of all that which gladdens or saddens our life—for we never outgrew our girlhood habit of telling her everything, and always kept the feeling that, if she knew, she could tell us how to bear it all aright. She had gone all the long way, step by step, before us. She knew of all the hidden rocks and shoals, and out of her rich experience could give precious truths for our guidance and comfort. For three months, while Walter was looking over the West and deciding where the new home should be, I stayed with and cared for her most tenderly. We all knew she had but a feeble hold on life, and yet we could not, would not believe the end so near; but only eleven days after her good-bye to me—those tender, parting words, how sacredly I cherish them—the angel came and bore her away. We try to forget our pain and loss in thinking of her great joy. They are together now, father, mother and the dear brothers, so long gone away. Well may we forget our grief in thought of it all. The pain and sorrow is ours only. She is at rest and well again. The life so bravely and beautifully lived here will go on over there in richer, fuller measure. Heart to heart, hand in hand, they will live and work there, even as they did here, and some blessed day we shall see them all again. She needs no eulogy on monumental stone to commemorate her life here. It is written indelibly in the memory and lives of those who felt her loving heart-throbs from day to day. Most truly "she hath done what she could." Let the tired hands rest now and the wearied brain be still, while we comfort ourselves with the thought that, though gone from sight, she is our mother still and will not forget to love us. Heaven will seem nearer and dearer to us all with mother there. It is only that the great silence, the longing to see her face to face is so hard to bear. Ah! what love for, what faith in God's goodness it takes to let our friends go out in this great silence and murmur not; to believe that all is well because He has promised it. Yet we can do it. He has taught us how, and we feel that we can bear anything, do anything while He loves and cares for us. He comes very, very near in times like this. He sends new strength for every trial, and gives precious comfort and help.

We met a lady on the train as we came from the East who gave abundant proof of the truth of His helpful care. She sat in the seat just in front of ours. We noticed her extreme quietness and the look of patient suffering on her face, and wanted to speak to her but feared to intrude. At

length she turned toward us and asked some question about little Paul which showed she wanted to talk and be talked to. After talking a little while I asked "was she sick?"

"Not sick," she replied, "but I cannot walk. I have never walked a step in my life."

Her feet were small and misshapen, and her limbs had no strength, and all her life long (she must have been twenty-five) she had been confined to a couch or rolling chair. This was her first ride on the cars. She was on her way to Denver, with father, mother and a bright young sister, to find a new home and "maybe I shall get stronger there." Face and voice gave touching pathos to her quiet words, and my heart stirred in quick sympathy for her, but when I tried to express the pity I felt, she answered so cheerily:

"I have much to be thankful for. Very many suffer more than I do, and then I think God gives each one strength to bear her particular trial. He helps me so much! I cannot complain."

How we admired her courage and faith! When, a little later, our station was called out, we kissed her good-bye with the assurance that she would be long remembered, and went out feeling that we had been with one of His chosen ones.

At one station where we waited we met another invalid—a poor little dwarf whose frail body was drawn out of shape by years of terrible suffering. But a beautiful spirit shone out from her face. Never one word of complaining came from her lips, but instead, to beguile the weary hours, she sang beautiful songs of love and hope. Her clear voice, sweet as any bird's, made the little waiting-room seem a delightful place. Heaven bless her! She will never know until she learns it in the beautiful Beyond, how much good her wayside songs are doing.

I put down my pen just now and went out to watch the sun set. Such a beautiful one! We have many of them here in this wide valley—and then the sunrises—full of golden light reaching out over the gray old hills in tenderest benediction, the while my heart bows in silent adoration and the very air seems full of prayer. I want to tell you of the luxury of the air here. It is so pure and fresh that every morning when I open the door I feel that indeed is "the world made new," and whatever the yesterday may have been we easily "take heart with the day and begin again."

There is room for such a wide, free life here. We were talking the other day with a young man who has lived here for several years, but whose parents still live in Central New York. Said he:

"I like to go East for a visit now and then, but some way I always feel crowded there—as if some one was going to hit my elbow at every turn." There is no such feeling here. There is room and work for all, and life is in no danger of becoming monotonous.

We shall not forget our first experience in church-going here. It was in the school-house a mile and a half away, and reminded us forcibly of what we have heard old people tell of the "meetings" in log school-houses so long ago. The men in "hickory shirts," cotton pants and no coats, and the women in plain calicoes, or lawns, looked very different from anything we were wont to see in an Eastern congregation. But a spirit of devout seeking for the true way of life shone through the homely garb and made each one precious in the sight of Him who looks not at outward adorning. The minister was clearly one with them and sharer in

"A toil that gains with what it yields,  
And scatters to its own increase,  
And hears, while sowing outward fields,  
The harvest song of inward peace."

A hard-handed "son of toil," no doubt he had more power among them than one with greater polish and eloquence.

We felt the full, free cordiality of Western life "when shaking hands announced the meeting o'er." The friendly group still lingered at the door, greeting, inquiring, sharing all the store of weekly tidings, and one after another came up to welcome us among them. We could hear the women exchanging invitations to dinner as we came away, and left them feeling ourselves none the worse for this peep into their lives. Life has its recompenses and enjoyments even on a "ranch."

EARNEST.

## OUR CHILDREN.

### A HYMN FOR TEACHERS.

**O** LORD our God, we thank Thee  
For little children dear,  
Gleams of Thy mercy's rainbow  
Which Thou dost send us here;  
Oh! teach us how to make them  
What Thou wouldst have them be,  
Teach us to train our children  
For Heaven and for Thee.

Oh, fill our hearts with wisdom,  
With love and tenderness,  
And in all Christ-like patience  
Let us our souls possess;  
So shall the overflowing  
Of hearts that own Thy grace,  
Reflect to little children  
Their Heavenly Father's face.

And they shall learn the wisdom  
That cometh from above,  
Our tenderness shall make them  
Obedient to Thy love;  
Our patience shall encourage  
The hope that never faints,  
And give them perseverance,  
The triumph of the saints.

The simple love of goodness,  
The fear to do a sin,  
The life that through temptation  
Keeps innocence within,  
The strength to win the battle,  
The knowledge that is might,  
Is all we need to teach them  
That they may learn aright.

*Sunday Magazine.*



"THE SWEET LITTLE CHERUB THAT SITS UP ALOFT."



## FOLKS.

THERE is a quaint, self-satisfying kind of philosophy in the remark of the old lady who said, "It takes a heap o' kinds o' folks to make a world; I'm glad I'm not one on 'em."

Those who possess even a modicum of perceptive ability are forced to coincide with the old lady's conclusion in the first part of her utterance, and it would be well, perhaps, if a greater number were disposed to exercise that same perceptive ability so near home that they would cease to be blind to the fact that they are "one on 'em." But even then there is no ignoring the truth that one does at every turn meet some kind of folks; and unfortunately the remark made about the butter would often apply—"very good of its kind, but a very poor kind"—no proof, however, that sweet, golden butter is not to be found.

When we consider selfishness in that discriminating way which sees it in every sense as the antithesis of the precept, "In honor preferring one another," we might well say, who, then, are unselfish? But in the less discriminating way, even in which it is generally applied, how large the class of selfish folks—folks who hurry to appropriate the best seat; who want to be on the shady side of the car, even though that pale-faced creature, or the big, fat man must suffer and broil on the other side, and who grumble because the sun gets so demoralized that it forgets where to shine, and as a consequence who was the shady side in the morning is the sunny side in the afternoon; folks who "do hope the heaviest part of the storm will go around, because storms are so dangerous," forgetting that if they do "go around," they will surely take others in their course; folks who work for self-aggrandizement in every way, grinding the poor, and in all things acting as if their interests were paramount to the interests of all others.

Then there are the curious folks, who are filled with wonder about you, and who plunge into the sacred precincts of your privacy with the most astounding questions, until you find yourself, in very self-defense, shrinking into reticence in regard to those things concerning which there would otherwise be no disposition to secrecy. It is in vain to say that such conduct is ill-bred, and that persons of refinement and delicacy of feeling do not indulge in it; for while this is true, we are so often surprised at meeting it among so-called refined and cultured people that we find ourselves disappointed and shocked; and when we hear ourselves asked multitudinous and multifarious questions, samples of which seem too trifling to give, we are forced to think of the caricature given us by the fun-loving "Josh Billings," who represents the insurance agent as asking the applicant "if he

has any parents, and are they male or female, and if so, how long have they been so?"

Unhappily, too, there is no paucity of deceitful folks who are "so glad to see you," and when you are gone proceed to dissect you into such infinitesimally small pieces that, could you see yourself in their anatomical hands, you would indeed wonder if you could ever be put together again.

And the Pharisaically pious folks are abundant, who talk in tones bland and sanctimonious of what they call "sacred things," but who hesitate not to brandish vindictive retort or bitter epithet in the face of the ill-starred ones who have chanced to offend them and who are somewhat in their power. These might be called also tyrannical folks, for they seem always to wish the conduct of others to be gauged by their conception of right.

And what a horde of dissatisfied folks—grumblers! If they have some plan for pleasure, they are sure it is going to rain, or that they will not wake in time for the train, or there will be some accident, or somebody will be sick, or the new garment will not be done in time. If they are farmers, they are sure something will injure the crops. If they are merchants, they are persuaded some ill will befall the markets. No matter who or what, this class is always certain something is going to happen.

Not wholly unlike them are the sombre folks, of which class Harriet Beecher Stowe gives us an average type in the person of the solemn wife of the jolly deacon who is always bubbling over with good humor, quite to her chagrin, for she is sure he "does not realize the responsibility and dignity of his position," and so proceeds to lecture him accordingly. In the eyes of such folks it is, most times, very wicked to laugh.

Abundant are the cowardly folks—morally—who are so afraid of public opinion that they are always consulting the current and steering their vessel by its fickle course. In every avenue of life we find them, and they are ever busy sacrificing true manhood and right on the altar of popularity and, like the fabled man with his donkey, generally losing their aim in the end.

Nor is any influence more baneful than that of the suspicious folks, who are full of surmisings, and are ever impeaching your motives. Everything takes on the hue of the lens through which they look, and is magnified or minified according to their own capricious fancy. If their inordinate curiosity is not satisfied concerning you and your antecedents, they are sure something is wrong. These form a large share of that class of folks designated by the term gossips, another factor of which are the jealous folks, who writhe and fret at the success of others.

But, leaving all these and the malicious folks, and the revengeful folks, and the dishonest and untruthful folks, and the artful, cunning folks, let



us remember some of the other folks. Happily, in the many kinds of folks it takes to make a world, there are not a few who are examples of the nobler types of mankind, honest of soul, true of heart and sincere and tender in feeling. Among these are the unselfish humanitarians, whose chief aim in life is the amelioration of the ills and sufferings of the great, seething, struggling multitudes. Forgetful of self in their thoughts of others, they work with a zeal that is commendable as to its impetus, though it may not always be "according to knowledge."

Then there are the patient folks, who put us to the blush with their practical lessons of forbearance, as we see them uncomplainingly toiling on, bearing the burdens of two, many times with much less than the strength of one, and of whom it has been truly said that they are as surely martyrs as was Antipas, mentioned in Apocalyptic record. Not that they work on in a martyr spirit, but because, through their patience, they do not so work.

And what a joy to meet here and there the hopeful folks, who start us on our way with a fresh impetus and who give us a new lease of life! Their very presence is inspiring.

And here and there, like violets in the wood, or forget-me-nots by the stream, are those sweet, gentle, loving, trustful folks whose very being is aromatic. Child-like in their simplicity, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." They always have a kind look, or a gentle word, or a tender touch, and for hours after you have come in contact with them a sweetness seems to surround you like a hallowed influence. These are never pretentious, yet their ministry is one of the most potent influences for the redemption of the world. How often is the brother deterred from yielding to temptation by a sister's influence such as this! Would that there were millions more just such as these, thus surely elevating the race to a better plane of life! They are invaluable.

Akin to these are the innocent, guileless folks, who have little or no prejudice for or against anything, and who always put the best construction on whatever is done or occurs. Being in a guileless state they are ready to do and to receive all things that are like themselves, good and innocent. These are the disinfectants in social life, relieving society of the poison of jealousy and the many other ills with which it is disturbed.

Nor to be despised are the mirthful, fun-loving, fun-provoking folks, who are a sort of social sunshine, that drives away the damp and mildew which are so apt to accumulate in the ordinary social spheres, from looking at life and its tests and trials from a standpoint of severity. Mirthful folks regard things as if God had made a good world and good things to fill it, and they act as if it was more pleasant to live under a clear sky, a

pure atmosphere and good humor, than under heavens always overcast by clouds, and in a murky, unwholesome air, and with long, lurid faces, anon expressing themselves in slow, lachrymose tones and cadences.

Blessings on the serene, placid, gentle folks, who bring you rest and help, take the fret and the worry out of your life! They are like the rich, purple glow of a mellow twilight. The world would be bereft of much glory without them.

A large niche is filled by the few true, brave, loyal folks, loyal to their convictions of right, and brave to adhere to them in the face of the opposing majority. Of such are reformers in all ages of the world.

But space fails us to enumerate all the folks, so we leave many of the folks—young folks and old folks, the folks who want you to see through their eyes and all the other folks, remembering, in closing, that we are individually one of the folks, and it would, perhaps, be well for us to have some care as to which one of the folks we are or may become.

MRS. A. L. WASHBURN.

## LEAVES.

HOMER'S comparison of the dying generations of men to falling leaves is commended to all school-boys as a type of literary beauty. But it scarcely touches the fountain of tears within us with so tender a hand, as Isaiah's briefer utterance, "*we all do fade as a leaf*." Who that has watched the long lingering death of a chestnut leaf, the richer in color as it decays, can fail to appreciate the wealth of suggestiveness in those few words? The leaf fades because, as winter draws on the bark shrinks round the point of its insertion in the branch or stem; the leaf-stalk is loosened, ready to be blown away by any rough breath, and so the passage of the vital sap is stopped. But meanwhile the color changes to a rich brown, or to a golden tint, and the veining and structure of the leaf is shown distinct in its delicate beauty. So an old man loses his hold on life, while at the same time the wealth of long experience brightens the gifts of grace, and the lines of character are traced the more clearly as the carnal nature dies. "*The outward man perisheth, but the inward man is renewed day by day.*"

Thus leaves have their place among the works of God that are used by the Divine Word as symbols of things spiritual. And surely they deserve it; for among things of living beauty there are few that unite such breadth of effect in the mass with such an endless variety of grace, lustre and tenderness in detail. Flowers have more splendor of color, at least in our own country. But a bank of flowers does not give that repose to the eye and heart which is yielded by the billowy foliage

of a wooded hill. The mass of water that tumbles over Niagara, or rolls shoreward in the ocean, is impressive. But each drop in it is like every other drop. It is not so with leaves. Grand in

whose far-spreading arms have swept a clear space amongst its weaker brethren. And here as we lie on the moss, or sit on the gnarled roots when the torrent of sunlight beats on the leafy tower above,



the mass, they are also inexhaustible in the interest of their minutest details.

On a hill-side that I know, there towers aloft, above a thick wood of smaller trees, a giant elm

the world about us is like a dreamland. Looking up through height over height of shining foliage that catches the sunbeams and subdues them before they softly creep round us in the twilight below.

we can easily fancy ourselves mermen and mermaids dwelling in a palace of the sea. The breath of the wind makes a murmur like the sound of many waters; and the glints of light that shiver and dance above us seem caused by waves on the surface of the clear green sea, that refract the rays at various angles as they pass. The fancy takes us that we have only to spread our arms and lightly spurn the ground, in order to float upwards and ever upwards till we emerge on the sparkling surface above.

Very different is the experience of walking down the solemn avenues of a great forest, where in the jostle and struggle for light and air every trunk shoots aloft bare of branches for thirty, forty, or fifty feet. Here the interlaced boughs and cloudy foliage far above are so like the fretted roof of a vast cathedral that the origin of "Gothic" architecture, as it used to be called, has been fancifully traced back to the ideas and feelings inspired in our Teutonic forefathers by their wanderings through the forests covering ancient Germany. Within such forests we do not think of the sea; they are too sombre and still. The shivering of the leaves stirs the nerves with a nameless fear. The feeling of "eeriness" must have been first experienced in a forest. But looked at from its borders, how grand is the leafy ocean, rolling in great waves over the hills, and pouring its flood of greenery down the valley sides! Regarded thus it has something of the volume and the movement of a sea. But then it is a living ocean, in which every drop is an organized cell with a distinct life of its own. Myriads upon myriads, beyond all count, beyond all imagination, these living cells, each with its drop of chlorophyl, are born and flourish and die, self-centered, struggling each to do the best for itself. Yet not one of them has any perceptible beauty by itself, only what is merged in the green expanse. Its poor little store of chlorophyl—such a treasure to the separate cell—would be invisible only that it merges in that of millions of rivals. To us they are nothing while they live, save as they help to make up the whole; and when they die they feed the new generations to come. Do we not indeed all "fade as a leaf"? Yet not wholly—no: but it needs some heavenly wisdom both to learn the lessons thus suggested, and to stop short of carrying it too far.

Deciduous foliage passes through several changes in the course of its short life, and in every stage it has its special charm. How exquisite is the filmy mist which in spring blurs the sharp lines of the skeleton trees! Its faint color, here tender green, there warm brown passing into palest gold, according as the sunlight falls, seems not to be of this coarse world, but to belong to the border-land between matter and spirit. So shy it is, that at its first appearance it is only perceptible to

the loving eye. But each day it grows clearer and stronger, while the buds expand, and the birds sing the resurrection of the world. Now each infant leaf is a study in itself, none absolutely like another line for line, curve for curve, point for point, and tint for tint. They may be so nearly alike that it takes an acute and watchful eye to detect a difference; but such an eye always can detect it. Herein we have one of the many significant contrasts between the works of God and the works of man. An American watch factory will turn out ten thousand watches with engine-turned cases, and every part in each individual sample is so identically similar to the same part in others, that every spring or balance or toothed wheel in the whole ten thousand might be interchanged without disturbing the working. But God does not do so. He produces a billion leaves by apparently the same process, all so much alike that they are instantly recognized as belonging to the same species or variety; and yet no two are in all respects absolutely identical. Surely there is something more than machinery at work in the life of the woods. But if the variety in the same species is interesting from its minuteness, the differences between various kinds of trees are profuse in endless contrasts. How sober is the russet infancy of the oak-leaf, like the pensive childhood of the predestined philosopher! How exuberant is that of the chestnut, like the boyhood of a passionate poet! How delicate and fragrant is that of the birch, like the babyhood of a beautiful girl!

Then comes the summer with its burden of heat, and subdues all tints to a modest green. The capricious play of childhood is over; the work of the year is on hand. Not a leaf but is busily engaged, inhaling, exhaling and incorporating the gases of the air with the sap and tissues of the tree. If the amount of work thus silently done in a great forest were to be described mechanically, it would be expressed in millions of "foot-pounds." But, alas! it is not given to human ingenuity to imitate this calm and noiseless work. Yet in the processes of grace, the same God works in the same way. The trees of the Lord's planting, after the first exuberance of their spring, subside into a work-a-day dress, and grow, they know not how, only by breathing night and day the atmosphere of divine love in which they live and move and have their being. There are no more flashes into life; and few are the flushes of ecstatic joy. But the breath they breathe is always being inwardly stored up in the flow of affection and in the solid tissues of character.

After the toil of summer a weariness creeps over nature, not a discontented, fretful weariness, but the satiety which comes after every stage of achievement. And with the cessation of activity there comes the glory of a peace, acquiescent in

whatever God may send. Surely autumn ought not to be gloomy except to misanthropy and unbelief. For a while the leaves put on the gayety of their first childhood. The tints of their infancy and of their first decay are nearly alike. But these pass into deeper hues, and the greater breadth of surface unfolded gives a majesty to autumn foliage wholly unlike the shy pinks and browns and gold of spring. A glance down a tawny avenue of autumn chestnuts toward the evening sun setting in clouds of crimson and gold, amidst a sky that shades from gray to almost invisible green, recalls the visions of Patmos. But the splendor is fleeting. The night comes on, and a cold blast despoils the trees. Everywhere leaves are heard falling with a melancholy shiver; and when the morning arises, the wreck of the woodlands, with twintere leaves fluttering here and there, makes us long for the sleep of winter. So the end of a noble life is richer in moral glory than either youth or middle age; but when age verges toward decrepitude, the prayer of Elijah rises to our lips: "It is enough: now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers." But happier they in whom the whisper of the falling leaf awakens Simeon's song, "Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

W. C. PROCTER, in *Sunday Magazine*.

### THE DOUBLE WEDDING.

EDITH LANGDON had lost her parents in her infancy, and had been reared by her grandparents. She had now attained to womanhood, and indeed was approaching the most eventful crisis in a woman's destiny, her marriage. Her lover was urging her to name the day, but she still paused irresolute till one day she recollected that the fiftieth anniversary of her grandparents' marriage was approaching, and then it flashed over her mind how pleasant it would be to celebrate her own wedding and her grandparents' golden wedding the same night. Fired with this idea, she hastened to communicate it to the old couple, who readily consented to her proposition. They had been married early; indeed, it was the custom of their day to marry about ten years earlier than most persons do nowadays. He was twenty-one and she eighteen when they married, so, although now on the brink of celebrating their golden wedding, they were by no means decrepit or superannuated. They were still erect, vigorous and cheerful, and their lovely youth of spirit gleamed through the light veil of physical old age like spring flowers beneath a light fall of snow. An abiding interest in, and sympathy with others kept their hearts from becoming narrowed or chilled, in the decline of their days. An

unfaltering, childlike trust in God, and a constant realization of His presence kept them tranquil, and now after a long life checkered with grief and loss, and yet filled with innocent, rational and useful purposes and pursuits, and loving services to others, they had passed into a serene and lovely old age, as daylight passes into the tranquil, silvery shining of a moonlight night, with hosts of glorious stars invisible during the glare of day, thus did lofty thoughts and perceptions of heavenly things come more clearly to their consciousness in the serene decline of their life when the hurrying ardor of action was over and the sultry glare of daylight withdrawn. Very busy were the days preceding the double wedding.

"I really think I have the advantage of you, my dear," said Mrs. Langdon to Edith, who was sitting at her sewing machine hemming countless yards of ruffling to expedite her seamstress. "I am so glad I have no trousseau to make up for my golden wedding."

"But you are going to have 'a wedding garment,' at least, grandmother," replied Edith. "I have gotten the loveliest, softest white cashmere I am going to have made up for you to wear that night."

Mrs. Langdon agreed to having this much of a trousseau, and added that in her youth, her whole trousseau had been readily put in a small hair trunk. "It consisted," she said, "of a black silk, very simply made, a fawn-colored 'nerino, a 'print dress,' as we called calico in those days, a white crape bridal dress, and under-clothing sufficient for needful changes. There were no double skirts and polonnaises in those days."

"Grandmother, you seem rather to disapprove of trousseaus," said Edith.

"Oh! no, my child. The principle in itself is right and appropriate. It seems to be an instinct with us to mark a new era in our lives by putting on new and special garments, and this is according to 'the eternal fitness of things,' for clothes have a significance and symbolism as well as all other objects around us. It is peculiarly appropriate that the bride entering on the brightest phase of her life, should be adorned with new and beautiful garments. But I do disapprove of the excessive amount of money and time spent on trousseaus in many cases, and also of the injudicious selections often made without any reference to what will be the circumstances and surroundings of the bride in her new home."

"You didn't take a bridal trip, did you, grandmother?" asked Edith.

"Oh! no, my dear; bridal trips are modern innovations. My bridal trip consisted in going from my father's house to my husband's."

Edith suggested that as she had not taken a bridal trip then, she ought to be indemnified by having one after her golden marriage, but Mrs.



Langdon observed that "there's na place like hame," especially for little children and old people.

"I am sure you and grandfather were intended for each other," said Edith. "I never saw such perfect unanimity, sympathy and understanding between two people in my life. I wonder," said she, musingly, with a blush mounting to her cheek, "I wonder if it will be so with George and myself."

"Not all at once, dear child," replied her grandmother. "A thorough assimilation between husband and wife can only be effected in the course of time, and by the process of regeneration. True wedded love is a pure precious pearl, conferred only on those who follow after our Lord Jesus Christ, believing, loving and obeying the truths He teaches."

"And yet, grandmother, I have seen married couples who seemed to love each other and be very happy, when they cared very little about religion."

"That kind of love often forms a prelude to a higher and more enduring one, linking the souls of husband and wife closely together in a common love of God, and of all the good and truth proceeding from Him. If it is not capable of forming such a prelude, it passes away leaving the married partners bound only by habit, convenience or mutual interest if bound at all. Your grandfather and I loved each other very dearly when we were first married, but it required years for us to become thoroughly assimilated, to get the angles and rough points of our natures rubbed off, and to learn due patience, forbearance and self-repression. It is only by going to the Lord Jesus Christ, and loving, believing and obeying Him that our souls can be so uplifted and purified as to render them capable of a true conjugal union, the loveliest, most sacred and most blessed of all the relations that human beings can sustain toward each other."

These words, earnestly spoken by one she so much revered, penetrated deeply into the heart of the young girl so soon to assume the sacred marriage vows, and many similar conversations passed between them on the subject of that tie whose holiness we may estimate by the fact that the Scriptures describe the kingdom of Heaven as a marriage and speak of the Lord as the Bridegroom and the Church as the bride.

The clergyman who had performed the marriage ceremony for Mr. and Mrs. Langdon was still alive, and on their applying to him he signified his willingness to attend the golden wedding and perform the ceremony for the young couple. He was a venerable man, almost eighty, and he had not left home for a good many years, but in view of the extraordinary occasion to which his presence would impart so much additional interest, he consented to undertake the journey.

All the near relations of the family gathered to celebrate the double wedding—stalwart sons and middle-aged daughters, with a sprinkling of blooming young grandsons and granddaughters. Wedding presents commenced to flow in, articles of silver for the young couple, and of gold for the old couple. The grandfather received so many pairs of gold-mounted spectacles that he would have required almost as many pairs of eyes as the fabled Argus to have worn them all, whilst gold thimbles were bestowed so freely on the grandmother that one might have thought her sewing days were just beginning instead of drawing toward a close.

"But I haven't all the gold articles nor you all the silver ones," said grandmother, smilingly, to Edith. "One thing has gotten mismatched in the distribution, for you have golden hair, and I silver."

At length the wedding-day dawned, a lovely Indian summer day aptly typifying the old age of the long wedded couple. It was one of those mild, beautiful days that sometimes come in December, as if a foregleam of the coming spring fell upon the declining year. As the evening drew near, the grandmother put on her soft white cashmere with rich falls of old thread lace about the throat and wrists, her sole ornament a little gold locket given her fifty years before by her bridegroom. Her soft, beautiful white hair was arranged in light, airy puffs, forming a beautiful contrast with her dark eyes, which were still clear and brilliant, and lit up by the sweet, tender soul within.

"Grandmother," exclaimed one of the granddaughters, "your hair looks just like moonlight. You remind me of Hood's beautiful lines on his wife's silver hair:

"But I have seen the world look fair,  
When silvered by the moon."

As to the young bride, she was a vision of loveliness, in a mist of tulle and soft, shimmering white drapery, whilst tremulous joy and agitation

"Made April of her tender face."

The venerable man who had a half-century before pronounced her grandparents man and wife, now repeated the solemn words over the young couple, praying that they might so live together in this world that in the world to come they might have everlasting life. No artist could have desired a better subject for a picture than the two couples, the old one so serene, their faces so imbued with spiritual peace, as if foregleams of the other world had already fallen on them. Already they had entered on a true, deep, interior union "whose states are innocence, peace, tranquility, inmost friendship, full confidence and mutual desire of heart and mind of doing every good to the other." They were joined together by God, and nothing could put them asunder. Death could have no effect on



their union save to give it scope to become perpetuated and perfected in a higher, brighter atmosphere.

The young couple in the springtime of hope and life had still their journey before them. Devoutly they prayed that they might pass through life

"Yoked in all exercise of noble use,"

and in the world eternal, be reunited in the bosom of God.

MARY W. EARLY.

at all; and this vexed them and excited their curiosity. In a little village, where every one knew every one else, and where the oldest inhabitants kept in their memories a register of the births, marriages and deaths which had occurred in the parish, it certainly was trying to have a man dwelling in their midst who had neither been born, nor married, nor, at present at least, had died in the place.

Peter lived in a little, low, thatched cottage



## OLD PETER MORLEY'S CHRISTMAS FAIRY.

### CHAPTER I.

**O**LD Peter Morley was the mystery of the little village of Shierbourne. Not that some strange story belonged to him, but simply that he had, as far as the neighbors knew, no story

overgrown with ivy, while in summer roses and honeysuckles drooped from the rustic porch and the tiny garden in front was full of sweet flowers. But no one ever gained admittance to the cottage; nor did the door ever stand invitingly open. Peter seldom appeared and never exchanged pleasant greetings with his neighbors. Now and then he would come forth with a heavy package strapped

on his back, lock up his cottage and disappear for the day, returning again in the evening, apparently with the same burden. He seemed to buy nothing in the village except coals, and the only regular visitor he had was the milk-boy, who, of course, was closely questioned, but, notwithstanding tempting offers of halfpence and bull's-eyes, could give no further information than that "Muster Morley allus leaves his ha'penny in the jug on the winder-sill, and I dunno nothin' more."

It certainly was very trying. As nothing was known about him, the female part of the Shierbourne folks, having a fuller measure of curiosity, or rather a readier expression of it, proceeded to suppose various possible reasons for Peter's love of solitude, and of all the gossips none excelled old Mrs. Carter in inventive faculty. Her cottage had the advantage of being at the end of the lane in which Peter's little habitation stood, and this enabled her to keep a sharp lookout on his goings and comings, every little incident in connection with him being magnified and made the occasion of much head-shaking and exclamation when the neighbors met.

"It's my opinion," said this portly dame to a few of her cronies clustered round her door, "as that ere man's done somethin' bad, and is a-hidin' here away from justice. Who ever heard of any one as had done as he orter keepin' hisself to hisself like that?"

"Dear, dear!" chimed in another; "and to think of this parish having such a man in it!"

"Well, you mark my words; we shall hear somethin' some day." And Mrs. Carter, having emphasized this oracular speech by many solemn shakes of the head, dismissed the assembly and retired to refresh herself after the fatigues of the day.

The most envied woman in the parish was Mrs. Mortimer, for did not her cottage stand exactly opposite to Peter's house, and could she not, by straining her head out of her bed-room window, catch a glimpse of the fire in his little kitchen? It certainly was not much, but any one with Mrs. Carter's powers of talk and invention would have made much of it. But all the gossips agreed that this favorable position was quite thrown away on Mrs. Mortimer. She was a gentle, quiet woman, who never pried into her neighbors' concerns unless she could help or comfort them in their troubles, and then she could never be persuaded to talk about them.

But there was one person in the little cottage who took as lively an interest in old Peter as even Mrs. Carter herself, and that was Dot, Mrs. Mortimer's little daughter. She had overheard the remarks of the neighbors with the sharp ears that proverbially belong to such little folk. But Dot looked on Peter with very different eyes from the village gossips. Her little heart was over-

flowing with love for all the world, and sorrow in any form at once won her tender pity. Dot became the champion of any one in trouble, and no knight-errant was ever more valiant than was this little maiden of five years in defense of any tormented or ill-treated creature. In fact, if Mrs. Mortimer had not exercised a wise restraint the cottage would have literally become the asylum of all the blind, halt and maimed cats and dogs of the parish. As it was, Dot had to content her loving heart with a kitten which had lost its tail and a canary with a broken wing, and on these she lavished the affection of a very warm little heart.

Dot had now a new object of interest. She very much wondered why the old man opposite did not make friends with other people, and whether he was happy. One afternoon, late in December, when a neighbor had been calling and trying in vain to glean some news about the mysterious stranger, Dot knelt long on one of the kitchen chairs, with her little nose flattened against the window-panes, watching the thin thread of smoke stealing out of Peter's chimney. Her mother was busy at her work and no sound was heard in the room but the sharp click of the machine and the soothing song of the kettle on the hob. At last Dot broke the silence by saying:

"Mother, does you think the old man over there is a bad man?"

Mrs. Mortimer started. She had hoped that Dot had been too much occupied with her cat and a sadly-crippled doll to notice the gossip which she had tried in vain to check, for she did not wish that the seeds of distrust and ill-nature should drop into her little girl's tender heart.

"No, dearie; oh! no!" she said. "He may be a very good man, only he likes to live quiet-like."

"Does you think he's happy, mother?" asked Dot again, after a pause.

"Well, I really don't know," replied her mother, smiling. "I'm afraid he's very lonesome."

Dot did not say anything more, but she thought much; but only pussy shared in these cogitations. But as days passed by the little girl spent a good deal of her time with her rosy face pushed between the flower-pots on the sill. Her mind was very busy on the subject of old Peter, and she was much puzzled about him. Mother thought he was lonesome, and therefore unhappy. That was enough to make him dear at once to Dot, and she longed to do something for him; but then this was not very easy to do, for he could not be brought into the house and made happy with warm bread-and-milk, like the other objects of her pity. At present she saw no way out of her difficulty; and she came with a very grave face when her mother called her to try on a new dress, which she was to wear on Christmas Day.

## CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS Day rose bright and beautiful. It was very cold, and all night long the frost had been busy weaving a garment for every tree and every hedge of sparkling whiteness. But no brightness shone into the heart of old Peter Morley as he sat over his lonely breakfast. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with a long, white beard, but his face was overshadowed with gloomy bitterness; and on this morning, when all around were rejoicing in the beauty of the day, and many were made glad by the message it brings of peace and joy, his heart remained unlightened, and bitter memories took the place of the sweet thoughts which Christmas should inspire.

At last his breakfast was over and cleared away and he sat cowering over his little fire, with his pipe between his lips. The room was barely furnished, but very clean, for Peter with all his faults was not slovenly or dirty. Presently he heard the faint, distant chime of the church bells wafted over the hills. He listened to them for a time, then got up and with some hesitation unlatched the door and set it slightly ajar, that the sweet sounds might fall more clearly on his ear. After sitting down he seemed half-inclined to shut the door again and muttered something between his teeth about being a fool for his pains. But even to him there was something soothing in the sounds, and he soon lost himself in memories of old times.

Ah! how far away they seemed to the sad, weary man. How well he remembered the Christmases of his boyhood, the brothers and sisters, now scattered, round the table, their delight in their gifts, and their enjoyment of the pleasures of the day. Then there were other sweet memories too, of little children of his own; but the thought of their smiles and happy laughter made his loneliness the more dreary and the day one of the saddest of the sad year. He sat crouching over the fire, with his head in his hands, feeling very miserable, shut out from the joy of the world.

Suddenly a colder breath of air seemed to fall on him and a slight rustle made him look up. He was so astonished at what he saw that his pipe slipped from his lips and lay in fragments on the hearth. Peter did not believe in fairies—oh! no, he would have declared he was "a deal too sensible-like for that;" but he began to have his doubts on the subject. But after a moment's thought he decided that the apparition did not quite come up to the general idea of what a fairy should look like. For close beside him stood a little figure dressed in blue, while a hood of the same color framed a rosy, dimpled face set round with golden curls. Then, too, the half-open door was a more visible entrance than fairies are supposed to need.

A sweet little childish voice said, "Isn't you

glad it's Kismas Day?" and a soft, fat little hand was thrust into his. Peter did not know what to do or say. A strange thrill of delight ran through him at the sight of this sweet face, and almost unconsciously his fingers closed over the little hand. "Doesn't you love the bells?" continued the child, eagerly.

"I don't know," said Peter, doubtfully; "they sound pretty enough. But what's your name, little gal?"

"My name's Dorothy Mortimer, but mother calls me Dot, 'cos I'se so little. Is you going to church?"

"No, no," said Peter, bitterly, "I haven't clothes. I don't go to church now."

"Doesn't you?" said Dot. "We's going—mother and me. You come too."

"No, no," said the old man again. "I'm not fit to go with you."

"But," persisted Dot, "you looks real nice, and you'se got such a nice beard," she added, looking up admiringly at the old man. "You'se like my gan'fader; do come."

Peter did not know how it was, but he felt as if he could not refuse the little creature's eager entreaty, and getting slowly up and putting on a great-coat and his hat, he was just going to leave the cottage when he remembered that at church he would see all the neighbors, whose curious gaze he had so constantly shunned. But fortunately Dot dispelled his doubt by saying:

"Me and mother is going to the pretty church in the wood over the hill, 'cos mother went there always on Kismas Day when she was a little girl and mother made me this frock," she added, suddenly remembering her unusually gay attire, and turning round and round to give Peter full opportunity of viewing it on every side. With the sweet confidence of a little child she felt sure that what had so delighted her would give pleasure to this new friend.

Mrs. Mortimer was certainly a good deal startled to see her little daughter leading their mysterious neighbor up the garden. She had dressed Dot early, as she had a few household matters to finish, and had expected to find the little girl in the garden when she came down ready for church. But Dot, spying the unlatched door opposite, had run across and made her way into the silent, gloomy house, bringing a ray of sunlight with her into the old man's heart.

Dot ran forward to meet her mother with a joyful cry, "Mother, he's coming too; isn't it nice?"

Mrs. Mortimer with gentle tact welcomed Peter and showed no surprise at his unexpected arrival, and they set out at once. The little church to which they were going lay quite out of the way of the ordinary village folk, so that they met no curious or wondering glances as they went.

Their path lay through the wood, now in all the

beauty of a winter's morning, and while their footsteps sounded sharply on the crisp, hard earth, little Dot's merry laugh rang through the trees. But Peter did not seem much disposed to talk, and Mrs. Mortimer wisely left most of the conversation to Dot, for she felt that the child's simple gentleness would best soothe a heavy heart.

At last the church was reached, and they took their seats in a corner under festoons of holly and garlands of evergreens. Dot and her mother knelt reverently, but the old man crept into the shadow of the wall and sat with his face in his hands. When the sound of the organ and the sweet voices of children, and especially of the happy little one beside him, rose in a hymn, long unshed tears gathered in his eyes and fell slowly down his cheeks, carrying with them some of the bitterness which had hardened his heart.

When the sermon began little Dot grew sleepy, and her mother, taking off her hood, was going to lean her on her knee, when old Peter eagerly stretched out his trembling hands and took the little form in his arms, the pretty golden curls dangling with his long, white beard. God was sending a little child to preach to him the gospel of His peace and good-will to men; and the ears so long deaf to all but the moanings of his own discontent were opened to hear the message of love and mercy.

### CHAPTER III.

PETER'S first question on coming out of church was, "Has you got a plum-pudding at home?" "No," said the old man, sighing; "it don't seem worth while to make it for one."

"But doesn't you like plum-pudding?" asked

"Why, I ain't tasted one for years," answered Peter; "I used to be very fond o' sweet things when I was a boy."

"Not had any plum-pudding for years!" cried Dot, quite aghast at such a dreadful confession; "mother and me has *such* a nice pudding; you come and have a bit."

"Yes, do, neighbor," said Mrs. Mortimer, kindly; "we don't often have company, and it will be quite a pleasure."

"No, no," said the old man, huskily; "I can't intrude any more. I'm sure I'm truly obliged to you for letting me come along with you this morning."

"Oh! but you must come," cried Dot, "and when you can see my pussy and my dickey-bird," and she felt quite sure that no one could resist so delightful a prospect.

They soon reached Mrs. Mortimer's cottage, and the fire, well built before they started, was stirred into a blaze. The meat and potatoes had to be taken from the bakehouse, and the pudding from

a friendly neighbor, who, unable to get to church herself, had kindly attended to the pudding so as to set Mrs. Mortimer free. What a happy little party they were! Poor old Peter, so long unaccustomed to kind and friendly looks, felt the reserve and shyness melting away from his heart, and little Dot's simple grace brought back to his memory the time long ago when his own little ones had gathered round the table. Dot did not forget old friends in her delight at having found a new one, and pussy was allowed to sit at table, but to the little girl's great disappointment and wonder, failed to appreciate the delights of plum-pudding.

Then, after dinner, they sat round the flickering fire, and Dot reveled in apples as rosy as herself, and chestnuts picked up in the woods; while pussy, curled up on the hearth, sang a contented song. They sat silent for some time, and then Dot, climbing on to Peter's knee, said:

"Has you any little girl?"

"No, no," said the old man, sadly; "they're all gone. I had a little gal once like you, but they are all dead;" and the bitter look came over his face like a cloud.

Dot looked sorrowful for a moment, and then cried, "I'll be your little girl. Mother doesn't want me always, and when she doesn't I can come to you."

Peter smiled and softly stroked the golden hair, and Dot, tired with all the excitements of this happy day, soon fell asleep in his arms, only waking up to say a sleepy good-bye when he was going.

The next day the story of Peter's Christmas dinner with Mrs. Mortimer soon reached the eager ears of Mrs. Carter, and she paid the widow an early visit in order to find out all the particulars which she felt that her neighbor ought to have gleaned. But she was doomed to disappointment. Mrs. Mortimer had had too much good feeling to have made all the inquiries which her gossip-loving acquaintance would not have failed to make, and could tell her nothing at all about the old man's previous history, or the way in which he gained a livelihood. At last Mrs. Carter had to depart, and soothe her irritated spirits by enlarging to her cronies on "the folly of them as has eyes and tongues and don't use 'em."

Meanwhile Peter seemed to have fallen back into the old routine in which this wonderful Christmas Day had made such a break. It is true that Dot now ran in sometimes, and sat watching him at his work. He was a skillful wood-carver, and occasionally, when his carvings were finished, he took them over to a neighboring town, where he found a ready sale for them, and this was the mysterious package which had so excited the curiosity of the village matrons.

But though the old man loved the little girl



who brought back the memory of his own lost child, yet he was far from happy. His Christmas Day with the widow and her child had awakened fresh feelings in his heart, and had made him so dissatisfied with himself and his mode of life that he sometimes felt inclined to wish that little Dot had never found him out. He knew that Mrs. Mortimer had to work hard for her living, and that their Christmas dinner, an unusual luxury, had been the gift of a more prosperous friend, and yet how willingly they had shared it with him, who was a stranger, or at least a very unsocial neighbor. Peter now knew what it was to have his life brightened by the loving deeds of others, and conscience whispered that he ought to be ready to give forth as well as to receive, especially as he could not plead the excuse of poverty.

For Peter Morley was not the poor man many thought him; but since those whom he loved had been taken from him, the love of money had sprung up in his heart, hardening it and closing it against the world. He gained a very fair livelihood by his carving, but besides this he had lent a considerable sum of money, at very high interest, to a tradesman of his acquaintance, who had needed money to meet some sudden demand. It was to receive this interest that Peter made his pilgrimages to a neighboring town, and at the same time he took the opportunity of disposing of his work and receiving fresh orders.

A dreadful struggle was going on in the old man's heart between his long-cherished love of money and the holy feelings which Dot's little loving deed had awakened in him. He knew that poor Dawson's business had been failing for some time, and that he and his large family were very sickly, and that they had very great difficulty in raising the very high interest which he so exactingly demanded. Peter's better feelings whispered that as more than the original amount lent had been already paid in interest, he should forgive the debt and set Dawson free.

He did not need the money, for he had a sufficient sum in the bank to keep him in comfort when age should rob his hand of its cunning. But his money-loving nature was not so easily subdued. Had he not a right to his own earnings? and if "folks can't pay, they shouldn't borrow."

So day by day passed away, and Peter seemed falling back into his old morose self. Even Dot was not always welcome, for her loving, happy little face and simple prattle reminded him of the sweet message of love and good-will to others which Christmas brings. The time, too, was drawing near for receiving the monthly payment, and still the conflict went on. But at last the victory was won, and Peter, opening his old desk, took out poor Dawson's acknowledgment of the debt, and, packing up his work, made his way to the town where he transacted his business.

It was late in the morning before he reached Dawson's house. A miserable fire was burning in the grate, and when the poor man appeared, he looked wan and wretched. He began timidly, too evidently fearing some outburst of wrath, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Morley, I haven't got quite the amount. Me and my wife's been ill, and it's been a hard push to get it, but we'll try and make it up next time," and he put the money doubtfully upon the table.

"Sit down, man," said Peter, feeling quite nervous in this unusual work of mercy. "I've been thinking you've been paying for a long time, and—and—" Peter had prepared quite a proper speech, but it all faded from his memory at the sight of that pale, weary face. "The fact is, Mr. Dawson, I've been hard on you, and I've made up my mind that we'll wipe off the debt now, and here's your paper, and you'd better burn it."

Poor Dawson had to grasp the table with both hands, so great was his surprise and agitation, and the words of thanks came slowly; but the feeling which his face expressed was more eloquent than many words. At last, seizing old Peter's hand, he gasped out, "The Lord bless you for this! Ah, it's such a relief. I've had to starve my little ones till they've been nearly starved for want of food and fire." But Peter could not bear many thanks, and with a hearty hand-shake he took his leave of Dawson. He made his way to a shop and bought a Noah's ark for Dot and a packet of nice tea for her mother, and then turned his face homeward.

Peter certainly had less money than when he left home, but he was not a poorer man; there was a wealth of quiet peace and happiness in his soul such as he had never possessed before. His heart was so light that, as he walked along, he actually began to whistle a gay air—a thing he had not done for years. Even the passers-by noticed his happy face, and more than one remarked that "The old chap's quite cheerful-like."

Peter did not fail to make his appearance at Mrs. Mortimer's just as the widow was putting the kettle for their tea. The Noah's ark was duly presented, and was the source of great joy to the little girl, and, if any curious neighbors happened to call, they would have been astonished to find the grim stranger sitting on the bright floor, busily engaged in making the animals follow Noah and his family with due decorum.

Dot's friendship with old Peter grew stronger every day. She soon enlisted his sympathies in her benevolent exertions on behalf of all distressed animals, and, to her great delight, soon succeeded in establishing in his cottage a dog with three legs and an afflicted raven. Peter's little home was never "lonesome" again, for, besides constant



visits from his little neighbor, he often, on his return from the neighboring town, brought back one or two of the pale little Dawsons to see what fresh air and country life could do for them.

What a happy day their next Christmas was! Mrs. Mortimer's little house was taxed to its utmost limit, and Peter was obliged to bring over his own chairs for the company. He provided the dinner, and invited Dawson and his family to share it with them, and a happier and merrier party could not be found.

But Mrs. Mortimer's eyes often wandered to Peter's pretty Christmas present, which hung over the mantelpiece. It was a beautifully carved likeness of her little girl, just as he had first seen her, the sweet, dimpled face shaded by the soft curls, and framed by the folds of her little hood, and underneath were cut in rustic letters the words, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCENERY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Critic*, Mr. John Burroughs, draws a contrast between English and American scenery in the following brief description of both:

For rural and pastoral beauty—beauty of fields, parks, downs, holms—beauty of grass, trees, groves, etc., go to England. You shall there see this full that of which you catch only glimpses in this country—the broad, beaming, hospitable beauty of a perfectly cultivated landscape. Indeed, in England is to take one's fill of the orderly, the permanent, the well-kept in the works of man, and of the continent, the beneficent, the uniform, in the works of nature. It is to see the most perfect bit of garden-lawn expanded till it covers an empire; it is to see the history of two thousand years written in grass and verdure, and in the lines of the landscape; a continent concentrated into a State, the deserts and waste places left out, every rood of it swarming with life; the pith and marrow of wide tracts compacted into narrow fields and recruited and forwarded by the most vigilant husbandry. Those fields look stall-fed, those cattle beam contentment, those rivers have never left their banks; those mountains are the paradise of shepherds; those open forest glades, half sylvan, half pastoral—clean, stately, full of long vistas and cathedral-like aisles—where else can one find beauty like that? The wild and the savage flee away. The rocks pull the green turf over them like coverlids; the hills are plump with vegetable mold, and when they bend this way or that, their sides are wrinkled and dimpled like the forms of fatted sheep. And fatted they are; not merely by the care of man, but by the elements themselves; the sky rains fertility upon them; there is no wear and tear, as with our alter-

nately flooded, parched and frozen hill-tops; the soil accumulates, the mold deepens; the matted turf binds it and yearly adds to it.

But the charm of the wild, the fascination of the savage, the sublime—I did not wonder, after being in England a few months, that so many of her sons hungered and thirsted after these things and pursued them with such zest to the uttermost parts of the earth. What a godsend Niagara would be to England—something they could saddle and bridle; or a section of that awful chasm below the falls, or a bit of the Colorado Valley. Dover Cliffs, which their poets have magnified, are pleasing, but not grand; they are a broad meadow propped up by a piece of chalk three hundred and fifty feet high. The plow and the scythe come to the brink of them, and there is no terror in their frown. A load of hay the same height and breadth would be as impressive. Amid these scenes one comes in time to feel as I imagine a well-fed dog feels that has not had a bone to gnaw in a long while; like a squirrel, whose teeth are spoiling for a nut; like a hawk, ahunger for the quarry. The sparse, the shy, the furtive, are good too. One wants the element of surprise—beauty that darts upon one like a wild spirit from unexpected places; the perilous charm that lurks on the brink of the abyss. Amid the daily, gentle, tiresome rains, and the weather "kind o' thundery," as my Hurry farmer put it, but never actually "coming to a head," I could have put up cheerfully with one or two of our sky-splitters, when the veritable Crack of Doom seems to have come. One does not see the stars in England except now and then dimly, and through a veil of vapor. Never is that awful abyss of the heavens stripped bare, as with us, and brought immeasurably near, almost overpowering in its sublimity.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.—I freely confess to you that I would rather, when I am laid down in the grave, some one in his manhood stand over me and say: "There lies one who was a real friend to me and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children: "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I say, I would rather that such person should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable in my estimation than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.—*Dr. Sharp.*

## DAN'S AUTUMN DAY.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

FARMER RALPH'S, Oct. 2d, 1882.

MY DEAR HELEN: That arch of surprise in your fine eyebrows as you mark the date of my letter is quite enchanting. I pause an instant to admire it before I "rise to explain" that, taking advantage of the nearness of your late summer resort, I have escaped my jovial party of good fellows in the mountains and run down here for a day or so of quiet happiness in the domestic haunts still luminous and warm with your presence. It is next to sharing with you the pleasure of your rural visit.

I am sitting in the "spare-room" from which you sent me a memorable letter nearly three months ago, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to see you in this straight, close-armed chair, jotting your good-night to me on the fall-leaf of the prim cherry-table, which is one of the carefully preserved relics of Ma'am Ralph's "setting-out," no doubt, sacred to the memory of her early housekeeping days. But to-night I have what you missed in your summer sojourn here—the glow and cheer of crackling apple-wood in the wide old chimney-place and the fantastic play of light and shadow over the low, white walls and quaint, ancient furnishings of the room, which is quite transfigured by the magic of the dancing fire spirit. Yet this is a charm which it appears I owe to you, *ma chere*, for, "I never should ha' thought on't, Mr. Meadows," said the good housewife, standing back in admiration of the blaze of beauty she had kindled, "I never should ha' thought on't at all if that dear, charmin' Miss Gibson hadn't a put it into my head when she was here. Ye see, the fire-place had been shut up for twenty years or more. We thought a nice, snug parlor-stove a good deal more style, ye know, but that dear girl she jes' kep' wishin' an' longin' to see the fire-board took out and the brass andirons that she found up in the garret set in their place. Well, so one day father had time an' he fixed it up just to please her, with the scraggy boughs of the sweet apple-trees that had blowed down; but there never come a day while she was in the house that wasn't too hot to think of a fire; so the dear child never had the fun o' lightin' it at all, an' will ye b'lieve it, this is the very kindlin' that she laid to the wood."

And the gentle old lady looks at me as though I ought to feel redoubled joy in my blessings, as you readily divine that I do.

When I came here I introduced myself as a friend of Miss Gibson, who had told me of a very delightful visit she had made at the Ralph home-stand (the good folk speak of you always as a dear visitor, never as a "boarder") and I could not have been received with more honor had I brought

letters of introduction and recommendation from the ruling powers of the land. Of course, there began at once a system of delicate inquiry into the nature of my relations of friendliness with Miss Gibson, and I have parried the inquisitive feelers after the thrilling secret of our engagement like a bashful girl who confesses all with a blush. But I know I shall make a clean breast of the matter to Mother Ralph before I go, just for the satisfaction of receiving her approval, which, if I do not mistake the signs, I believe I may count upon. You should have seen the look of sympathy she cast on me as she went out just now, turning back at the door to say longingly, "Dear, dear, how I do wish that blessed girl was here to-night!"

You can guess how devoutly I responded to an aspiration like that. I have listened to such praises of you since my arrival at this farm that I can think of nothing so agreeable and satisfying as your wondrous virtues, dear heart. All the bright things that you said and the helpful things that you did have been recited to me until I am quite divided between the brilliancy of mind, tenderness of heart, and fascination of manner commended to my manly admiration, and I bow in homage to each and all. Every detail of the golden anniversary, as arranged and carried out by the marvelous Miss Gibson, has been faithfully set forth, and the loveliness of the young Hannah, arrayed and married in her grandmamma's wedding-gown, of which no one but the unique Miss Gibson could have thought, is a theme on which the old folks dwell with a delight as fresh as youth. I am reverently directed to all the walks and pleasure-haunts of Miss Gibson; I am honorably treated to the dishes that were Miss Gibson's favorites when here; and the dog, cat, duck, chicken, horse, cow, calf or lamb that she petted is urged upon my notice, as though deriving from her preference the qualities of a superior breed. All in all, it appears that I am or that I ought to be, very deeply interested in Miss Gibson. Our rural friends assume that there can be nothing so vitally important to me as the history of her experiences while sharing the rustic hospitality to which I am lately introduced.

No doubt it will be gratifying to you to know that I dined to-day with the happy pair of lovers whom you helped actively to precipitate into the blissful sea of matrimony. The young Benedict, Joseph, learning that "Miss Gibson's friend" had arrived, appeared on the scene of action before breakfast with an invitation from Hannah to "come to dinner," which I understand means in this locality a prompt attendance on table honors at precisely twelve o'clock. About eleven, Joseph in his Sunday coat re-appeared with his sturdy span of grays to drive me to his house, it being, as he said, "a kind of off day when there wasn't much to hinder a little friendly visitin'."

"You see," he explained as we mounted the hill in view of the low brown house behind its tangled hedges of overgrown lilac, snow-berry and rose bushes, "you see we don't put on no great style as yet. I bought this old homestead on ten years' time and will have to fix it up little by little as we have means over our reg'lar installments on the place, you know. But we're very happy, an' we don't mind waitin' a bit for th' improvements we're bound to make. Tell you what, Mr. Meadows, there's nothing cleans up a man's prospects and steadies his arm and puts heart in him like layin' the foundation of a home, with the dearest little jewel of a wife like Hannah to brighten it up and rule it in a wonderful way that we don't understand at all, you know. Why, I was all unsettled six months ago, and ready to go to the devil if he'd opened a smart opportunity, but now you see I'm anchored fast on this rock of a home that Hannah will make an Eden of, you know, if I give her half a chance. I tell you, sir," pursued this ardent young Hymenite, bringing his strong brown hand down upon mine with a hearty clasp, "I tell you, you never will feel settled and certain in your purposes till you get married and fixed in a home of your own, an' you're losing a great deal of happiness a-putting it off."

I smiled at the free masonry which divined my unmaturing prospects, and, with the veteran experience of three months' initiation in the higher degrees of lover's order, was urging upon me the key to advanced honors and conditions of happiness.

"But, friend Joseph Fuller," I objected weakly, "you know it needs the divine woman's consent to lay the walls of our Eden. We can only forecast and agonize over their shadowy uncertainties alone."

Joseph gave me a sympathetic glance. "Yes," he assented feelingly, "but I don't think you need to 'agonize' over shadowy walls any longer, Mr. Meadows. You're gittin' along, and there's no time to lose." (Heavens, Helen, I suddenly felt like the old moon hanging hollow and pale in the glow of this youth's vernal morning.) "And Miss Gibson is too sensible a girl to b'lieve in puttin' off forever," concluded Joseph, sententiously.

I lifted my hat. I saw Jacob's ladder swiftly let down from the sky and a shining path opening for you and me straight up to glory. What mysterious spiritual force is it that seems to have impressed the whole atmosphere of this delightful region with the golden fact that Miss Gibson belongs to me? It is one of those enchanting localities that respond readily to the influence of spiritual law, I think.

We had arrived by this time at the gate, and the blithe, blonde-haired little woman, running

down the path from the brown dove-cot to receive us, was proudly presented by Joseph as "my wife," while I was announced to her as "Miss Gibson's friend," whom my pretty young hostess welcomed with both warm outstretched hands which I could not for the life of me help kissing—for Miss Gibson's sake.

"I'm so very glad to see you. It's 'most like seeing Miss Gibson herself," she said, flushing and leading the way up the rough stone steps, and ushering me, not into the prim, stiff, painfully "picked up" spare room that I expected, but into a cozy little home nest which quite surprised me with its luxury of color and comfort.

In an incredibly brief space of time we had established a charming friendship on the ground of mutual reverence for Miss Gibson, and I had responded to minute inquiries regarding her welfare, until I felt blissfully like an absent husband answering for his dear, and blushing with sudden guilty consciousness of the wide breach between reality and appearance, I turned the tide of questioning confusedly with the stammering remark:

"I—allow me to say—what a pretty room you have, Mrs. Fuller." She brightened like a rose in a swift burst of sun. You ought to have seen her, Helen.

"I'm glad you think so," she gushed delightedly. "It's all Miss Gibson's idea."

Bless my soul! There it was again. I caught my breath. How could I keep it evenly before so many thrilling revelations? I felt as if I must get up and embrace the room, but I sat still, steeped in the chintz roses of the luxurious chair which, with sparkling pleasure, my pretty hostess informed me was made of barrels!

"You see," she explained, when she had sufficiently enjoyed my astonishment, "I had nothing to make this old house look decent and comfortable, as I told Miss Gibson after the wedding, but she started up all in arms as if challenged to battle." (Hannah laughed gleefully, so did thy Daniel.)

"Why, it's easy enough, Hannah," says she. "You will manage the kitchen without any difficulty, and the parlor may be furnished quite elegantly at small expense. Let's go and look over the old nookery."

"So for our wedding-trip," chirruped Hannah, "we came up here and planned everything out for housekeeping, beginning with the kitchen and sleeping-rooms and finishing with the parlor, which Miss Gibson said was the dessert. As there is a smooth, old-fashioned oak-floor, laid before the day of carpets, she thought we'd better oil it and brighten it up with pretty rugs; but I preferred this fresh, bright rag-carpet grandma and I had been making, for we country folks don't feel much fixed up with bare floors, you know. Then she said we could hang the walls with inexpensive

paper of a graceful design, and for the rest she declared she had seen no end of old chairs, tables, boxes and barrels about the premises which, with a piece or two of pretty chintz, could be converted into furniture as fine for our use and better adapted to our house than the costliest upholstery. And she made drawings showing how to shape barrels and boxes into chairs, sofas, tables and ottomans, and she slashed out patterns to give us an idea of covering with the chintz which, when she went back to the city, she selected, together with the wall-paper and bordering, to have them harmonize, she said—something I never thought about until I saw how satisfying these colors are. Then on rainy and leisure days Jo helped me cover the things, which took all grandmother's old comfortables and grandpa's fresh-cut rowen to fill out, and Jo says if we have a hard winter and hay runs short, old Brindle and Star will make a bee-line for our sofa-mattresses and chaff cushions."

And Hannah laughed joyously again, while I, overcome by the astonishing agricultural resources in upholstery, let my eyes rove for relief to the steel copies of several very fine works of art on the walls, which, my happy hostess hastened to inform me, were sent to her by Miss Gibson and put in plain oak frames, according to her advice, by Jo's brother John, who has a knack for such things, and has presented them with some brackets and book-shelves, rather thinly furnished as yet, but exhibiting two or three scientific and a few poetical volumes—the combined literary forces, evidently, of the young couple, revealing a struggling aspiration for culture of a general sort.

"I wouldn't tell all my neighbors about these little make-shifts, you know," pursued Hannah, opening afresh upon the biography of her dainty lace-bordered window-curtains, which appear to be the heirlooms of grandmamma's old linen chest, "but somehow you seem so much like Miss Gibson" (mark that, my Helen), "who took such a warm interest in the way we did things, that I can't help talking to you just as I did to her."

"Ha! ha!" chuckled Joseph, coming in at this moment from the care of his horses and looking over the room with just family pride, "Hannah is letting you into the secrets, I see, of how millionaires set up housekeepin'. Well, well, it'll do you good to know."

"And I'll leave you to add particulars," smiled Hannah, excusing herself and running out to the kitchen, from whence wafted the delicious odors of cooking dinner, fragrant and grateful to the soul of the hungry man-guest.

But all the time, leaning back in my comfortable tub of roses, and responding absently to Joseph's friendly communications and brisk moralizings, I was thinking, "Thou, dear, sly, sweet, fraudulent witch, Helen, knowing how, by a miracle-working art, to turn barrel-staves, boot-boxes and rose-

printed cotton into domestic comforts, yet leaving thy bachelor Daniel to the stark, cheerless, homeless atmosphere of a boarding-house parlor!"

"Walk right out to dinner now, gentlemen," was Hannah's prompt announcement on the stroke of twelve, the pleasing invitation breaking with appetizing point into my soft reverie of reproach.

The floor of the wide kitchen into which we stepped to dine was whiter than fresh-planed pine, and the table at which we sat down was daintily spread with the bounties of the season, to which I was helped with a prodigality quite surpassing my capacities, though my satisfaction in Hannah's luscious cookery was only equalled by my sympathy with the happy hospitality of the proud young householders. We exhausted our breath in wishing Miss Gibson on the vacant side of the table, and we heaped for her a fruit-plate of home-grown apples, pears, peaches and grapes, while we drank to her domestic happiness in our after-dinner coffee, served in quaint, old china cups (that were Grandmamma Ralph's), and which showed a pink landscape, with a rustic youth bearing a dinner-basket and plodding away in the direction of a church-steeple over the hill, which Jo suggested he might be going to cut off with the sickle hanging on his shoulder. But Hannah, with an interpreter's vision and a significant glance at me, declared that the church in the distance indicated a waiting bride and that, if we could see the young reaper when he faced about and came toward us, we would find his forlorn, desolate, old-bachelor look changed to one of gladness and rejoicing.

I did not linger long after the social pleasures of the table. I knew that Joseph's conscience was turning to his unhusked corn-shacks; that Hannah had her house duties on her mind, and I had the thought of thee to take up to the royal hills in worship. So, with cordial leave-taking, I shouldered my gun—which is always my rural excuse for solitude—and, striking out across an emerald meadow, found my way by easy ascent to a rocky height, with a gorgeous background of autumn-tinted woods, from whence can be obtained as lovely a view of the surrounding beautiful country as artist could desire.

Arrived at the edge of the woods, I threw down my gun and seated myself on a moss-grown rock, becoming at once the butt of ridicule with a company of squirrels, peering at me from the boughs of neighboring chestnut trees, whisking their plummy tails, and scampering to and fro with humorous report of the curious creature just intruded on their domain, and railing and snickering contemptuously at the clumsy biped who, infected by their merriment, rolled over on his rock and burst into peals of sympathetic laughter. Dear little red and gray creatures! They knew very well that the carefully polished rifle lying on the grass was only a conventional pretext for seeking their



delightful haunts, and they had nothing in the world to fear from it.

Whatever of material beauty gladdened and filled your heart during your midsummer visit here, I feel that you miss the very spirit of the rural year in failing to share with me the divine sweetness of these October days, that seem to forecast the immortal life of which at other times we vaguely talk "by faith." Through this ethereal mistiness of the atmosphere the sunlight melts like the glory of a heavenly world, and the thin, supernatural quality of the clear, pure air holds one in hushed expectancy of harmonies too fine and sweet for mortal ear. It would not be startling at any moment to behold John's vision of the new earth and to hear the music of the circling spheres sweeping us into higher orbit.

Yet with even such prescience of expanding and eternal life an unaccountable feeling of sadness and loneliness steals over one in this dreamy autumn haze—a sense of loss and longing unutterable by a prosaic fellow like thy Daniel, who has no poet's tongue to syllable his need. I don't wonder that the rural folk mate, early. What could be more desolate than a homeless man in this wide, solitary waste? Even the birds of the air and the moles of the ground have domestic ties which alleviate the dreadful sense of isolation that would otherwise overcome them with melancholy. And it is so easy here, with a few twigs and straws, to set up a family altar. Look at Joseph and Hannah! Why, they are sovereigns of the land, and have no forebodings of want or failure unless, indeed, the promise of One who giveth seed-time and harvest should fail—a calamity which they never anticipate. Yet here am I with my paltry two thousand a year—which to these thrifty souls looks like a princely income—and I have not dared to say to the woman of my love, "Come, let us found a home and begin to realize our long dream of heaven upon earth." For so many contingencies have arisen at the aspiring thought and awed me with the ominous flapping of their grim bat-wings that I have shrunk back with cold tremors from a venture which might bring Heaven knows what unforeseen care and trouble to her whose way I would keep always abloom with thornless roses. How dare a man with a fortune in his hand, that may be palsied to-morrow, how dare he assume a responsibility which his failure will thrust upon the adored life he has sworn to protect? But Hannah's sublime trust and Joseph's manly faith in a Divine attendance on human needs inspire me with courage.

As Joseph says, "I am getting along!" In this mysterious, prophetic autumn air I feel that the day wanes. It is growing late, my dear. I saw to-day, as I sat on the hill in the sun, the gleam of a silver thread in my beard. It moved me to look

over the calendar of my years, which I had quite forgotten in my sense of perpetual youth. I am bordering on twenty-nine, my princess. I am falling in the sere and yellow leaf. Soon the winter snows will whirl and fall in grave-like drifts. Ugh! I stretch out my hands to the dying embers of Mother Ralph's fire on the hearth. Will you marry me, Helen? I have grown bold with hope in my rural experience, you see. I have learned, too, your wonderful capacity, your marvelous genius in utilizing ancient wedding-gowns and converting the useless lumber of garret and storeroom to domestic comfort and household beauty. What with buying wedding-rings by the measure of thy finger and sitting luxuriously in rose-cushioned barrels of thy designing, I am wild to tempt the sea of matrimony in Diogenes's tub with thee. Wilt thou venture?

I return to my comrades to-morrow. Look the day after to see thy  
DANIEL.

### SONNETS TO THE SEASONS.

No. 1.

DECEMBER. (A Monody.)

ON a night, when memory doth weave  
A tapestry of thought within my brain,  
Whose wondrous minglings are as hues that  
stain

The gorgeous west on some October eve,  
Do I among the shadows half believe  
I see thy well-remembered face again;  
Yet, stirring but one moment blissful pain  
Among my heart-cords, stays it to deceive;  
For my heart tells me thou art gone away  
From the dear haunts 'twere thine not long ago,  
And naught of thee is near me but the play  
Of thy light wings, perchance blent with the low  
And mournful blast as it upplies the snow  
Along the paths of thy secluded way.

No. 2.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A WONDROUS silence, sweeter far than sound  
Fills all the night—save where, in saintly  
row,  
Some singers sing of Christ—sing soft and low  
Of star-led shepherds and that Prince new-found  
In the Judean manger; whilst around  
The wintry sky the stars in rapturous glow  
Seem making music; so, with tuneful flow,  
On half-hushed winds the soft sounds come and go.  
A wondrous silence, deeper far than song,  
Fills all the night; save when the misty air  
Gives sound of some belated foot along  
The snowy way fast hast'ning on to where,  
In quiet home, all peaceful now and white,  
Some sweet-faced children dream of Christ to-  
night.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.



## THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

## CHAPTER III.

THERE was a stir in the neighborhood when the news got abroad that an infant had been found at the door of the Hardings. The gossips had a "world to say" on the subject; and all agreed that a more unfortunate selection of a home for the little one could not have been made.

"It don't matter much as far as that goes," said Mrs. Margaret Willits, the storekeeper's wife, as she chatted over the tea-table with Mrs. Jarvis and Miss Gimp; "for the truth is—all among ourselves, remember—Harding can't support his own children, let alone other people's. Somebody will have to take the child off their hands, or they'll send it to the poorhouse."

"But he does support his own children," replied Miss Gimp.

This was ingeniously remarked, in order to draw Mrs. Willits out.

"I'm not so sure of that," said the storekeeper's wife, mysteriously.

"Who does support them?"

Mrs. Jarvis put the question direct.

"I guess we do our part—this among ourselves."

"Oh! I understand," said Miss Gimp, a light breaking over her face. "He doesn't pay up at your store?"

"You've hit it right—but it's all among ourselves, remember."

"Oh! of course," returned Miss Gimp. "And—"

"Of course," said Mrs. Jarvis. "We wouldn't speak of it on any consideration."

"Don't, if you please; for they're bad kind of people, and I wouldn't get their ill-will on any account. Mrs. Harding has an awful tongue; and what is worse, I verily believe she would seek to do me some harm if she knew I'd said a word against her."

"Don't be afraid," said both the ladies at once.

"And so Harding owes your husband?" Miss Gimp spoke insinuatingly.

"Oh! yes. He's been getting things off and on now for a year. Every little while he comes and pays something on account, but manages to let his bill keep getting larger and larger. Mr. Willits says it must stop soon. He was going to refuse them trust last week, but thought he would wait a while longer. He knows that the moment he stops them off, Harding will be terribly angry, and that he will not only lose the custom of the family, but all the money that is owed to him into the bargain."

"Rather a hard case," remarked Miss Gimp.

"Isn't it? And so, as I was saying, it doesn't matter much for the child, that it was left at their door. They'll never dream of keeping it."

"When was the infant abandoned?" asked Mrs. Jarvis.

"Three nights ago," replied the storekeeper's wife.

"Indeed! I never heard a syllable of it until to-day. And the child is still with them?"

"For all I know to the contrary," said Mrs. Willits.

"They've been very quiet about the matter, that's certain," remarked Miss Gimp, who was dressmaker and assistant gossip for the neighborhood. "Three nights ago—and not a breath of it to reach my ears until last evening! It looks mysterious. Why should they be so very still about it?—they, of all people in the world! I shouldn't wonder, now that I think of it, if they knew more about the matter than they care to tell. There's something wrong, depend on't. I'm as sure of it as that I am sitting here."

"Wrong in what way?" asked Mrs. Jarvis, manifesting a new interest in the subject.

Miss Gimp affected a mysterious manner, as if she knew more of what was going on in the neighborhood than she felt at liberty to tell.

"Have you any suspicion as to where the child came from?" inquired Mrs. Willits.

"I have my own thoughts," said Miss Gimp, with a gravity that so well became her. "But thoughts cannot always be spoken."

"We are all friends, you know, Miss Gimp"—Mrs. Jarvis put on her most insinuating manner—"old friends, who can trust one another."

"I'd trust you with anything I knew certain," replied Miss Gimp. "But it's all guesswork here. Wait a few days. I'm bound to sift this matter to the bottom. At present, I'll just give it as my opinion that the Hardings know a great deal more about the child than they care to tell."

"You may be right there, Miss Gimp," said Mrs. Willits—"else why have they kept so still about it?"

"Exactly! Why have they kept so still about it?"

"Did you hear," inquired Mrs. Jarvis, "whether there was a letter in the basket with the child?"

Mrs. Willits shook her head.

"Of course, there must have been," said Miss Gimp. "There always is, in affairs of this kind. Take my word for it, the parentage of that child is no secret to the Hardings. And"—her imagination was taking a freer range—"I shouldn't at all wonder if the basket contained something more than a baby."

"What?"

The two ladies bent closer toward Miss Gimp.

"Money?"

"Money?"

"Yes: a handsome sum of money; and a letter besides, promising a regular payment of more every month or quarter as long as they keep the child. Depend upon it, this is the case; I'm as

sure of it as if I had seen into the basket myself."

"You've guessed it as certain as fate," said Mrs. Willits, with animation. "No one would have trusted a little, helpless infant in their hands without some strong hold like this upon their selfishness. Well, all I can say is, that, in the first place, they didn't deserve any such good fortune; and in the second place, whoever selected them as guardians of the child have made a cruel experiment."

In this the other ladies fully agreed, Miss Gimp remarking, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Your husband, Mrs. Willits, may now stand some chance of getting his money."

"Sure enough! I didn't think of that. It takes you, Miss Gimp, to see all the bearings of a subject."

Miss Gimp was flattered by this compliment, and drew her head up in a way peculiar to herself when pleased.

"Has any one seen the child?" inquired Mrs. Jarvis.

"I have not," answered Mrs. Willits; "nor have I met with any one who has called on Mrs. Harding since it was left at her house. There's neither pleasure nor comfort in visiting her, and so people stay away. I haven't been in her house for three months. The fact is, the last time I called on her she was in an awful humor about something or other and as snappish as a turtle. I'm sure she boxed the ears of every child she has three times over while I was there, and if the truth must be told, they richly deserved all they got; for a more ill-mannered, quarrelsome brood I never saw. Andrew, their oldest boy, is a perfect little desperado. The way he knocked the other children about was dreadful. I was in fear every moment of seeing some of their limbs broken or eyes put out."

"Just as it was when I called there last," said Miss Gimp. "I went to fit a dress for Mrs. Harding. The house seemed like bedlam. The children quarreled all the while and their mother stormed at them incessantly. I was too glad to get away."

"Do you expect to go there again very soon?" asked Mrs. Jarvis.

"I ought to have gone there a week ago, to take home the cape of her last new dress. She wants it, I know. There isn't more than half an hour's work on it, and I'll do that this very evening."

"Then you'll see her in the morning," said the storekeeper's wife.

"Yes."

"Just drop in on your way back, Miss Gimp, that's a good soul. It's such a strange affair that I really feel curious about it. Take a good look at the baby and see if you can trace a likeness to anybody. And then be sure to find out if any

money came with it or is promised. I want to know about that of all things."

"Never fear for me," said Miss Gimp, looking unusually bright. "I'll gather up every crumb of information."

"And you'll call in as you go by?"

"Oh! certainly."

"Do, if you please," said Mrs. Jarvis; "for, as I have an errand out in the morning, I'll manage to be here—at what time?"

"Say ten o'clock," replied Miss Gimp.

Little else was talked of by the ladies during the hour they remained together after tea.

On the next morning at ten o'clock Mrs. Willits and Mrs. Jarvis sat together, awaiting the arrival of Miss Gimp, who had looked in upon the storekeeper's wife as she passed on her way to the Hardings to say that she would call on her return and make a report. Sooner than they expected the dressmaker she came in. Her face did not look very animated.

"Good morning, Miss Gimp, good morning," said the ladies.

"Good morning."

Miss Gimp tried to look important and well satisfied with herself; but the effort was wholly unsuccessful.

"Well, Miss Gimp, did you see the baby?"

"I did."

There was an ominous gravity in the gossip's tones.

"Is it a nice-looking baby?" inquired Mrs. Willits.

"A very nice-looking baby indeed. In fact, it's the dearest, sweetest little thing I ever saw."

"Why, Miss Gimp! You don't say so?"

"It's the truth, every word I tell you."

"Well, really! It's a nice baby, then?"

"You may believe it. And then it's so good! Mrs. Harding says it hasn't cried an hour since it came into the house."

"You don't tell me!"

"I can well believe her, for while I was there it did nothing but smile and coo, and try its best to talk to every one who came near the cradle where it lay."

This information was not half so satisfactory to the two ladies as the report of its being cross and disagreeable would have been.

"Well, so much for the baby," said Mrs. Jarvis.

"And now, Miss Gimp, tell us all you learned about it. Where do you think it came from?"

"Haven't the least idea in the world," replied Miss Gimp.

"Really?"

"Really!"

"Could you trace a likeness?"

Miss Gimp shook her head.

"Doesn't it look like somebody you have seen?"

"No one that I can remember; and yet the face

is strangely familiar. It seems as if I had met it only yesterday; but for my life I cannot tell where."

"What does Mrs. Harding say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Or next to nothing. She's very quiet and very reserved. Something has come over her and the whole family."

"Indeed?" Both the ladies spoke at once.

"In what respect?" asked Mrs. Willits.

"I didn't hear a cross word while I was in the house, either from mother or children. The last time I was there Lotty, the youngest, did nothing but fret and snarl and cry; but this morning she sat on the floor beside the cradle, looking fondly on the baby or playing with it in the gentlest manner. The fact is, that baby seems to have brought a charm into the house. I could hardly believe that I was with the same people."

"You don't tell us so?"

"It's the truth, just what I say."

"Was there any letter or money in the basket?"

inquired Mrs. Willits, whose interest in that aspect of the case was particularly strong.

"Not that I could find out," answered Miss Gimp. "I felt my way, and hinted and did everything except put the question direct; but Mary Harding either could not or would not understand me. She was always a little close-mouthed, you know."

"Why didn't you ask her right up and down? I would have done so," said Mrs. Willits.

"It was on my tongue's end more than once; but every time I was about to speak she seemed to know what was on my mind, and made some remark that threw me off."

"How provoking!"

"It was provoking," said Miss Gimp, looking particularly annoyed.

"What does she intend doing with the little stranger?" asked Mrs. Jarvis.

"Keep it," replied Miss Gimp.

"She's got a houseful of her own now—more than her husband is able to support," said Mrs. Willits. "I don't understand the woman."

"I think I do," returned Miss Gimp, assuming a knowing look. She was good at surmising. "As to there being any disinterested feeling toward the baby, that is not admitted for an instant."

"Of course not."

Miss Gimp resumed: "You may rely upon it, then, as I suggested in the beginning, that she knows all about where the child came from and is well paid for taking care of it."

"But how do you account for the singular change in her temper, and, above all, for the change in the temper of her children?"

"I've thought of all that," answered the dressmaker, "and own that I am puzzled. It has

occurred to me that her young savages may have been tamed as they tame wild beasts, by hunger and stripes. If she has a motive strong enough to make her resolute, Mrs. Harding is not the woman to hesitate about the adoption of any means for the accomplishment of her purposes. It has no doubt been made her interest to keep this child, and to keep it right. If this is really so she will make all bend to her will in the matter."

And so, after all, the dressmaker had failed to learn anything about the baby that was satisfactory either to herself or her friends, Mrs. Willits and Mrs. Jarvis. As might be supposed, the report of Miss Gimp excited still more the curiosity of the two ladies who had urged the visit to Mrs. Harding. They were really troubled because of their inability to penetrate the mystery that surrounded the affair. Over one bit of information reserved to the last by Miss Gimp they became excited; but it left them still in the dark.

"Harry Wilkins saw the person who left the basket at Harding's door," said the dressmaker.

"What?"

"I was talking with Harry Wilkins last evening, and he says that on the night the child was left at Hardings' he went to Beechwood. On the way he met a woman carrying a basket. She was young and had something strange-looking about her. It struck him that she was in trouble, for she seemed very irresolute—walking on for a time hurriedly; then stopping as if in doubt; and once or twice turning back toward Beechwood. His curiosity was excited and he watched her for some time. On his return he met her again, but without the basket. He passed very close to her—close enough to get a glimpse of her face, which he says looked like the face of one in deep distress."

"And she came from Beechwood?" said Mrs. Jarvis, breathing deeply.

"She came from that direction, Harry says."

"The child's mother, no doubt. What a wretch she must be! From Beechwood? That's something to know. I've got a cousin living in Beechwood and I'll go over and see her this very blessed week. I shouldn't wonder if she could trace the whole affair."

Saying this, Mrs. Jarvis arose and made a movement to go, at which Miss Gimp remarked that she must run home also, as she had promised a dress on that very day, and the scissors were not in it yet. Nearly five minutes elapsed before all their parting words were said; then they separated with mutual promises to sift the matter more closely and to communicate to each other any thing new that might happen to be learned.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A WEEK passed, and notwithstanding Mrs. Willits, in league with Miss Gimp and Mrs. Jarvis, had been all eye and all ear, so to speak,

yet they had not been able to learn anything satisfactory to themselves about the little stranger. Each of the ladies had, during the time, made a call upon Mrs. Harding, and each had come away more strongly confirmed in her first conclusion, that she knew a great deal more about the child than she cared to tell. As for the babe itself, there could be but one opinion. Miss Gimp said it was "lovely;" and when she spoke of an infant so decidedly you might be sure there was something about it more than common.

Meantime, singular changes were progressing in the home where the little orfcast had found an asylum—changes that as much surprised the inmates as those who looked on from a distance. Grace had won all hearts from the beginning; even selfish, rude, ill-natured Andrew, the pest of the family, stood subdued and gentle in her presence. Before she came, his greatest delight was found in annoying and oppressing the other children; now his chief pleasure consisted in holding the baby, carrying her about, or playing with her as she lay in the cradle. So attentive was he, that Mrs. Harding scarcely perceived any new demand upon her time, in consequence of so important an addition to her family. Left more to themselves, by the diversion of Andrew's attention, the children—whose almost incessant strife owed its origin mainly to their older brother's interference—rarely gave way to a wrangling spirit. When it did occur, a word from their mother subdued their angry feelings.

Often and often did the hands of Mrs. Harding pause in her work as she thought intently on this new order of things, and wondered how it was that a single word could calm the stormy passions of her children, when only a little while before nothing but a more violent storm on her part could allay the tempest on theirs. How greatly she was herself changed did not come with clearness into her apprehension—changed, we mean, in her external aspects; for, internally, no real change had yet taken place: there was only the beginning of a change. Nor was she aware how different were her words and manner of speaking, when addressing her children, from what they were a little while before.

One thing the children did not fail to notice. It was this: the marked difference in their mother when Grace was awake and in the sitting-room, and when asleep in the adjoining chamber. She was always gentler and more forbearing toward them when the babe was present than when absent. Nor did Mrs. Harding fail to remark that the children were more gentle and obedient when Grace was in the room with them than when she was sleeping.

Quite as remarkable was the change in Mr. Harding. He never came in now with a heavy, horse-like tread, nor banged the door behind him,

as had been his custom. Nor did he reprove the children, when in fault, with his former angry violence. Always he went first to look at the babe, as if that were uppermost in his thoughts. And what seemed to please him particularly was the fact that little Grace began to flutter her tiny hands the moment he appeared, and never seemed better satisfied than when in his arms. Not once since she came to them, like a gift from Heaven, as she was, had he left home in the evening to spend his time at the tavern. In his favor it might be said that his associations at the tavern had never presented a very strong attraction; and he had only gone there because everything in the home-sphere, owing to the incongruities of temper between him and his wife, was disagreeable and repulsive.

We have omitted thus far to mention that Jacob Harding was a carpenter by trade. His shop stood at no great distance from the store of Willits the grocer, and not far from the tavern kept by a worthless fellow named Stark, who was doing more harm in the neighborhood in a single month than he had ever done good in his life. The absence of Harding from the bar-room of Stark for so many consecutive evenings did not fail to excite the tavern-keeper's attention, who, not liking to lose a good customer, made it his business to call in at the shop of Harding, and in a familiar, hail-fellow, well-met sort of a way, inquire if he had been sick. This was about a week after the appearance of little Grace in the carpenter's family. Harding answered in the negative, and with a slight coldness of manner.

"What's the matter then?" asked Stark.

"Anything wrong at home?"

"Nothing."

"We wanted you particularly last night. Tom Ellis, from Beechwood, and Jack Fleming, from Avondale, were both here. They had a jolly time of it, I can tell you; and if they asked for you once, they did so a dozen times. You don't know what you lost. They're coming over again this evening. You must be sure to meet them, for I promised that you would be on hand."

"You were a little too fast in that," said Harding, as he tightened the blade in his jack-plane, and then sighted the edge to see if it was at the true cutting distance.

"Why so?" asked Stark.

"Because I shall not be there."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because I'm better off and better contented at home," was replied.

"Tied to your wife's apron-string?"

This was said pleasantly, yet with just enough of sarcasm to touch the quick feelings of Harding, but without giving offense.

"I never was tied to a woman's apron-string in my life and never expect to be. Mary Harding



knows me too well to attempt anything of that kind."

The tavern-keeper shrugged his shoulders and arched his coarse eyebrows in a way that said, "I can believe as much of that as I please."

The quick temper of Harding now took fire, and he was about making a sharp retort; but, singularly enough, the image of little Grace came suddenly before the eyes of his mind, and something in her innocent face subdued and tranquilized him.

"Look here, Harding!" Stark spoke in a coarse, rough way. "What's this I hear about somebody's brat being left at your door? Is it so? or only Gimp-gossip?"

"A young baby was left at my door," Harding answered, coldly, and at the same time commenced driving his plane over a rough board that lay on his work-bench.

"You don't tell me so! Well, what have you done with it?"

"Kept it."

"Kept it? You're joking! I thought you had a houseful of your own—more than you could get bread for without making a slave of yourself."

Harding was annoyed, as well at the tavern-keeper's words as by his manner, and an angry retort came to his tongue. But he controlled himself and merely answered, with assumed indifference:

"We haven't found it in the way, so far."

"Whose is it?" inquired Stark, still in his rude manner.

"Don't know," replied Harding.

"Why don't you send it to the poorhouse? I'd do it in less than no time."

"When we are tired of keeping it, perhaps we will."

Stark began to see that his way of speaking to the carpenter was not altogether relished, and as it was by no means his interest to offend one of his customers, he changed somewhat his manner of addressing him. But he failed altogether in his effort to restore the old state of feeling which had existed between them.

From the shop of Harding Stark went to the store of Mr. Willits, where he bought a barrel of sugar and a bag of coffee. He was about the only man in the neighborhood whose pocket-book was sufficiently well-filled to warrant the purchase of groceries in such liberal quantities.

"Make out the bill and receipt it," said he, in a self-satisfied voice.

"I like that," was the pleasant response of the storekeeper. "I wish all my customers were as ready to put the cash down."

"Pay as you go—that is my motto," returned Stark. "You'll not find my name on anybody's books."

"It's the safest kind of a motto, and one that I shall have to suggest to two or three people about

here, even though it should offend them," said Willits. "Harding, for instance, between you and me."

"Jacob Harding? Indeed! Is he running behindhand?"

The storekeeper, before answering, threw open his ledger, and after glancing rapidly along a column of figures on one of the pages, said:

"Yes; to the tune of a hundred dollars in six months."

"Whew! And he's the man that takes in stray babies! He can afford to be generous—at your expense."

"Not any longer. Thank you for that hint. I'll act upon it at once."

And so he did; for at that moment Andrew Harding entered the store with a wooden pail in his hand, and said that his mother had sent him for six pounds of flour and two pounds of sugar.

"Have you brought the money?" asked Willits.

"No, sir. Mother says, charge it."

"Tell your mother that I can't charge anything more."

The boy looked bewildered. He did not clearly understand the storekeeper.

"Tell your mother that she must send the money. I can't trust any more."

Andrew retired slowly, his mind in considerable perplexity, and bore the message to his mother.

"That's right," said Stark, approvingly. "It's the only safe way to do business. I rather think Harding will be as mad as a March hare. You may look out for a squall before night."

"Let it come; I'm not at all concerned," replied Willits.

"I hope," said Stark, growing serious, "that nothing I have said has caused you to take this stand with Harding. We've always been on good terms, and I wouldn't say anything to injure him for the world."

"Oh! no. My mind was made up before you came in. That baby business decided me. Mrs. Willits and I were talking it over last night, and we both came to the conclusion that if he couldn't make both ends meet before there was no hope for him now. We did think, at first, that a money inducement caused him to keep the child; but Mrs. Harding assured my wife yesterday that not a farthing came with it, nor was promised at any future time. If they are fools enough to take up a burden like this, they mustn't expect me to bear it for them."

"This refusal on your part may do them good," said Stark. "It will at least open their eyes to their true position. I rather think the child will find its way into the poorhouse before it is a week older."

"I don't care where it goes or what becomes of it," answered the storekeeper, "so that I get my money."



Soon after Stark left the shop of Jacob Harding the latter put on his coat and hat and went over to the house of a farmer named Lee, about a quarter of a mile distant. This Lee, a rather thriftless sort of a man, who spent far too large a portion of his time and money at Stark's tavern, owed the carpenter a hundred and fifty dollars for newly roofing his house and doing sundry repairs to his dilapidated old barn. The account had been standing for some months. On the payment of this money Harding had intended settling his bill at the grocer's. The manner of Willits on the day before, when he had called to get half a pound of tea and some corn-meal, annoyed him considerably. He saw that the storekeeper was getting uneasy at the size of his account, which, but for the failure to procure a settlement with Lee, would have been long since paid off. He had brooded over this until a sort of desperate feeling took possession of him; and in this state of mind he went over to see the farmer.

"Can't do anything for you," said Lee, in the coolest way imaginable, on Harding's asking for a settlement. "Haven't ten dollars in cash to bless myself with, let alone a hundred and fifty."

Harding felt exceedingly fretted at this, and said, quite sharply:

"Pray, Mr. Lee, when do you intend settling my account?"

"Some of these days," replied the farmer, indifferently.

"That way of doing business don't suit me. I want something definite. I paid cash down for the shingles that cover your roof, and now I want my money."

"Don't get excited, Harding; it won't do any good," said Lee. "The man doesn't live about here that can drive this horse; so *you* needn't try."

This was more than the carpenter could bear. Bitterly did he retort upon the farmer, and left him, finally, with threats of an immediate resort to law for the recovery of his bill.

When Harding and his wife met at dinner-time, each saw in the other's countenance a troubled look. Harding's heavy brows were drawn down, and about his wife's mouth was the old fretfulness which had so often repelled him. For the first time he passed the cradle without even looking at Grace, whose round white arms had commenced flying the moment she heard the sound of his footsteps at the threshold; and, going into the yard, he took up the ax and commenced splitting up a stick of cord-wood. This done, he came back into the house, again passing the cradle, and sitting down in moody silence at the dinner-table, on which their meal had already been served. While cutting up the meat and helping it around, the low, sweet, coaxing murmur of the baby's voice sounded in his ears. The cradle was

only a little way from him, and so turned that Grace could see him. And there she lay, fluttering her arms and cooing, and trying all means in her power to arrest his attention. Yet resolutely he kept his eyes turned away from the imploring little one. But his feelings grew softer every moment; for her voice came to his ears like the music of David's harp to Saul, driving out the evil spirit. At last he could resist the babe's pleadings no longer. Almost stealthily he turned his eyes upon her. One look was enough. The tenderness of a mother filled his heart. So sudden was the revulsion of his feelings that for a few moments he was bewildered. But of one thing he was soon clearly conscious, and that was of having Grace in his arms, and hugging her almost passionately to his heart.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE suddenness with which Harding arose from the table and caught up the child, which he had not seemed to notice since he came in, and the eager way in which he held it to his heart naturally excited the surprise of his wife, who looked at him wonderingly. His indifference toward Grace had not been unobserved by Mrs. Harding. She saw that he was in one of his unhappy moods—that a dark cloud was on his spirit—and that only a word was needed to awaken a fierce storm. And, more than all this, the message brought from the storekeeper by Andrew had so deeply angered her, that her mind was still panting under the excitement and still fretting itself with indignant thoughts; so that she, too, was ready for strife. It had been as much as she could do to keep back from her lips words of sharp reproof for the cruel indifference manifested by her husband toward the pleading babe; most probably, a few moments longer of forced neglect on his part would have brought upon him a storm of words that would have marred everything for little Grace and made her presence in the household ever after a cause of angry contention. Happily, the quick-tempered wife controlled her struggling impulses long enough for better influences to prevail. As she looked at the singular exhibition of feeling in her husband, she was touched by softer emotions. The incident gave her a deeper insight into his character, while it quickened her own thoughts into self-reproaches for the misjudgment which had well-nigh fanned a few embers into fiercely burning flames of discord.

As for Harding, now that the repressed tenderness of his heart had free course, he found himself carried away as by a flood. The little one in his arms felt more precious than life itself; and it seemed as if he could never be done hugging it to his heart. When, at length, he resealed him-

self at the dinner-table, with Grace on his knee, and looked over to his wife, the cloud had passed from her countenance.

"What possessed you," she said, smiling, and in a pleasant voice, "to neglect the sweet child so? She was almost dying to have you notice her."

Harding did not answer, but merely drew Grace close against him, and bending over, talked to her in fond, childish language.

A calm followed this little exciting episode, in which both Mr. and Mrs. Harding looked and felt sober, but not ill-natured. After dinner, as Harding was preparing to leave the house, he took some silver change from his pocket, and handing it to his wife, said:

"Our bill at the store is getting rather large. Don't send for anything without the money. Here are two dollars and a half for any little things you may want."

The change in his wife's countenance as he said this arrested Harding's attention.

"What's the matter?" he asked, abruptly.

"Nothing very serious," she replied, her face flushing as she spoke. "Only I'm glad you've left me some money, for we're out of flour, and—and—"

"And what?" She had paused, stammering, and Harding saw that something was wrong.

"Nothing, only Willits sent word this morning that he wouldn't let us have anything more unless we paid the money down!"

"He did!" A fierce light burned instantly in the eye of Jacob Harding, and his lips were drawn back against his teeth.

"Yes," answered his wife, forcing herself to speak in a mild and soothing voice; "but no matter, Jacob. Let us try to get on without asking for credit anywhere. I'll do my best to economize in everything. It chafes me to be under obligations to anybody, and especially to the Willits. I don't like any of the family."

"That's talking out right, Mary," said Harding, the threatening scowl on his heavy brow suddenly breaking away; and as he spoke he thrust his hand a second time into his trousers pocket and drew out a handful of small change, which he counted over.

"Here are three dollars more," he added. "It's all the money I have just now, and may be all I shall receive this week. Make it go as far as you can."

"You may be sure I will do that, Jacob," replied his wife, kindly and earnestly.

"Wouldn't trust us any more!" Harding's mind returned to this hard, unpleasant, mortifying fact. "Very well—so let it be. He's had a good deal of my money in his time—I hardly think he will get as much in the future. Don't buy anything there that you can do without. The next

time I go over to Beechwood I will lay in a good stock of things, if I happen to have the money. I saw Lee to-day and tried to get him to settle that bill of his; but he put me off again, and is more indifferent about it than ever. I was out of all patience, and threatened to put the sheriff on him. It will have to come to this sooner or later, and the quicker it is done the quicker I shall get my money."

"Couldn't you trade off the account to Willits, and thus save a world of trouble?" suggested the wife.

Mr. Harding caught at this suggestion, and after turning it over in his mind for a few moments, said:

"I don't know, Mary, but that might be done. Now that I come to think of it, I remember hearing somebody say that Willits was about buying that house and acre lot where Jones lives. You know it belongs to Mr. Lee. There's no doubt in the world but that he could settle my account in the transaction. I'll see him about it this very afternoon."

"Do, Jacob," answered his wife, encouragingly. "It will be such a relief to have this off of our minds."

In spite of his indignation against Willits, Harding went direct to his store. The latter, on seeing him enter, made up his mind for a sharp passage of words with the fiery-tempered carpenter. Still, he managed to receive him with a forced smile.

"How much have you against me on your books?" inquired Harding, speaking firmly and with a sober countenance, yet repressing as far as possible all appearance of anger.

The storekeeper, affecting a pleasant manner, turned over his ledger and, glancing at the account, which was already footed up, replied:

"One hundred and fourteen dollars."

"So much as that?" Harding showed surprise.

"I will make you out a bill of items, day and date, and you can examine the account. I presume you will find every charge correct."

"I expected to have paid this long ago," said the carpenter, "but have been disappointed in getting a large bill. To-day I tried my best to collect, but I'm afraid there's no chance for me unless I go to law, and I don't want to do that."

"Whose account is it?" inquired Willits.

"The one I have against Lee for roofing his house and repairing his barn."

"Is it possible he hasn't paid that bill yet?"

"Not a cent of it."

The storekeeper looked serious for a few moments; then, shaking his head, he remarked:

"That is not right in Lee."

"No, it is not right," returned Harding, warmly. "If he had paid me, as he should have done, I would not now be in debt a single dollar."

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account to me?" Willits hesitated a little, as if fearful the proposition would not be received with favor. "I have some business transactions with Lee, in which, most probably, I could manage to include your bill."

"The very thing I thought of proposing to you," said Harding. "I understand you are about buying the property now occupied by Jones, and it has occurred to me that you might save my account in the purchase, thus obliging me and getting a settlement of your own bill at the same time."

"It can all be done, no doubt," replied the storekeeper. "Lee has offered the house and grounds at a fair price and is anxious for me to buy—so anxious that a proposition to take your claim against him in part payment will be no impediment to the bargain. The best way for you to proceed will be to get his note in settlement. He'll give that readily enough, in order to gain time and get rid of the annoyance of being dunned. This note you can indorse to me and I will pay it over to him."

Perfectly satisfactory to both parties was the proposed arrangement, and the two men separated in much better humor with themselves and each other than when they met. During the afternoon Harding called again on Mr. Lee, who readily acceded to his request and gave him his note at six months, in settlement of the account.

"Pleasant news, Mary," said the carpenter as he came home at sundown. "My name is off of Willits's books."

"Off of his books! How, Jacob?"

"I've settled his account."

"Have you? Oh! that is pleasant news indeed!"

"And better still, Mary; he owes me thirty-six dollars, which I have agreed to take out of his store."

"How did all this come to pass, Jacob?"

"Just in the way you suggested. Willits has taken my bill against Lee and credited me with the difference between that and the account on his books."

"Oh! I'm so glad!" said Mrs. Harding. "I don't believe Mr. Lee would ever have paid the bill without your suing him, and I dread lawsuits above everything; they always bring trouble to both sides."

Already Grace was in the great, strong arms of the carpenter, and Lotty, between whom and her father a newer and gentler relation had existed ever since the stranger-baby came to them, was leaning against his knee and playing with the happy little one.

At this moment a form darkened the door. It was the form of a woman just past life's middle age. Her countenance was strongly marked—the lines as indicative of patient endurance as great suffering. She was tall in person, with

the carriage of one who had moved in polished circles.

"Can you tell me," said she, as she advanced one foot inside of the door, "how far it is to Beechwood?"

"Nearly two miles, ma'am," replied Mrs. Harding, who had turned on perceiving the presence of a stranger.

"So far away?" said the woman, in apparent concern. "I can't possibly reach there before dark."

"You certainly cannot," replied Mrs. Harding. She then added, "Won't you come in and rest yourself?"

"Thank you," returned the stranger, stepping across the threshold and advancing a few paces into the room.

"What a dear, sweet babe!" she said, as, on taking a chair, she fixed her eyes with a tender, admiring gaze upon the babe, that still remained in Harding's arms. She could not have offered a remark better calculated to make a favorable impression on the minds of the carpenter and his wife.

"What is her name?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"We call her Grace," replied Mrs. Harding, her countenance lighting up with pleasure.

"Grace—Grace," said the woman, half speaking to herself, and in an abstracted way. "A beautiful name," she added; "none more beautiful." And then she bent forward and gazed at the child with such an earnest expression that Mrs. Harding, who was observing her intently, felt a troubled consciousness that she knew something of the child, and did not now look upon it for the first time in her life.

There was about the stranger a bearing that inspired involuntary respect. Her calm, intelligent eyes looked into those of the carpenter and his wife in a way that caused them to feel a singular deference; and when she referred again to the long distance she had still to go, and spoke in a troubled voice of the gathering darkness, Harding said, looking at his wife:

"If the lady will accept what poor accommodations our house will afford, she need not go to Beechwood to-night. What say you, Mary?"

"She is welcome to the best we have to give," was the answer of Mrs. Harding.

"I did not expect this," said the woman, evidently touched by the proffered hospitality; "nor do I know whether it will be altogether right for me to trespass on your kindness. If there is a respectable tavern in the neighborhood—"

Harding shook his head as he answered:

"There is no tavern about here but Stark's, and I wouldn't advise you to go there. If you will remain in our poor home, believe yourself entirely welcome."

"Let me take your bonnet and shawl," said Mrs. Harding, encouragingly; and she reached out her hands to receive them.

The woman hesitated only a moment, and then, removing her bonnet and shawl, gave them to her hostess, who took them into the adjoining chamber. As Mrs. Harding returned to the apartment she had just left, she was struck with the singular beauty of the woman's countenance—bearing though it did the marks of time—as well by the depth and brilliancy of her eyes, that were fixed, almost as if by fascination, on the infant which still lay against the bosom of her husband.

All parties were now, for a time, in a state of embarrassment. Harding felt a little uncomfortable in the presence of the woman, whose eyes, whenever they rested upon him, seemed as if trying to read his very thoughts; and the stranger, conscious of the effect her entrance had produced, did not feel altogether at ease.

"Let me have that dear baby," said the woman, reaching her hands toward Grace.

The little one shrunk closer to the breast of Harding, while a shade, almost of fear, darkened her face.

"Won't you come?"

The woman spoke in soft and winning tones, and still extended her hands; but the child could not be lured from its place.

At this moment Andrew came in rudely, dashing his hat upon the floor and pushing his sister Lucy aside so roughly as almost to throw her down. Lucy gave an angry scream at this and called her brother some vile name. The woman turned, half-startled at this sudden outbreak, and fixed her dark, penetrating eyes on Andrew, who, now conscious of the presence of a stranger, became quiet and shrunk away into the farther part of the room, the eyes of the woman still following him.

"Is that the place for your hat, sir?"

Anger as well as mortification caused Harding to speak roughly to the boy. The woman seemed quite as much startled by the voice of the father as she had been by the rudeness of the son. The look she threw upon him was timid—almost fearful; and her eyes passed rapidly from his dark, threatening face, to the calm, sweet, confiding countenance of the infant, who seemed not in the least disturbed by the sudden gust of passion which had come sweeping over the little household.

Andrew looked sulky and stubborn for a few moments only; then returned to the place where his hat lay upon the floor, and taking it up, hung it upon a nail. In the next minute he stood beside the baby, who, the instant she saw him, arose from her reclining position, reached out her little hands and, almost springing into his arms, gave voice to her pleasure and affection in sounds

as well understood as if the utterance had been in words. Andrew bore her in a sort of triumph about the room; while the stern features of his father gradually relaxed, as his eyes followed the happy babe, until no trace remained therein of the anger which disfigured it a little while before. Lucy, too, forgot her indignation against Andrew, and, moving close beside her brother, clapped her hands at Grace and talked to her with a voice so full of tenderness that the stranger looked at her in wonder, hardly crediting the fact that she was the same little girl who scarcely a moment before had startled her with a shrill cry of anger.

Silent, yet attentively observant of all that passed, did the visitor now remain until supper was ready, when she was invited to join the family in their evening meal.

"Do you reside in Beechwood?" inquired Harding, addressing the stranger soon after they had gathered around the table.

"No, sir," was her simple answer, somewhat coolly made, as though she wished to repel inquiry.

"You have friends there?" said Harding, who, as he observed the stranger more narrowly, felt his curiosity in regard to her increasing. Particularly did her manner of looking at the child excite his attention: to him it seemed as if she made an effort to conceal the interest really felt by her in the little one.

"Yes, I have friends there," she replied; and then said, almost in the same breath, "How old is your little Grace?"

Harding looked at his wife, and she looked at him. Both seemed taken by surprise at the question, and both were slightly confused.

"How old is it, Mary?" asked Harding.

"About nine weeks," replied Mrs. Harding, her face receiving a shade of color as she spoke.

The stranger looked at her intently. Mrs. Harding's eyes fell under the steady gaze.

"A bright child for nine weeks old," remarked the woman.

Then she seemed to lose herself in thought and once or twice sighed deeply. After the supper-table was cleared away and the children were all in bed, her manner underwent a change. She was now entirely at her ease, and conversed in so attractive a way with the carpenter and his wife that both found themselves strangely drawn toward her, and ready to answer freely in regard to their personal affairs, about which she inquired with an interest which they felt to be genuine. About people in the neighborhood she also asked questions; and when reference was made to Stark the tavern-keeper, she spoke strongly of the danger of visiting such houses as he kept.

"It gratified me more than I can express," she said, looking at Harding, "to find you at home during the evening with your family. There

is everything to hope for a sober, industrious man. Your struggle with the world may be hard for a time, but keep a brave heart. With temperance, industry and frugality at home, you are sure to rise above your present position. It is our first meeting, and it may be our last; but if we ever meet again, I shall expect to find that Jacob Harding has taken a long stride in the way of prosperity."

There was more in her manner than in her words that impressed the carpenter. But no matter in which lay the influence, Harding felt new purposes growing up in his heart; and he even said to himself, "If ever we do meet again, it shall be as you predict."

At an early hour, Mr. and Mrs. Harding retired, after having shown their guest to the little spare room kept for visitors.

"I must have one look at that dear baby of yours," she said, as she was about leaving them for the night.

Mrs. Harding led her into her own chamber where Grace was sleeping, and drew down the bed-clothes from the face of the infant. The woman bent low over it, and, for a time that seemed long to Mrs. Harding, stood gazing upon the calm face before her, so full of heavenly innocence. There were tears on her lashes when, with a deep, quivering sigh, she lifted herself and turned away. Placing a hand on the shoulder of Mrs. Harding, and raising a finger slowly upward, she said, in a tone so solemn that it thrilled to the heart of her auditor:

"God has committed to your care one of the precious ones whose angels are ever before His face. Oh! never forget your high responsibility. Love, cherish, keep the dear one."

The woman's voice faltered. She made an attempt to say more; but, as if conscious that she was betraying too much feeling, turned away quickly and retired to the little chamber that had been assigned to her.

On the next morning breakfast was all ready ere the stranger joined the family.

"Had you not better call her?" said Harding to his wife.

Mrs. Harding stepped to the door of the guest-chamber and tapped lightly. She tapped a second time, for there was neither movement nor reply; yet all remained silent. A louder summons was answered only by its own echo.

Wondering at this, Mrs. Harding lifted the latch and pushed open the door.

"There is no one here, Jacob," she cried, in a startled voice.

"No one, Mary!"

"Even the bed is not tumbled. What can it mean?"

The carpenter now stood beside his wife, and both entered the room together. There was no

evidence whatever that any one had passed the night there. On the little dressing-table was a narrow slip of white paper, which Mrs. Harding caught up. On it was written simply these words:

"Grace Harding. Ten weeks old to-day. June 4th, 18—"

"It is very strange!" said the carpenter, with a look of doubt and wonder on his countenance.

"Very strange!" echoed his wife, in a troubled voice.

"Who can she be?"

"One," answered Mrs. Harding, "who knows all about our little Grace. I felt last night that it must be so."

And, weak, pale and trembling, she sunk into a chair.

T. S. A.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MY KING IS FALLEN!

WHAT plaudits from the world that calls thee  
"great"

Doth thy voice win to-day in place of  
state?

Is it a food to thee—like bread and wine  
Fed by the gods, in banqueting divine?

Thine honor was the price—it should be sweet!  
On Fame's high summit stand thine eager feet,  
The world beneath thee! Proud thou art, and  
high;

To-day the world applauds thee, why not I?

I, who have held thee god and man in one,  
And looked to thee as Persian to the sun!  
I, who have loved thee!—I, whose heart would  
track

A path with its own blood, to lead thee back!

But false thou art, and proud and hard and cold  
As some great image carved, with head of gold,  
With heart of stone, and feet of common clay!  
O king—my king!—how art thou fallen to-day!

FAUSTINE.

## FAR, YET NEAR.

O H! a breeze has wafted me far from home,  
And far, my lassie, from thee;  
But my thoughts fly back on their homeward  
track,

To the place where thou must be.

And though I am far away from home,  
And far, my lassie, from thee;  
In work, in song the whole day long,  
Love brings thee near to me.

GRACE HOLMES.



## MOTHER BICKERDYKE.

**W**HEN the first cannon boomed out at Fort Sumter, and when war with all its horrors first opened upon us, it found our greatest General selling leather and boots and shoes in the quiet little city of Galena, Illinois. And at the same time, the greatest nurse that our army of the Cumberland was to have—Mother Bickerdyke—lived in obscurity, a poor widow in Galesburg, Illinois, earning a living for herself and her children at the washtub.

The nation held aloft the chaplet of fame, waiting, ready for the brow of the coming hero, Ulysses S. Grant—and the angels held one that would never fade nor fall nor wither for the bronzed and wrinkled brow of dear old Mother Bickerdyke.

During the war General Grant gave her a pass anywhere within the lines of his department, into all camps and hospitals, and past all pickets, with authority to draw on any quartermaster in his department for transportation, for sanitary or hospital stores not to exceed thirty wagons at any one time. This pass she held to the end of the war and it was enlarged as his department enlarged.

General Sherman and Mother Bickerdyke were good friends. She would die for him, if need be, and he would fight for her. There was something in her character akin to his own. Both were indomitable, fiery, zealous and neither was afraid of hard work. After the fall of Vicksburg, he asked that she might become an especial attache to his corps, the Fifteenth. Ever after that during the war she considered herself in an especial sense under Sherman's direction; and the soldiers of the Fifteenth Corps always and to this day have claimed exclusive ownership of her.

From the time nurses were called for, after the first battle in the Mississippi Valley, she had waked to a broader and newer life. It was with a brave heart and with willing hands that she took up her work, leaving her children in the care of the widow's God. "The boys" were her children then, and it was easy work for them to call her "mother."

She had all a woman's tact and tenderness in managing the sick ones. In matters of business, when thrown upon her own resources, she was a grand woman—"nobly planned—born to comfort and command," as some of the officers learned to their own chagrin and afterward amusement. Emergencies were constantly rising that she could not foresee, and for which another in her place could not have provided. Not so Mother Bickerdyke.

Sometimes she would buy largely of hospital stores, with never a cent of money, and send the bills up to the Commission with her indorsement. Again she would borrow money, expend it for the

needs of the "boys" under her charge, and then send up notes and vouchers and leave the matter to be settled. While some of the members of the Commission objected to the unbusiness-like transactions, they had no doubt that the money had been well expended and every cent put to a legitimate use.

Sons and husbands and brothers wrote home to their families and friends of the kindness of their beloved champion, whom they all called "Mother Bickerdyke," and the mothers and sisters and daughters, with that beautiful trust of the American woman, sent her letters of love and encouragement and appreciation. And for the reason that the dear mother of the boys had not time to make or mend or care much for her own apparel, her thoughts all on her intense work—the good women sent her abundant supplies of clothing for her own needs—whole boxes of it, sometimes. With a pre-occupied air she would look over the garments, cull out three or four articles for present necessity, and then she would take the remainder in her ambulance—the conveyance in which she always traveled—and go off into the country peddling. The Southern women in the neighboring vicinities would buy them and pay her well in butter, eggs, milk, honey and chickens. Her family was large, and consumed a great deal, and her sick boys needed the delicacies which she thus obtained so readily. She would concoct great kettles of delicious chicken broth for them when the wherewithal was at hand, as on these frequent occasions. It was a great treat to them to get real broth, such as the mothers made at home.

How she did endear herself to the poor, sick soldiers! But the medical directors sometimes found her indomitable will an obstacle in their punctilious ways. One of them, a young man at Memphis, belonging to the regular army, wished Mrs. Bickerdyke to revolve in an orbit of his marking out. He did not approve of her possessing so much power, she who defied the Queen's English as she did red tape—a woman who worked with her own red, stubbed hands—who held no social position—who did what she wished and as she pleased without consulting him. He concluded it was about time that they understood each other, and soon an opportunity offered.

In passing through a ward one day he could find no fault or defect with its perfect management; but what was this! Under a sick man's pillow he espied a half dozen of eggs. This was intolerable.

The poor, sick boy was recovering from a fever and craved the very food that in his weak condition was not allowed. He plained out piteously, "would Mother Bickerdyke let him have a good fill of hard-boiled eggs as soon as he got well?" She assured him she would do so.

He said he wished he could have them now, so they would be ready and waiting. To humor the poor fellow, whom she had petted in her good, motherly way, she smilingly assented and brought him six hard-boiled eggs for his very own, to keep on condition he would not eat them until she gave him leave. It did no harm to please him, and it certainly gave him a vast amount of pleasure to fondle the eggs with his thin, white, bony hands.

The medical man spied the eggs, and forthwith gave orders to have them carried off to the kitchen, saying he would "have no hen's nest under the pillows while he was about."

They were carried away. Presently Mother Bickerdyke came in with an armful of clean, fresh towels and found her sick boy crying. The poor fellow was at that stage of half-convalescence when crying came easier than laughter.

"What's the matter, honey?" she asked, stopping suddenly. The boy told her with broken sobs how he had "been 'bused by that old, dratted director of a doctor."

When any insult came to her boys she would flash into anger. She would show fight like a mother tigress over her young.

"So, so!" she said, her blue eyes dilating and her breath coming rapidly; "we'll see!" and she immediately seized upon a large pailful of eggs and strode into the ward where lay her whining boy with the tears stealing down his wasted cheeks with—"won't let you have a half dozen of eggs, sonny! Well, here's a whole pailful. I will stand them right here, dear, where you can see them all the time. They are all yours, and you may keep them till they hatch if you want to. You are my boy, and I will take care of you."

The Doctor paid no attention, and pretended he did not hear the countermanded order from the brave little commander-in-chief, the woman who "had no social position." But a few days after a written order from this same Doctor came into her hands stating that all the contrabands detailed to her service must be sent to the contraband camp. It was to be attended to immediately. She had just returned from the small-pox hospital, hungry and tired, and the rain was falling in torrents that night. The little woman rose up until she looked like an Amazon, and going to the door, she called back the ambulance, which was just going away.

"Andy," she said to the driver, "you and me and the mules must have our suppers, and then we must go to General Hurlbut's headquarters right away. I'll see whether these darkies are going into contraband camp or not. I'll have to teach the Doctor a lesson or two, I guess."

The poor blacks stood about with doleful faces, and their hands in their pockets, saying:

"O's we gwine to go 'way from dis hospitall?"

"Not until I tell you so," was the prompt reply

of the woman whom they all loved and worked for faithfully.

Through the dashing rain, over all the obstacles in the conquered but rebellious city of Memphis, darkness everywhere, halted at every half dozen steps by the challenge of the closely set guards, Mother Bickerdyke made her way to the headquarters of the post-commander. He was in bed. Her importunate request prevailed and she was conducted to his presence. She told her story in her own quaint way and asked for written authority to keep her detailed contrabands until he, the General, should revoke the order. It was granted. Back through the rain splashed Mother Bickerdyke triumphant.

The next morning the Doctor made his appearance early at the Gayoso Hospital. The negroes were at work as usual in the laundry, kitchen, in the ward, and wherever the little woman had appointed them to go. She was making soup in the kitchen, seasoning it, and tasting and stirring, so busy that she hardly took time to look up.

"Say, did you receive the order I left for you last night?" he asked, stormily.

"Yes, sir, I did," she replied, sipping and blowing and tasting the soup meanwhile, intent on having it made just right.

"An order it was to have these niggers sent to their camp, I mean," he said.

"Exactly so, sir," she said, adding a little more pepper to the soup.

"I expected the order would be obeyed," he shouted, angry with her imperturbable coolness.

"I suppose so, sir," she replied, putting a bit of light kindlings under the kettle to hurry up the delicious mess.

"Why has it not been done?" he thundered, reddening with anger.

"Well, 'cause General Hurlbut has given me an order to keep 'em here as long as I need them." And here the little woman paused to add a generous slice of butter to the kettle of soup, stirring and stopping to taste it before she finished the sentence. "And, mister, the General happens to outrank you—hee, hee, hee! I must obey him before I do you and—say, you Jefferson, you and Andy bring the dipper and the plates, and we'll get some of them pore, hungry souls at this soup before you could say Jack Robinson. Please get out of the way of the black boys, mister, or you might get your coat-tails splashed with the soup—hee, hee!"

That was a real woman's way of putting the matter in as ludicrous a light as possible. The Doctor raved; he swore; he vowed he'd have her out of Memphis in no time.

"I shan't go, mister," was the cool rejoinder. "I'm like the boys. I've 'listed for the war. You need me here. You can't get along without me—or that's the way I mean it. No use for you to

try to tie me up with yer red tape. There's lots of hard work to be done down here and my heart's in it, and I'll stick to it as long as Grant and Sherman do. Don't get mad, Doctor; lay down your pill-bags and stay to dinner, and eat 'long with my pore boys. No sense in gittin' mad just 'cause I won't play second fiddle. Mind, whenever anybody gets into a fuss with me one of us has to go to the wall—an', mister, that one ain't never me!"

In the end the Doctor and the brave little woman became the best of friends. At one time it was difficult to supply the hospital with milk and eggs. Milk was fifty cents a quart, and very poor at that. Mother Bickerdyke objected and after a good deal of parleying, in which they hooted at her plans and knew the whole North would laugh at her nonsense, they granted her a thirty days' furlough and transportation to carry out her proposed object. They had faith in the little woman. She went up to Chicago; the Commission issued circulars stating her errand and asking assistance from the farmers; the press took up the call—and soon came generous responses. In less than thirty days here came old Mother Bickerdyke, forming a part of a procession of nearly one hundred cows and one thousand hens, strung all along the road from Chicago to Memphis. She entered the city in triumph amid immense bawling and cackling, and crowing and lowing. She informed the Memphis people that these were not Secesh cows, whose milk was half water, nor were the hens the kind that gave stale eggs. The soldiers clapped their hands and tossed their caps, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the darkies grinned joyfully over the funny sight of the little old woman at the head of such a droll brigade.

General Washburne gave to the noisy newcomers President's Island, lying opposite Memphis, a stretch of land so elevated that it was above the highest stage of water. Then, under her directions, contrabands took charge of the cows and chickens, and there was an abundance of cream and milk and good, fresh eggs as long as there was a hospital in Memphis.

The last day of the year '63 was one of memorable coldness, as was the first day of '64. It was very severe weather where Mother Bickerdyke was located, for the bitter winds swept down Lookout Mountain and howled through the valleys of Mission Ridge and made a furious hurricane that overturned the hospital tents in which lay the most badly wounded men. It hurled them out into the pouring rain that became glaring ice as it touched the earth. Night set in with the most intense coldness, for which they were wholly unprepared. There were fifteen hundred in hospital tents—all wounded men—all bad cases. Partially recovered men were thrown out by the storm, breaking their limbs anew. The rain

poured down so incessantly that the torrents from the mountains made a flood around them and actually swept out into the swollen creeks several of the feeblest patients who were in single tents, and the poor fellows were drowned. Oh! the dreadful night that set in amid the roar of the winds and the rush of the mad waters! The feeble cries went out on the lashing gale from suffering men who were drenched to the skin and being frozen to death.

The surgeon in charge, paralyzed with the great problem which was beyond his comprehension, in an agony of mind crept off into his quarters and wrapped himself in his blanket. Not so the guardian angel—the little old woman with the brown woolen shawl pinned closely about her shoulders—she who had no "social position." There was no waiting for a red tape proceeding that night. All through that memorable night she worked like one possessed with superhuman power. Great fires were made close to the tents until they were surrounded with immense piles of blazing and crackling logs. At midnight the fuel gave out. Could they send men to the forest to cut and bring in fuel? It was impracticable. Mother Bickerdyke scarcely paused a moment in thought until she appealed to the pioneer corps to take their mules, chains, hooks and axes and tear down the breastworks near them, made of logs.

They hesitated. She hurried and made a bowl of panada apiece for the men, out of hot water, whisky, sugar and crackers, and then at her suggestion they went to work without orders. The breastworks had served their purpose and were comparatively useless.

Immense caldrons of coffee and panada were made and distributed among the sick and wounded men, hot bricks were put about them, and the whole fifteen hundred were made tolerably comfortable. From tent to tent she ran all night with hot bricks and hot drinks, cheering, warming, encouraging and trying to make hopeful the poor fellows.

Just as they were cared for on that dreadful night came thirteen ambulances full of wounded men nearly frozen to death. They had started in the morning from Ringgold, by order of the authorities, who wanted them concentrated at Chattanooga. They had been delayed by the gale and storm all day in the unparalleled cold weather, and men, mules and drivers were nearly frozen to death. Some of the poor, sick men never rallied; others lived but suffered amputation of frozen limbs.

The subordinate surgeons took hold of the work with Mother Bickerdyke, and everything possible for the comfort of the suffering boys was carefully and hurriedly attended to. Hundreds of precious lives were saved that night by intense exertion and the untiring zeal of this good nurse and the force that

labored with her and under her directions. It is told of this commander-in-chief nurse that sometimes, when her boys were in need and she was compelled to go, whether or no, to headquarters to solicit stores or clothing or transportation, she would "talk up" to General Sherman or General Grant in a lively manner. She would say, "Don't send me away till you've fixed things as I want 'em!" or, "How can I make brick without straw?" or, "I want none o' your foolin', General, I'm in earnest; come, answer me; I can't stand here foolin' all day for nothin'!" And once, when the boys needed sanitary stores brought down from Nashville to Chattanooga, and the railroad was devoted to strictly active army operations—laying in supplies for a long campaign—she crowded herself right into the room where Sherman sat alone, writing, and began pouring out a pitiable tale. He tried to put her off. It roused her anger and she said:

"General Sherman, do have some sense, won't you?"

Her request was granted, and two cars a day from Nashville were at her service. Oh! many a poor boy in blue on his dying bed held her true little hand as he went down into the Jordan of death, and its pressure comforted and cheered him! And many a brave boy left his bones to bleach on the mountain ridges, or to be grown over by the grasses of the valley, to whom she in the trial-hour was all that his own mother could have been to her darling.

This noble little woman was a Christian, and the duty that lay nearest her heart she did with all her might and her best endeavors, leaving the result with One who understands and approves.

We met Mother Bickerdyke once at a woman's congress. As she entered the well-filled hall the president, a woman known and loved all over our land, rose and in a clear voice announced her coming. The men rose to their feet simultaneously, reverently, their faces glowing with enthusiasm and admiration; the women reached out their arms—they could not help it—as though they would fold in them the little, shy figure, in her dingy, black gown, scanty shawl and battered black silk bonnet.

They led her up on the platform, bared her good old head, seated her in the best chair, smoothed out the wrinkles of travel, and when they had opportunely kissed her slyly and privately, for the very love and admiration and veneration they had for her and the precious labor she had gone through.

Her face appeared pretty to all of us. It was not a face that had been cared for. The rough winds had blown freely upon it; the sunshine had blazed down on cheek and brow until they wore the tint of bronze; the hair had a sheeny glow, as of all outdoors; but the blue eyes were gentle and

tender and full of friendly love. The little, girl-mouth had an expression of firmness and sweetness, as though its owner had a general love and good-will for all mankind.

ROSELLA RICE.

### HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

"FAIR CONCORD." It cannot be with other than reverential emotions that one wanders over this charming region of Eastern Massachusetts, whose every

—"*dell and crag,*

*Hollow and lake, hillside and pine arcade*"

has felt the breath of genius or patriotism and is rich in poetic and historic association. From the very soil at his feet the farmer upturns in his spring plowing rude memorials of an olden time and an olden race, while in the air he breathes he hears living voices repeating the dreams and fancies of a yet more remote antiquity. The most common things are suggestive. Houses, sheds, walls and fences speak to us of the morning of the English invasion in 1775, and picture the sturdy yeomanry of the country, posting themselves behind such weak defenses, and pouring their well-aimed fire upon the retreating foe. Nor can any object, however small or insignificant, fail to awaken interest from its more or less intimate connections with those poets and writers, past and present, who have here spoken or sung some thoughts, at least, which the world could ill afford not to have heard, and having heard, could still less afford to forget.

It was on a most delightful July evening, while sauntering along an old, almost uninhabited road, that we drew near a very ancient farmhouse, with low roof and weather-beaten sides. Arriving at a point directly in front of the habitation, a gentleman of our party surprised us by a sudden halt, while with a nod of his head thitherward he remarked:

"In that house was born a man who was possessed of the insane delusion that he owned all Concord, and boasted withal that he harvested a crop from his estate every day in the year."

How could we fail to anticipate the knowledge he was about to impart? How could we fail to reply:

"If you could see in Gowings Bog where the hairy huckleberry grows something better than a domain secured to you and reaching to the South Sea, you too might be as rich as the man of whom you speak."

It was even as we supposed. In this plainest of all plain New England homesteads we saw the birthplace of one to whom not Concord only, but all nature appertained, in the manner indicated by those words of his which we have quoted. His



was the vast province in that higher sense of proprietorship, which is neither governed nor established by any human law or relation. Thus affluent was he in things which human judgment holds at such low figures.

Fifty-eight years ago that day, July 17th, 1875, this strange brother being of ours first saw the light of the world, whose charms he beheld with such rare vision and described with such wondrous beauty.

As the friend, the student, and the poet-painter of nature, we render unreserved regard to the name of Henry David Thoreau.

The story of his unusually eventless life may be told in few words. His descent was from a mixed ancestry, French and Scotch blood flowing in his "Yankee veins." With the exception of the four years spent at college, his entire life was passed in the town of his nativity. To him the first grand epoch in his history was a ride in his early childhood to Walden Pond, to which he was even then attracted as a place where "he wished he could come and live." At the age of eighteen he entered Harvard, graduating four years later, and establishing for himself as an alumnus the best of moral and mental records. From his father he inherited no small amount of mechanical talent. In partnership with his parent before his death, and alone after that event, he carried on the industry of pencil manufacturing, producing, it is said, the first American plumbago pencil, as good in quality as the imported article sawed from English lead. His constructive art could be seen in many places and in many things. He could build a house or a boat. He fashioned neat and convenient cases for his books, specimens and relics. He was able to bind the books which he wrote, and the hand skilled to trace such lovely pen pictures of the forest and field was in requisition to measure the same with the surveyor's chain and compass. But it was the long rambles over Concord hills and meadows, and the cruising about the lakes, and up and down Concord River and streams, which after all declared the "manifest destiny" of young Henry Thoreau as a poet and naturalist.

Asking while pursuing his educational course some home counsel as to his choice of professions, his mother replied, "Buckle on your knapsack and roam abroad."

And "roam" he did—though not "abroad" nor to the exclusion of other pursuits. It was with something more than the professional enthusiasm either of the poet or naturalist that from his Concord estate he reaped his daily harvest of scientific truth or poetic suggestion as he went forth to watch the manifold workings and manifestations of the outer world. "Elevated, expanded and enlightened—filled with inexpressible satisfactions and ecstasies," he asserted that he walked

and talked with nature as if in communion with a rational and sympathizing intelligence akin to his own. To Thoreau this was not poetry but reality. To the end of his days, too, he cherished the Indian's faith that plant and animal are possessed of immortal spiritual natures like his own.

It is difficult for intensely practical and mathematical intellects to understand the strong tendency of the imaginative mind to receive as realities its own lovely poetic creations and feelings, and to rest upon them as a sole and sufficient supply for all possible needs of the higher nature. If such feel impatient with Thoreau for saying that he was "satisfied with the heaven which lay about him," let them keep a sharp lookout, lest they build for themselves a material Paradise out of lesser and baser things than a moonlit lake or cloud, a sun-bathed mountain or summer sky.

That Thoreau should have held himself aloof from society cannot be considered strange when we remember either his tastes or theories. He was never, however, wholly or even greatly alienated from his fellow-beings—albeit he built his rude hut by Walden Pond—strolled much in the wildest places, insisting that even a "cane was too much company." It is certain, too, that he ignored the privileges of citizenship in the matter of voting and taxpaying, and that for persistently refusing to enjoy the latter he once obtained a night's lodging in Concord village at public expense. Still, we have the testimony of those who knew him well, that his social nature could be readily put in running order to the benefit and delight of his friends.

In his manner of living he was almost severely simple. His appetite craved no luxuries beyond the sweet, wild berries of the field for food, and for drink the pure vital fluid of the forest maple. He could have sat

—"a guest with Daniel at his pulse."

He cared for no more elegant attire than a coarse, durable suit of "some gray fabric." Not so much as a curtain hung at the window of his lakeside cabin. "My greatest skill," he said, "has been to want but little." But in this did he not make boast of a virtue which he did not possess? Who more covetous than a genuine naturalist? Never did a miser clutch more delightedly at the glimmer of gold than this Cresus of ours at a new species of rock lichen, or water-bug in the wayside brook, at a new color in the autumn sunset, or a new sound in the concert of a spring morning.

He was somewhat special in his contempt of fictions in whatever form. Novels, sugar-coated pills, veneered furniture, plated spoons, shoddy cloth and hypocrites, all went down in the same category, and the last-named article—a cheap imitation of humanity with him, not humanity at



all—was the “basest thing entirely.” Toward certain other classes of persons he entertained not such bitter dislike, but that which Charles Lamb would call “imperfect sympathies.” These people were no more to him than the stones at his feet, yet he felt that kindness toward them that he would make any effort or sacrifice to relieve them if in difficulty or trial. Unmistakably there were times when he felt keenly that he was not understood in general. There is something pathetic in his word about echoes. “They are,” he says, “the only voices of our kindred that we hear.”

But “what is the chaff to the wheat?” Why should we gossip of the eccentricities of one in whom there is yet much which may be more profitably considered? Thoreau was by no means the anomaly that many suppose him to have been. In every community where an unusual character has figured there are not wanting those who make capital out of the fact by relating to strangers and visitors accounts of his sayings and doings, which, like the Berlin “Neander stories,” might have been, but are not, true. With all his crochets and peculiarities, he had many qualities for which he is held in grateful and pleasant remembrance.

In 1839, in company with his brother John, he made a pedestrian tour to the White Mountains. In subsequent life this journey was repeated and others taken. Among his most popular writings are the stories of his excursions into the Maine woods and Canada, also his wanderings up and down the valley of the Concord and Merrimac rivers and about Cape Cod. Almost invariably his journeys were taken afoot or by boat. Whenever obliged to travel by public conveyance he rode, if possible, “on the outside.” If this was impracticable, he kept “eye and ear out.” That he could take observation of human nature there is occasional evidence in his writings; as, for instance, his description of Mynhur, degraded and debauched with rum, with whom he was compelled to pass a few hours in a fishing boat on a Long Island creek. But it was about the home region that he traveled most and with greatest satisfaction. Nature in all her forms, moods and aspects was alike acceptable. No need had he of that thirteenth essay of Dr. Bushnell on “The Moral Uses of Dark Things,” for winter was not dark to him, but delightful as summer. Hardly would he have said with the Hartford moralist, and indeed most of us, that “in the frozen months of the year God’s physical treatment of His creatures is chill and severe.” Often he was seen in December paddling about the creeks and ponds, when the water froze to his oars, singing cheerily as he rowed, all bodily discomfiture forgotten in his admiration of the icicles fringing the button bushes. He took his accustomed walks as frequently by night as by day; for he saw “a light

in the night, like a smile on the face of a sleeper;” and he heard an occasional chirp in the tree-top, where a bird was “dreaming aloud.” Sometimes he beheld in the far north a grander theatric than any playgoer ever witnessed—and thus he described some of the scenes in that wondrous and never repeated performance “the Aurora”—“I see a soft and velvety light like a thousand placid days recently put to sleep in the bosom of the water.” Again he is presented with “a summer-day sun far away.”

And now there is a sudden shifting of scene. “The Hyperborean gods are burning brush, and it spreads from east to west over the crescent hill into the choice wood-lots of Vahalla. Now it shoots up like a solitary watchfire or burning brush—where it ran up a pine-tree—and still it continues like a fat stump in the burning and is reflected in the water. And now I see that the gods by great exertions have got it under, and the stars have come out without fear and in peace.” But nature does not need to get up an elaborate entertainment for him, to whom everything that she does is special, as the following may prove: “The most interesting domes I behold are not those of Oriental temples and palaces, but of the *loadstools*. In this knoll in the swamp they are little pyramids of Cheops or Cholula, which stand on the plain very delicately shaded off. They have burst their brown tunics as they expanded, leaving only a clear, brown apex, and on every side the swelling roofs are patched or shingled with the fragments delicately shaded off in every tint of brown to the edge, as if this creation of a night would emulate the weather-stains of centuries.” In the September fields, covered with golden rod, he sees a countless “host of crusaders in their yellow uniform marching to the Holy Land.” Who will ever pass a meadow mullein without recalling his thought of it as an “architectural spire, or the prototype of candelabums”? or who can listen to the sweet, overflowing, exuberant bobolink and not think of him who spoke of the dear old fellow as the “cornucopia of song”? Was he not describing *two* poets as well as *one*?

Nothing, absolutely nothing, escaped his notice. Often he would visit the mill to observe the dust-webs whitened with meal draping the great beams and rafters. Down behind “Adam’s shop,” as he rummages for treasures—not Captain Kidd’s—he comes upon the skull of a musk-rat, and muses, “How many grists have come to this mill? Now the upper and nether stones fall loosely apart and the brain chamber, where the miller lodged, is empty and the windows are gone.”

Like Lady Geraldine, “he had halls amid the woodlands.” Also he had avenues and corners to which he gave fanciful names. At a certain bend of the river was his “Port of Lilies, where the perfumed love tokens float in a lapsing dream of

turquois and gold, like Cleopatra's barges." Every mountain had its individuality, and literally every tree was known to him for some special trait of its own. There was something almost mysterious in his faculty of finding things not supposed to be even indigenous to our latitude—as when he discovered red snow, and again a species of Labrador moss. A fellow-member of the Boston Society of Natural History declared it was not necessary to send to the tropics or to the polar regions for specimens to stock the cabinets, for "Thoreau could pick them up any day in Concord."

His writings were mostly upon the themes which were mostly in his mind and nearest his heart. To the *Dial*, during its short life of four years, he contributed in poetry and prose on miscellaneous topics. In the *Liberator* he ventilated his well-known anti-slavery sentiments. In *Graham* he wrote of Carlyle and his works. But he loved best and wrote best upon the themes caught up as he found them in his daily work—a butterfly lighting on his chain as he was surveying; a toad unearthed as he was making garden-beds. Anything in the world would serve him—telegraph-poles, crows, shooting stars, wasps' nests, or Sudbury meadows.

Some one has spoken of him as the dear old hermit; but he fell in the noontide of his life. Steady toil, manual and mental, must prematurely consume the strongest frame. Thoreau was presumptuous, too, in needless exertions and exposures. Thus it was that he contracted the disease, bronchial phthisis, of which he died. With the same philosophical calmness which had characterized him in health he watched the slow dissolving of the earthly tabernacle. There came a time when he could no more take his wonted morning and evening ramble. Looking from the window of his room one day, he said, "I cannot see on the outside at all." But no doubt or murmur escaped his lips.

All that was mortal of him—the little which disease had not literally consumed—was laid in the rural cemetery of Concord May 5th, 1862. Lovely Sleepy Hollow is not too beautiful for the last resting-place of one who so fondly cherished its quiet shades. More fitting for his monument than any storied urn or sculptured shaft is the stately pine-tree which overshadows his grave—and ever and anon that poet whom none can see but all may hear takes up its evergreen branches for his harp and plays upon its muffled strings an "In Memoriam" worthy of him to whom alike the singer, his harp and his songs were always dear.

HARRIETTE WOOD.

HAVE nothing to do with those good-natured friends who make a practice of letting you know all the evil which they may hear spoken about you.

## MEMORY'S PICTURES.

### CHRISTMAS CONCERT EXERCISES.

**F**IRST, have a pleasantly arranged stage, good light curtains, and a dressing-room with everything in readiness, and this piece can be given very easily. Set the organ in a good place; if possible, lower than the stage, and so that the player can see the stage.

Let a group sing some sweet home piece, as "Sunny Home." After the singers retire, one remains sitting at the organ pensively, then repeats, slowly and distinctly:

"Memories, memories, sad or joyous,  
Treasured sacredly, mine own,  
How my thoughts go drifting backward  
To my own dear sunny home."

Now play an old German choral, or any rich, sweet piece of instrumental music not too long. Pause a little; then sing distinctly (or speak, if preferred), sitting at the organ, with feeling and tenderness (tableau, two children with flowers, etc.), tune, "Mother, is the Old Home Lonely?" the following words:

"All among the dusky shadows  
I am wandering to-night,  
While dear memory brings me pictures  
From her shining halls of light;  
(Curtain lifts.)

"One a dainty little maiden,  
Smiling upward to the sun,  
And a schoolboy standing near her,  
Ah! their life is just begun." (Curtain falls.)

Sweet instrumental music while the next tableau is being arranged: Two sitting, and one to represent Love just behind them with a little scarlet banner with the word "Love" in golden letters written upon it; a crown upon her head, with a golden bow and arrow, or other design to please. She also leans slightly forward to place an orange-blossom wreath upon the maiden's head.

"Lift your curtain, tender memory,  
Lest through tears I fail to see  
All the rare and perfect pictures  
That thy truth would bring to me.  
(Curtain lifts.)

"There they wait in life's glad morning;  
All the days are blessed with love;  
All the world transformed before them,  
With a glory from above. (Curtain falls.)

(Chorus.)

"Vanished days, O vanished days!  
Treasured vanished days,  
Sun and shadow, joy and sorrow,  
All in the olden days."

Begin to play some half bright, half sad music, ending joyously and sweetly. Christmas tableau: Aged couple, groups of children, Christ-

mas gifts. If desired, table with Christmas refreshments of nuts, fruits, etc.; stage decorated with holly; young couple standing mischievously under the mistletoe in the centre of tableau.)

"Ah, the merry olden Christmas,  
Merry Christmas-times agone,  
Glory, glory, sing in chorus  
As the angels bless the morn. (Curtain lifts.)  
Children's voices pure as silver,  
Dear heads crowned with snowy white,  
Little footsteps making music,  
Not a sound I hear to-night." (Curtain falls.)

Some plaintive, slow music. Pause a little, strike a few low, sad chords. (Tableau: Vacant room; lamp turned down or gone out; Bible closed; dust gathered upon the stand, etc.)

"Not a sound to stir the stillness, (Curtain lifts.)  
Save the surge of wind and rain,  
Not a voice to thrill the silence,  
Ah! they may not come again,  
Never more to meet or greet me,  
As in other happier days;  
Gone, or changed, or drifted from me,  
In life's many, winding ways."  
(Curtain falls.)

Very low, dreamy music, growing more bright and joyous. (Tableau: Happy groups, sorrowful groups, meetings, partings, etc.)

"Oh! the years that lie between us,  
Touched with shadow and with light,  
Strange the pictures memory shows me  
In her wayward moods to-night;  
Pictures sad and pictures joyous, (Curtain lifts.)  
Fair, sweet faces gliding past,  
And I catch the ring of voices

(Just a sound of singing, singers out of sight.)  
From out the hallowed past." (Curtain falls.)

Rich, sweet and tender music, low, sad strains. Tableau: One with sorrowful face kneeling, robed in white, crowned with orange-blossoms. Faith standing near in white, trailing robes, with shield, word "Faith" written thereon, her hands extended to bless the kneeling one; scroll visible with words, "No cross, no crown," in plain, large letters, also cross and crown in gold or whatever preferred.)

"I am weary, I am weary,  
Far too weary now for words,  
And life's burdens press upon me  
As I touch the minor chords.  
(Strike a few sad chords.)

"Cease, O cease! I pray thee, memory,  
(Curtain lifts.)

Not another gleam to-night,  
Not another vision for me (Falls.)  
From thy shining halls of light.

(Chorus.)

"Vanished days, O vanished days!  
Treasured vanished days,  
Sun and shadow, joy and sorrow,  
All in the olden days."

Finish with a few low strains, follow with a group singing some sweet Sabbath hymn, "City of the Jasper Walls," "Sweet By and By," "Home of the Soul," or some such piece, or the "Last Grand Camping Ground," a very fine piece of music.  
MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

## TO THE WOODS!

HOW many people miss much of the pleasure that might be theirs simply because they are afraid to seek for it! This is true in a general sense. But I did not start out to moralize. I mean how many people never go to the woods! They know nothing of the early beauty of budding spring; nothing of the delicate loveliness of blooming summer; nothing of the glowing glory of rich autumn, so far as these are comprised within the limits of a luxuriant woodland. To them botanizing and sketching and all the pleasant excitement of searching for flowers and ferns and moss and cones are incomprehensible. And all this not because they have no soul for the wonders of nature, but because, alas! they are afraid of snakes!

Now I have fairly lived in the woods during a great part of my life. And day after day my surprise increases as I find how few of my friends are willing to accompany me on my sylvan expeditions, and for this sole, simple reason. This widespread horror of snakes is no laughing matter—it is so firmly implanted in human nature that I am convinced of its meaning something and would be the last to ridicule a feeling which I myself possess in full force. At the same time, so far as going to the woods is concerned, it is a groundless fear. The sooner people, especially women, dismiss it from their minds the better. What! lose all the loveliness of our forests and mope in the house with pale cheeks and a headache on account of an ugly serpent, which, after all, doesn't exist?

The truth of the matter is, in these latitudes snakes don't live in the high, dry woods. You might go there a thousand times and never see one. They prefer open, sunny places and low, wet ones. You are much more likely to see them in the grass along the roadside; yet here you walk without scruple. They may even come into your own door-yard or garden; but you wouldn't stay in the house on this account. If you are tempted into a swamp by the beautiful scarlet lobelia or shell-flower you may possibly see the vanishing tail of one or two. But I repeat, the woods is the last place in which to expect such things. And, after, all, the creatures are comparatively few. You see a thousand birds, myriads of frogs, dozens of squirrels and rabbits, and tortoises without number, for one snake. They are like poisonous plants, inasmuch as they do exist, but in quantities not to be compared with innocent or useful ones.

As Mrs. Browning says, nettles are common, but good grass is more common still.

Of course, this may not be true in some districts, especially southern or mountainous ones; but in ordinary northern and middle country regions it is. I don't want any girl to rush out among the rattlesnakes and copperheads because I have said this, but then I wouldn't want any girl to shut herself away from the treasures of "God's first temples" because I hadn't said it.

Mosquitoes, spiders, caterpillars, ants, hornets or yellow jackets may annoy. But of these, the first will only trouble you occasionally, the second and third are harmless, while the others will never disturb you unless you go too near their nests. You can readily avoid doing so, because the insects generally give timely signs of their presence. There is little to be dreaded in any semi-open space, not too low or bushy.

The chief danger in going to the woods comes from one's own carelessness. Always dress warmly to avoid taking cold. Never sit on the ground without first spreading down a shawl or something of the kind. Wear thick shoes, as a protection against not only dampness, but also roots, stones and chestnut burs. It is well always to wear both dress and shoes which you are not afraid of spoiling. Use an umbrella or stout stick as a cane to help yourself in climbing. Mount a hill slowly, taking care not to exhaust yourself, and rest often. Learn to climb by stepping on the side, not the sole, of your foot, as this acts as a wedge and clings to rough ground very much better. Do not hesitate to trust the bushes as supports—you can often pull yourself along, so relieving yourself of undue strain, by grasping quite a slender-looking sapling, simply because its root is firm. Poisonous plants, as I have said before, are few. The only one of any consequence in dry ground is the poison oak, or ivy, quite a graceful vine luxuriantly festooning tree-trunks and fence-rails. It somewhat resembles the Virginia-creeper, but they may be distinguished by the fact that the latter has leaves in clusters of fives, the former threes. So, shun a vine with three-grouped leaflets. Still, because there is only one notoriously poisonous plant in these regions do not on this account pick up every low-growing leaf or seed or blossom and put it in your mouth. The nightshade and lobelia are venomous—but you may know the former by its flower, which resembles a potato-blossom, and its red berries; the latter by its tiny blue flowers and inflated seed-vessels. These, however, will not hurt you unless you eat their flowers or fruit—while the vine poisons some people, though not all, who merely touch it or breathe the air which has passed over it.

If you desire to carry home floral specimens, take with you a tin box, or kettle with a lid. Flowers wither in the hand in a few minutes,

which inclosed in tin would keep fresh for hours. A basket is not so good for their protection, as it admits of too free circulation of the air through its interstices. A few crackers in the pocket will often be found useful. So will a drinking-cup, for one is likely to be thirsty in the woods, and there is scarce a more distressing feeling than to be so within sight and arm's length of good water, but with no way of getting any.

M. B. H.

## THE HAND.

LA VATER told Goethe that on a certain occasion when he held the velvet bag in the church as collector of the offerings he tried to observe only the hands; and he satisfied himself that in every individual the shape of the hand and of the fingers, the action and sentiment in dropping the gift into the bag, were distinctly different and individually characteristic.

What then shall we say of Van Dyck, who painted the hands of his men and women, not from individual nature, but from a model hand—his own very often? and every one who considers for a moment will see in Van Dyck's portraits that, however well painted and elegant the hands, they in very few instances harmonize with the *personalité*; that the position is often affected, and as if intended for display—the display of what is in itself a positive fault, and from which some little knowledge of comparative physiology would have saved him.

There are hands of various character: the hand to catch, and the hand to hold; the hand to clasp, and the hand to grasp; the hand that has worked or could work, and the hand that has never done anything but hold itself out to be kissed, like that of Joanna of Arragon in Raphael's picture.

Let any one look at the hands in Titian's portrait of old Paul IV; though exquisitely modeled, they have an expression which reminds us of claws; they belong to the face of that grasping old man, and could belong to no other.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

"THE LOTTERY OF LIFE."—Every act reacts on the actor, and we receive precisely according to our deeds. In our success we see the connection of cause and effect, and attribute it to our own efforts; but in misfortune we attribute the consequences of our own conduct to our fellow-men, to luck, or to Providence. Men forget that vices draw blanks, as surely as virtues draw prizes, in what they are pleased to call "the lottery of life." The industrious man seeks wealth, and finds it. Let not the intellectual man murmur at the ill-lot of fortune, for he did not seek wealth. It was not the consequence of his pursuit; but he sought knowledge, and found it.



## The Home Circle.

### WINNING WAYS.

A LATE number of *Harper's Bazar* contains a very readable article on the subject, "A Good Manner." The writer says "there is all the difference in the world between a good manner and good manners; not to possess the latter is to be vulgar and ill-bred, and yet it is very possible to be both well-born and well-bred and to be wanting in the former. 'She has such a pretty manner,' 'She has a very taking manner,' 'She has such a good manner,' are phrases in constant use. And again, 'She has no manner,' 'What a pity she has such a bad manner,' 'She wants manner very much,' are expressions applied with equal justice not by one person, but by many—not to one person, but to many also.

"In every walk of life, in every circle and set, political, literary, artistic, down to the simply social, the most lasting and truest friendships have been formed, the greatest popularity gained, the sincerest good won by those who possessed among other gifts the charm of a good manner, while, on the contrary, the one drawback which has often been deplored in men of genius and talent, and which has done more to place them at a disadvantage with their contemporaries than anything else, has been a lack of good manner, or being the unfortunate possessors of what is termed a very bad one.

"Rules of etiquette can be laid down to form good manners, but a good manner is an undefinable grace. With some it is wholly spontaneous; with others it is partly spontaneous and partly acquired. It bears the impress of cultivation and refinement to the highest degree; but beneath these is the substratum of a kindly nature, without which the most polished manner fails of its effect and is chilling rather than genial, provoking distrust in place of confidence. There are many shades of manner, and there are many who come near to having a really good manner, but who fall short in some one particular. They are too voluble, perhaps; and those who talk too fast or too much approach dangerously near the gushing school, and are led into saying very much more than they had intended or than was discreet. Wishing to be very *empressé* and very pleasing, they overact their part and their measure is very inaccurately taken by their friends. Plausibility of speech, being on the alert to say something complimentary in and out of season, does duty with some few, but does not pass with the many as one of the points of a good manner. It is merely a species of flattery and nothing more, and is always taken at its true value. A happy knack born of a good manner is the facility and readiness with which pleasant truths are uttered which do not amount to compliments, but are little graciousnesses of speech indicative of appreciation, and to convey this sentiment without being sycophantic or insincere is only achieved by the few. This is one of the strong points in a good manner, while those who are devoid of manner have a never-failing propensity for hitting upon subjects that a

moment's reflection would have convinced them must be most distasteful.

"Shyness and nervousness are often the secret of a very bad manner, and it is surprising how agreeable such people can be with their intimates. With strangers they are dull, brusque and short-mannered, and when they are neither of these they become straggling in their speech, giving verbose answers when short, simple ones would have been much more to the point. In fact, if they manage to make a start they are certain to finish ignominiously. Those who suffer from this intense shyness confess that it is a painful feeling, and few there are who are entirely able to overcome it. Others are equally shy, but it takes a form of coldness. Those who know them say they have a warm heart, but a very disagreeable manner.

"Another form of bad manner is evinced by a jerkiness of speech, short and disjointed sentences. There is a certain society manner cultivated by many people and which is supposed by them to be very charming and taking. It is a very good counterfeit for the genuine article; but no one is deceived into taking it for such—it is too artificial, too much wreathed with smiles, and one feels instinctively that it is a company manner, put on alike for every one and taken off at will. A really good manner never leaves this impression. Its thorough honesty guards it from going the lengths that a company manner will unhesitatingly take. A good manner is persuasive, never dictatorial; it goes with the stream and not against it, or, if compelled to do the latter, it does so almost under protest and with a reluctance both winning and convincing."

We read the foregoing article over twice before we laid the paper down. It was so good. We hope the women readers will find it as fresh and enjoyable, and as helpful and suggestive as we have. "Her manners were beautiful," was truly said of one who has run her race and whose life was a blessing to many. That simple sentence contained a volume. We knew her. We loved her.

The young often ask: "What are good manners? Can they be acquired? Have they any essential qualities in common?"

Yes, all good manners are characterized by modesty. They are not haughty, insolent, vindictive. Egotism is contrary to good manners. It gives pain. We allow the aged to be garrulous. We expect the young to be ardent. We blame not the phlegmatic for hesitating or the hasty for being ready to speak. But he who speaks much concerning himself in promiscuous companies and on all occasions must be disagreeable to many.

Good manners are always kind manners. Good manners are truthful. It offends us to know that smooth words are feigned. Falsehood is never an element of good behavior. It is a great attainment when good manners are uniform. He who is complacent to-day and harsh to-morrow, who is fond to-day and cold to-morrow, who is lively to-day and surly to-morrow, must be watched very

closely, or he will do one great wrong. It is inexcusable to indulge in moods. Most men are at times moody, but these times should be indulged in rarely. A reason for seeking to cultivate good manners is that we may give no needless offense. Whatever hinders our usefulness should be avoided.

What delightfully winning ways do go with native good manners sometimes! How refreshing to meet with such favored souls! How they warm and cheer and make one in love with herself!

Good manners and a good manner make "winning ways," and there is a particular charm in this essential. All women may possess it. It is well worth working for. It pays. Who does not desire to be lovely in manner and disposition—to be a household angel, a beacon light, a comfort and a treasure? Beautiful faces fresh and fair and tinted like the lily and the rose—dimpled and smiling—seem sometimes to have been bestowed on the wrong person, so glaring the contradiction between their gentleness and the unlovely manner of their possessors.

Frequently selfish, concealed, ill-disposed men and women acquire a reputation for loveliness of character and disposition and for amiability in this world simply because they have a habit of looking pleasant and benign, smiling all the time, and bowing and putting on a gracious demeanor. This is not fair. And often the really kind and good and self-denying disposition is unrecognized and misunderstood because it does not think it worth while to wear its true colors outside and show how fair and true it is.

Manner is important. Simple courtesy and politeness to the people one meets, recognition by thanks and by prompt expressions in kind or obliging acts, in short, a winning way, is of the utmost value in society, in intercourse with our friends and neighbors and in our homes. Let the nature be sincere and genial and bright and cheerful and frank in expressions, and then let the manner grow out of this and it will be good and winning and sure as the flower from the bud. It is not one of the problems that are sometimes given up as unsolvable—not one of the indefinite improbabilities.

Away in a country neighborhood a girl died. She was beloved. She was not pretty nor much blessed with intelligence, not rich, not in possession of any accomplishment that is the charm of many young ladies, and yet every person loved her and was her friend. It was hard to tell what made her so charming. Old men went up to the coffin and looked down on the still white face, and as they went out and halted at the church door they said one to another, in sad tones, "Oh! she was such a nice girl, Abby was."

Women paused and gently touched the cold brow caressingly, and when they sat down they said, thinking mayhap of their own noisy girls who scrupled not to say pert, unkind things to their mothers, "Poor Abby, she was such a nice girl." Young men and maidens re-echoed the kind expression, which, summed up, invariably was that Abby Sloane was so nice and kind and beloved; that Abby died without an enemy; that Abby was so good and had no faults.

Those who knew the girl over whom such grief and mourning was made could not tell why she

was such a favorite, but one old lady said, "She was always one way; nobody ever saw Abby Sloane one bit out of humor, and there never was a nicer girl in her behaving."

There was the key. She had a good manner. Her manner was pretty, winsome, kindly, cordial, charming, and the country folk, fascinated with her undefinable grace, her spontaneous good-will, her warm nature, her pleasing and natural deportment, her happy knack of making friends, her graciousness of speech and her simple, childlike manners, expressed their love and admiration for the pure creature who dwelt among them, "a chrysalis in homely brown," when they said above her cold clay, "Oh! she was such a nice girl!" The charm was hers.

It gives to beauty half its power,  
That nameless charm worth all the rest,  
The light that sparkles o'er a face,  
And speaks of sunshine in the breast.

If beauty ne'er has set her seal  
It well supplies the absence too,  
And many a face looks passing fair  
Because a happy heart shines through.

CHATTY BROOKS.

## A FEW CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

DEAR READERS OF THE "HOME!" The year is growing old, gray-headed, white-bearded, and threatening soon to leave us; so I want to say my little say, just now, for fear he will not give me another chance. These last days of the year always seem to get in such a hurry. They crowd people so, it is hard work to accomplish all we wish to do in them. The weeks fly so swiftly, we are surprised to find how soon they are gone.

The great reason for this is that Christmas Day comes in this last month, and there is always more work to do just at that time than at any other. The question then with nearly everybody is, "What are you going to do about Christmas this year?" Are you going to have a big family dinner with all the "sisters, and the cousins, and the aunts" to attend it, or are you to be invited to some one else's dinner? Are the children going to grandma's to have a good time with the several other grandchildren, playing with their new toys, and eating themselves sick on sweet things, in the good old-fashioned way? Or is there no grandma or grandpa in the case, and no big family around you, only your two selves and the little ones, and you are just going to fill their stockings to help old Santa Claus, and have a cozy little dinner at home? Alas! in some homes there are no little children to fill stockings for, or to make merry with, and in these, the best part of Christmas joy is missed, for it seems more especially the children's day than any other, and the preparations made for their happiness are, as a general thing, the greatest feature about it. Yet there are but few but can find some child to give a joy or pleasure to on this day, and thus help to brighten it for both giver and receiver. And, oh! there are so many poor and needy ones, who can be helped and cheered by those who have enough and to spare. And such helpers always receive their reward, if it is done in the right spirit.

Many of the busiest ones of the season are those who are preparing to keep Christmas in the good

and beautiful way of making gifts to others. Nearly every one can do something of this kind. Even the little girl of nine or ten can make a cook apron for mother, or a nice, plain gingham or white one for grandma, and many of that age have learned to crochet, and can make a number of nice little articles that will do for gifts. Then the grown-up ones—oh! there is no counting the things which many of them can make for parents and brothers, sisters and friends. Some depend on buying all the gifts they intend to give, thinking it too much trouble to make them, but surely they must lose much enjoyment in so doing.

'Tis true, there are those who are engaged in such a way with imperative daily employments that they cannot have time for any such thing, but these are the exceptions. Those who can do it will often find that the simple gift is prized far more by the recipient because it is the work of their own hands and loving thoughts have been sewn in with the stitches.

Do not think a trifle too insignificant to give. It is not the article, but the feeling that prompts it at the time, which is the main object. Occasionally we see a person who will not make Christmas gifts because they think they have nothing worth giving, and thus deprive themselves as well as others of a real pleasure which might have been theirs. For there are few—comparatively speaking—among people who are used to observing this custom, that cannot give some little thing to some one person among their nearest and dearest, if no more. There is one caution, however, which a few need to take—not to undertake too much, and weary themselves, so that when the day arrives they may not be able to enjoy it as they should. If one has to feel in a rush through all the previous week, and then sit up till eleven or twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve, to finish a piece of work for a gift, it is too much strain on the perhaps already tired frame, and if the recipient knew of it this would destroy some of the pleasure of receiving. Try to begin things in good time, and do the hurrying before the last minute. It is so much more comfortable.

One word more before saying good-bye: do not make this great day of the year one of mere feasting and merriment, with no further thought as to what it represents and commemorates. If while giving gifts we forgot to honor Him who was the greatest gift of all to us, then its best meaning is lost to us, and our good deeds cannot be as worthy in His eyes. In the midst of your earthly joys and blessings, may you "abide in Him and He in you, that your joy may be full."

Wishing you all a "Merry Christmas" and a truly "Happy New Year," I shall say good-night.

EDNA.

### THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

MY DEAR GIRLS: One by one the pearls of days have been strung until again there is formed the glowing circlet of a year. We have no precious jewels, so we say sometimes in our unrest; yet one is added to our store with every new day's birth, and while the sun speeds on his rapid course from morn to morn we are engaged in adorning and polishing, or in staining or defacing the setting of the jewel intrusted to our care.

What various hues they present to us as we look

back upon them. Some, that seemed at first so bright, have faded, while some that then seemed dark and clouded are even now clear and bright and shining; upon some we gaze with smiles, and upon others we look back with tears. But "we sleep and wake and sleep," and have but little time for retrospection. Our gems are given us so fast that if they find us unready or unprepared to care for them our opportunities may be marred or lost; we must always be seeking to know the truest beauty of each one, and where its heart of duty lies. Are they alike, these gems? If so, it is "alike in difference." Each brings a new and special mite to add to the sum of littles that go to form this mystery called life.

To some of you the Christmas bells will come with dreamy intonations, falling on a sleep that may somewhat resemble the slumbers of the enchanted princess, save that your sleep is filled with dreams, and all about your dreaming-place are shining, starry buds of flowers, which you hope some day to gather and enjoy. To some of you the day of waking to the realities of life may have already come and you may hear the clanging of forbidden doors, the creaking of unwilling hinges, the sliding bolts of impregnable fortresses, the barking of the dogs of care, the sobbing of the winds of sorrow and of discontent, the voices of the weary, the oppressed, of strife and of injustice.

But I hope you will never lose the memory of the rapture of the first vision of life, for there is ever much of truth hidden in its beauty. May you ever hear through the wail of care the cheering voice of comforting hope; beyond the sound of warfare may there come to you the mighty peans of peace and good-will; through the cry of sorrow may you be able to distinguish the undying whisper of faith and hope and love; through all forms of suffering remember the promises of the "Prince of peace" to those who are faithful and enduring. It is my Christmas-prayer for you that through all the discordant notes in life you may never cease to listen for, never be unable to distinguish, the one pure note that is held somewhere, surely and unfailingly, in it all.

Do not be discouraged, even though you may find some doors that fail to open at your touch—some paths closed at your approach. If you cannot gain entrance after patient endeavor, you will find other doors and other ways that are ready and waiting for you. If the sealed passage seems to close upon all that seems desirable to you in life, assure yourself that it is only seeming, for there is One who knows best. Turn your eyes and thoughts away from the longed-for entrance as much as possible and consciously endeavor to note the beauty, or at least the opportunities of use that lie before you.

Life does not come to us in one grand rush—all at once—but in little spaces of the minutes as they are dealt out to us one by one. We can see and do and bear for this one moment; the next will be a new one, and will bring with it its own light and strength and duty. All life is built up of atoms. You know we are told that we were made of little particles of dust, gathered, shaped and breathed upon of God. So our experience gathers particle by particle, and if it can only always be breathed upon by God it will grow into a blessed, lovely character that is always lit by the Divine light within and is self-radiant. For if we are

made of dust it still is "of tangled star-dust." To your eyes, so "late from paradise," the starry gleams are still occasionally visible and bright. As your lives go on may the starry elements become disentangled and formed into a starry crown that waits but the pure, engleaming light of Heaven to make them emit shafts of light and love that shine all about you, that will some time prove the light to guide you when you are dwelling in your happy, everlasting home.

I wish you each and all a merry Christmas; and if there are among you those to whom a merry Christmas cannot come, may they still have a happy one—happy in the knowledge of the happiness that will be the portion of so many on this blessed day of unity and peace—a day that is hallowed in its recollections, in its celebrations, and in the joy it celebrates to all who can enter into the spirit of its loving consecration; and there should be none who cannot. May every home that shelters one or more of my girls be the happier for their being there this day, and may the love and prayers in your hearts for others be echoed in the love and prayers of other hearts for you.

AUNTIE.

### THE DISCHARGED SERVANT.

"MARY, can you tell me where in the world I can find a girl? That saucy Ellen was so impertinent to-day that I discharged her on the spot. She broke one of my prettiest bowls, and when, of course, I scolded her sharply for it she told me it was that old crochet-work of mine, lying on the floor, that tripped her. How her black eyes did snap. I guess mine did, too. I should have enjoyed boxing her ears; but I restrained myself. I didn't know what she might do, you see. She was so mad I was a little bit afraid of her. But I sent her flying to pack up her duds quickly. And now, Mary," she added, more slowly and regretfully, "I don't know what I shall do. Ellen was smart if she had an ugly temper, and could make the nicest tea-biscuit and everything else George likes. He'll be dreadfully provoked."

"Where has poor Ellen gone?" asked Mrs. Day, with an anxious voice.

"Gone? What do I care so that she is out of my house?"

"But she has no home or friends to take her in. I did not think you would do such a thing, Alice, as to send a poor girl into the street with no recommendation, so that she might get another place."

"Let her behave herself and keep her temper better."

"Do you think we employers have no duty about keeping our own tempers?"

"I am not responsible for my temper to a girl like Ellen."

"I am afraid you are."

"Mary Day, how can you talk in that style? Perhaps the next thing you will think I had better apologize to Ellen?"

"I should not wonder."

"Well, I guess it will be after to-day."

"So I suppose, but that may not make any difference on the subject of duty. But, my dear, I must look up this poor girl, who was once a member of my Sabbath-school class, and see that she is safely housed for the night. There is too much danger abroad to have her left homeless."

"You appear far more distressed for her than for me," said the other, pouting.

"And with reason, dear. You have a beautiful home, a kind husband and all the comforts of life, while she has not one of these—a poor stranger in a strange land. Ignorant and untrained, what wonder that she should have no more self-restraint than we, with all our privileges, have been able to acquire. In twenty years' housekeeping I have found that scolding and fretting at domestics never does one bit of good. I will tell a girl her fault quietly and decidedly; but I will not scold her, both for my own sake and her own. I think Aunt Lucy will run over with you to-day and help you out of the day's perplexities; and I feel sure by to-morrow you and Ellen will be cooler and think the matter over, and let the housekeeping machinery move on in its old way again. You can speak kindly and admit you were hasty, if you like, and I do not think it will in the least lessen her respect. But my duty now is to find the poor girl, and I feel pretty sure where I may look for her. Indeed, dear Alice, we are in a very wide sense 'our brother's keeper.'"

AUNT LUCY.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### OUT ON THE PRAIRIE.

#### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

DOLLS! dolls! dolls! dolls! big dolls! little dolls! cheap dolls! expensive dolls! waxen, china, composition, wooden dolls!—what an important little race it is—each member of it being the most precious treasure of the most precious treasure in a million homes!

I want to tell some of the small mothers of these treasures—which, all the way from the waxen-faced, blond-haired wonder from Paris, down to the china-headed, saw-dust stuffed ten cent pet, are equally precious—about some of the wide

world's little ones who know nothing of such things; who never have bought dolls or toys of any kind; whose parents cannot afford to spend ten cents or even five on anything but bare necessities. They are scattered through the length and breadth of this and many other lands.

Do you know where "Out West" is? It might be hard to tell, for it is going further off every year. People in Ohio or Indiana or Illinois used to live there, but it has got away from them, and now you may go hundreds of miles beyond them and still find the broad prairies more or less "settled up." Plain little homes are dotted about filled by sturdy workers, who find in the new States more room to carve out a living or perhaps



a fortune. And from these small beginnings have gone out many of our best and noblest men and women.

Here you will find children who never see money spent for mere amusement. What sad, dull lives, you say. No, indeed. They have their full share of child's play. They have their dolls, too, and plenty of them.

When Nannie Hart, my little prairie doll mamma, was very small she would bring a towel or handkerchief to her mother to "make a dollie." But as she grew older, and spent many of the bright summer hours out of doors, she found other dolls. When she followed Jim, her brother, to the fields, and played peep through the long rows of corn, he would pick out for her a nice little green pumpkin—and how delightful it was to sit in the shade and carve a beautiful face on it! He had whittled out for her a rough wooden body, upon which this head would be gracefully stuck. And when the lovely creature was dressed in papa's red handkerchief tied with a corn-leaf sash, and furnished with corn-silk hair (which, however, never stayed on very well), it would be hard to find anything nicer, Nannie thought.

Cucumber babies were nice, too. You make the face at one end and stick in arms below. All these soon dry up, to be sure, but then there is the fun of making new ones.

It was quite an era in Nannie's life when one spring evening Jim, under mamma's direction, dug a border along the front of the house and two little round beds besides. Seeds were put in, and the little girl watched day by day, laughing merrily as the green shoots peeped up. Later, when pinks, petunias and balsams brightened the doorway, and a morning-glory ran over the queer little home-made porch, she wondered if anything so beautiful grew anywhere else.

"Why didn't we have them long ago?" she asked.

"Because Jim wasn't big enough to dig and papa and mamma too busy. But how I've been hungering for flowers!" Mamma's face grew younger, they all said, as the pretty things smiled up at her. The next year Nannie joyfully led her out to see the first holly-hock blooms. And there she found another dolly!

"I'll make you a holly-hock baby, Nannie. I haven't seen one since I left the old farm. Bring me a bit of ribbon grass."

Nannie looked with delight as the thick sepals were removed from below the blossom. Then the red leaves were carefully folded down over the stem, and the grass sash tied on, forming a waist with the skirt below.

"And that little yellow thing in the middle makes the head," laughed the child. "I do believe they were made on purpose for babies."

"Now you can make her a petunia parasol with a grass stem for a handle. O Nannie! I used to have them in my playhouse under a great elm tree when I was a little girl. We had acorn cups for dishes and we strung paw-paw seeds for necklaces—and had such cunning—but I hear baby crying! Come and rock the cradle, dear."

"What are you doing, mamma?" It was one September evening. Papa was away, Nannie and baby asleep. Jim was a real mother boy and dearly loved a chance of a quiet chat with her.

"I'm going to write to Mr. Grey to see if he

can get a better price for my honey than I can get here."

"What! Send it all the way to Chicago?"

"Yes, now that the railroad is coming through, we can send anywhere."

"You'll have an awful lot of money, mamma, won't you?"

"Quite a nice bit if I do well. You shall have your books."

"Let me show you something." He took a few hickory-nuts from his pocket, passed a corner of her apron over one of them leaving an end out which he held up to her. "Did you ever see such before?" She laughed at the grotesque looking thing. The nut had an odd face inked on one end. With a bit of cloth over it, cloak fashion, it bore a comical resemblance to an old woman.

"Hickory-nut dollies!" Joe Parks showed me," he went on. "He's making some for his little sister for Christmas. He digs a hole in 'em an' sticks in a stick, an' his mother fixes 'em so cunning with a cap 'round the face an' dresses 'em. And I thought if I made some for Nan and the baby p'raps you could dress 'em. Could you, mamma?"

"Perhaps I could," she said.

"And O mamma! he showed me a doll with a shiny face and blue eyes and red cheeks on it, and hair that looked like curls—a doll that was bought, mamma! Did you ever see such? Did they have any in Ohio when you lived there?"

"Yes, quite a good many," she said, smiling.

"They bought it down to the junction. They've got more in the store down there. Mamma, I wish you'd get one for little Nan. If I get my books, couldn't she have a doll?"

"I wish she could, my boy, but books are necessary and dolls are not."

This answer was very like what Jim had expected, so he said no more, but began digging a hole in a hickory-nut, while his mother wrote her letter.

"I'll tell you what I might do, though," she presently said, "I've seen very nice rag dolls made. When they are nicely dressed they look very well."

"And could you make one, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed. But I have so little time—but I'd like to do it for the darling. I suppose I might hunt up something to dress it in."

"You've got piles of things in that big chest of yours. Let's just take a look at 'em," coaxed Jim.

She took the candle and they went into the one other room of the cottage, where stood a chest containing whatever was held as choice by the little household—the few better articles of clothing, six silver spoons which were a wedding-present, some old-fashioned finery and old-time relics. It was a great treat to innocent Jim to get a peep at these treasures. He looked on with great interest as she laid out different things.

"Papa says you are to have a new bonnet next year, but I am sure this is a handsome one yet," said the boy, holding up an immense thing of straw.

"Yes; I've had it six years, but I've fixed it over so it looks well yet. But it must be old-fashioned by this time. Now that we are going to have a church near enough to go to, we must try to get Sunday clothes a little oftener."

"What an elegant lady you must have been, mamma!" And Jim looked on reverently as she shook out and folded again a silk dress of blue and white large plaid, and a ruffled mantilla.

"Oh! no, I wasn't, Jim. After my parents died I went to work on the great farm, but they used me as well as themselves, and I went to school every winter. When I learned my dressmaking trade I earned a good deal, and I've often wished since that I had saved some of the money I fooled away then. Here's a bundle of pieces. I can surely squeeze out enough time between now and Christmas to make a doll. I haven't done all I would have liked to amuse you little ones, but it has been hard enough to live without that."

"You've been the best mother in the world," said Jim, hugging her close. "But did you know it would be so hard when you left Ohio?"

"Yes, hard at first; but we knew things would get easier, and that it would always be better for our children. Here's an old bead purse; you can rip it up and make a necklace for the doll."

"Now the little box, mamma."

"Yes."

It contained only a lock of brown hair and a light baby-curl. Jim always laid his lips lovingly on the pretty hair.

"It was for his sake more than anything else that we came out here," said the mother, opening a daguerreotype case.

It showed the face of a baby a year old. Jim could dimly remember the time of sorrow that came to the cottage, when his older brother, then grown to eight years, and a younger child had been carried out of it on the same dark day.

"It was most too hard to bear, Jim."

She laid her head on his shoulder as tears wet the little picture.

"Poor mamma," a world of tenderness was in his voice as he passed his arm around her. "You've got me and Nannie and the baby yet—"

"But I wanted you all."

"But you said God knew best."

"Yes; and I say so now. But oh! my boy, His ways are past finding out."

She slowly returned the things to the chest and locked it.

"Now, dear, it's time you were asleep, and I must finish my letter."

As the autumn evenings wore away, how Jim enjoyed the growth of the rag-doll. A body was made of strong muslin, which, however, it was very hard to stuff tight enough, and the head would wobble. But a bright thought of Jim's helped this out. An opening was made in the top of the head and a stick pushed down, which imparted a delightful stiffness and dignity. A face was worked with colored yarns—eyes very stary, cheeks like red wafers, and mouth turned up at the corners in the most cheerful manner. And Jim laughed one evening till he awakened the baby when some worsted, raveled out of an old knit shawl, was made into kinky hair.

And if the head was a wonder, what of the feet? Stockings were knit by the deft fingers, which grew more and more in love with their work. The lining of an old portemonnaie furnished a fragment of bright leather for shoes. In due season the rag-lady was dressed, aproned, saced, collared and cuffed. Then a dainty hat, for which Jim pulled a plume from his handsomest rooster,

went over that astonishing face, and she was laid in the old chest to sleep till Christmas Eve.

"A letter for mother?"

Mr. Grey's four children looked up in a little ripple of excitement. Mother had but few far-off friends and seldom received letters.

"Who can it be from?" she said, trying to examine the postmark by the fading twilight. "Plainfield Junction, Mo. It must be some mistake. No; dear me, is it possible? Yes, indeed, it must be from my old friend, Ellen Hart, away out on the prairie. I haven't heard from her for years. Light the gas, Jack. Ah, yes," glancing over the letter, "they are always building new towns out on those prairies; so no wonder I didn't know where it was from. Here comes father. Poor things, I'm glad to hear from them again. She wants to know if you can sell her honey, father. Well, well, I've often wondered how they were getting on lately. They had it hard at first."

"Tell us about them, mother."

"Why, Ellen and I went to school together in Ohio; then we learned our trade and both of us married nearly at the same time. None of us had anything to start on, and we thought we could do better further west. So on the day your father and I took the cars for Chicago they started to drive out to Missouri with a good team and big wagon."

"Drive all the way? Plucky, wasn't it?" remarked Jack.

"Many settlers have done so. They've had a hard struggle, but I guess they're pulling through. When they got out there that summer they hadn't a speck of a house—slept in their wagon all summer and had little more than a shed when winter came."

"How could they stand it?" said Mary, with a shrug. "I'm sure you were wiser coming to Chicago, father."

"I don't know about that. Every year they are adding to their comforts, until now he has a home and a farm which is increasing in value all the time. Ten years hence, if we live, he will be a well-off man, while I shall still be living in a rented house and perhaps broken up in business."

"But I've heard you say you had hard times too, at first."

"Yes; but it wasn't roughing it, as they did."

"Pretty pinching times, though," chimed in the mother. "But we have kept all our little ones," she glanced lovingly at the bright faces round her, "and our poor friends lost two of theirs in one day. James wrote to tell me—she couldn't. That was several years since. I wonder if those little children on the prairies don't have rather forlorn times."

"Couldn't we send them something?" suggested Jack.

"Christmas will soon be here. I'd like to send that little Nannie a doll. I've got a doll's head that would do, but the body is all worn out," said Mary.

"You may make up a little Christmas-box for them if you like," said mother. "How about the honey, father?"

"Oh! I'll see about it. I think I can get her a good price."

All the sympathies of the children were awakened for the far-away little ones. Many an

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eager counsel was held as to the wisest way of filling the box which, it was hoped, might make brighter the home on the prairie. Many pleasant hours were spent over the labor of love, and the precious parcel was at length started on its journey with careful calculations upon its reaching the end exactly on Christmas Eve.

"Old Dave doesn't seem to get any better," said James Hart to his wife the evening before Christmas. "I'm afraid he won't work through."

"Oh! I'm sorry. Has the liniment come yet?"

"Yes; I got it at the junction to-day. We must go in the morning and rub his neck and tie it up warm. It may help him."

Jim's Christmas excitement aroused the family at an hour which the tired mother thought too early. But she could not scold, as the boy offered his gift, a clumsy knife-box, over which he had worked for days. Three stockings hung by the chimney, each holding a red apple, a stick of candy and a wonderful doughnut doll, with dried currant eyes. Jim found, too, a pair of warm mittens, while Nannie and the baby each had one of his hickory-nut dolls.

But the rag-baby was the crowning glory of the morning. Jim had traded a home-made pistol and a pocketful of walnuts for a second-hand brass toy-watch, which hung on the bead necklace. Its size was in proportion to a dinner-plate suspended to a lady's watch-chain; but nobody was critical. Nannie thought that a lovelier thing had never been seen, and Jim's face beamed like hers as, with little fingers fairly trembling with delight, she examined each small garment. Mamma felt fully repaid for her trouble.

Baby at once put her flannel-capped nut where she put everything—in her little, rosy mouth. But as she tasted the inked face she dropped it with a grimace and a cry of disgust, which, however, soon stopped, for papa came in the door, and he seized and swung her to his shoulder. Nannie shouldered her doll and they danced together, while Jim made a rush for his mother, and snatching from her the breakfast dish of potatoes, whirled her around with the others till the room rang with their peals of laughter.

And as they bent their heads over the table the mother's "grace" was surely equal to father's, although he pronounced the proper: "For what we are about to receive," etc., while she only whispered to herself: "We are the happiest family in the whole world this blessed Christmas morning."

"Now," said father, later, "I've waited till all your dinner fussing is done to come to the stable with me."

"I'll go, too, and help," said Jim.

"Oh! please let me go, mamma," coaxed Nannie.

Let's bundle baby up and take her too," said Jim. "The sun shines so bright." So she was carried out and seated on a pile of hay, where she cooed and grunted and sucked candy in sticky comfort while the others turned their attention to the poor old horse.

"Here's the liniment—big box, isn't it?" The string around it was removed—and then:

"Je—whillikens!" came from Jim.

"Well, I vow!" exclaimed Farmer Hart. "If that isn't the queerest horse liniment I ever saw in my life!"

Jim turned a somersault, upsetting baby, who

rolled off the hay. But he quickly turned her right side up and a fearful scream was cut short by her astonishment as he brought her to stare with the rest. Mamma was looking at the box-cover.

"Well, it does take a man to make blunders," she laughed. "This is addressed to Mrs. James Hart, and you brought it to the stable instead of giving it to me."

"I'll never do it again—never. I'll bring everything to you, if it's a plow or a mule team."

"Now, who can this be for?" said mamma, lifting a gay little lady from the box.

"O mamma!" said the boy in great excitement, "it's just like the one I told you about, only it's lots bigger and splendor!"

He laid it in the arms of his little sister, who was too much overcome by the new surprise to do anything but gaze at it in silence.

Baby wanted the pretty thing and was threatening to finish the interrupted scream, when Jim seized a rattle from the box, which made her forget it.

"And if there isn't a rubber baby for her!" said mamma.

"Into your mouth with it, Nell," said Jim, "there's no ink on it."

"Here, Jim, you never think of yourself, dear boy, but look," his mother held up a book. "*The Swiss Family Robinson*—I read it when I was a girl; you'll like it, Jim."

"And goodness!" said he, in amazement, "here's a book that looks as if it was made of a piece of a Sunday shirt! What pictures!"

"Why, Jim, you little goose!" and father and mother laughed heartily, "that's a book made on purpose for babies—they're printed on linen so they won't tear."

In the bottom of the box were found a gentleman's silk handkerchief and a lady's blue silk necktie and kid gloves.

"And here's a note last of all; come, we must go into the house. I guess you'll have to take another journey after the liniment, James. Better give poor Dave a warm mash to-night."

Jim started for the house on a run with baby, who dropped all her treasures on the way unknown to him, and had the comfort of at last finishing her long-delayed cry before Nannie picked up and returned them to her.

The letter from Mrs. Grey was so filled with affectionate remembrances of the past and kindly wishes for the future as to bring tears to the eyes of the toil-worn mother as she felt the worth, both to giver and receiver, of offerings hallowed by the spirit of loving desire to make bright spots in the lives of others. Glory to God in the highest is worked out in the humblest act of good-will toward men, women and children. The warm glow of feeling awakened in the little family in the cottage was out of all proportion to the value of the trifling gifts received.

"Bless their dear, kind hearts!" said Mrs. Hart, as she wiped her eyes. "I must tell them that little Nan never saw a real doll in her life before."

To her credit be it said that dainty Miss Chicago went into the old doll cradle which Jim had made long ago as willingly as did her small rag sister, and the dear little girl of the prairie went to sleep that night with her hand resting on it and sunshine enough in her heart to fill a marble front mansion.

SYDNEY DARE.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### THE BRIDAL VEIL.

WE'RE married, they say, and you think you  
have won me,  
Well, take this white veil from my head and  
look on me;

Here's matter to vex you and matter to grieve you,  
Here's doubt to distrust you and faith to believe  
you—

I am all as you see, common earth, common dew;  
Be wary and mold me to roses, not rue!

Ah! shake out the filmy thing, fold after fold,  
And see if you have me to keep and to hold;  
Look close on my heart—see the worst of its sin-  
ning—

It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's winning.  
The past is not mine—I am too proud to borrow—  
You must grow to new heights if I love you to-  
morrow.

We're married! I'm plighted to hold up your  
praises

As the turf at your feet does its handful of daisies;  
That way lies my honor, my pathway of pride,  
But mark you, if greener grass grow either side  
I shall know it, and keeping in body with you  
Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the dew!

We're married, oh! pray that our love do not fail!  
I have wings flattened down and hid under my veil,  
They are subtle as light—you can undo them—  
And swift in their flight—you can never pursue  
them;

And spite of all clasping and spite of all bands,  
I can slip like a shadow, a dream, from your  
hands.

Nay, call me not cruel and fear not to take me,  
I am yours for my lifetime, to be what you make  
me,

To wear my white veil for a sign or a cover,  
As you shall be proven my lord or my lover;  
A cover for peace that is dead, or a token  
Of bliss that can never be written or spoken.

ALICE CARY.

### THE SCHOOLBOY.

WE bought him a box for his books and  
things,

And a cricket-bag for his bat;  
And he looked the brightest and best of kings  
Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train

With a troop of his young compeers,  
And we made as though it were dust and rain  
Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see  
The sign of a sorrowful heart;  
But he only shouldered his bat with glee  
And wondered when they would start.

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,  
For the boy was tender and kind;  
But his was a world that was all before  
And ours was a world behind.

'Twas not his fluttering heart was cold,  
For the child was loyal and true;  
And the parents love the love that is old  
And the children the love that is new.

*Detroit Free Press.*

### MARTHA.

YEA, Lord!—Yet some must serve!  
Not all with tranquil heart,  
Even at Thy dear feet,  
Wrapped in devotion sweet,  
May sit apart!

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must bear  
The burden of the day,  
Its labor and its heat,  
While others at Thy feet  
May muse and pray!

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must do  
Life's daily task-work! some  
Who fain would sing must toil  
Amid earth's dust and moil,  
While lips are dumb!

Yea, Lord!—Yet man must earn,  
And woman bake, the bread;  
And some must watch and wake  
Early, for others' sake,  
Who pray instead!

Yea, Lord!—Yet even Thou  
Hast need of earthly care;  
I bring the bread and wine  
To Thee, O guest divine—  
Be this my prayer!

JULIA C. R. DORR, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

### EVENTIDE.

T IRED of its own bright charm, the golden  
day  
Rests in the arms of evening; all is still;  
Nor leaf nor flower moves, lest the spell might  
break

Which holds the earth bound fast in twilight  
chains.

From yonder hawthorn tree some leaf-hid bird  
Breathes to the dying day a soft farewell,  
That, mingling with the stillness, seems to weave  
Into the silence threads of melody.  
Wild roses, since the dawn, have deeply blushed  
Beneath the sun's warm kisses; now at eve  
Faint odors, passing sweet, possess the air—  
Rich incense offered to the queen of night!  
For lo! a silvery light falls all around,  
As up the violet heavens a pale young moon  
Climbs high and higher still.

A low-voiced breeze,  
Rising with balmy sigh amid the hills,  
Comes ling'ringly adown the rocky glen,  
Floats o'er the uplands, kisses every flower,  
And whispers that the fair, sweet day is dead!  
Now restful thoughts and calm enter the heart  
And soothe the tired brain; as from on high  
A blessing falls on everything below:  
Cool shades to evening: rest and peace to Man.

*Chambers's Journal.*



## Life and Character.

### MRS. MUGGIN'S VISITATION.

**A**N east wind had been blowing all day and at sunset a slow, drizzling rain commenced falling. I had been trying all day to work off a dull headache; but it had gathered strength while mine failed and sent me early to bed, thankful for rest and quiet at last.

Alas for human hopes! An old lady had lately moved in across the way and she "jist drapped in to see how ye do."

Finding me in bed with sick headache she thought she would "set till bed-time to keep me company." Before her visit was over I wished she had just one spell of it bad enough to teach her that perfect quiet is the only company one needs at such a time. Sitting down close beside the bed she talked in a harsh, hissing whisper and gave me a history of her life.

"I was raised in East Tennessey, but when a gal grown went to Kaintuck. I married thar and moved to the Alabam. After the war my man tuk a notion he'd go to Arkansaw. He was one of the movin' kind, ye see, always huntin' a better country. So we went; but he enjoyed bad health, and at last the ager shuk him to death. After that I tuk the back track with my boys to old Massasip."

Just here the lonesome, scared *cu-cu-cueawk* of a hen disturbed in her slumbers by a hungry owl gave her a new text. With an ominous look, as if she had seen a ghost, she whispered:

"I kin tell you how to keep owls and hawks, too, from bothering your chickens; but ye mustn't tell anybody I told you, or it will break the charum. Ye jist put a big flint rock in the fire and keep it hot and they'll not dare to come anigh."

Hoping to throw her mind home I asked her how many children she had.

"La sakes, honey, I hain't got nary one; they've all done growed up."

In spite of pain I had to smile under the friendly shadow of my pillow. Then she took up the broken thread of her history, her life in Arkansas and its many discomforts. She didn't like the water, "it tasted rite valler." Here a smothered titter from the low bed, where my two little boys were asleep, seemed to rouse her.

"Why, I thought them chilluns was asleep. Keep still, sonny. You'll hurt your ma's head."

Here, as she went to the fire to light her pipe, patience bade me a hasty good night and I begged she would go to another room to smoke.

"Well, I ought to thought. I'll jist wait till I git home. It's time I was goin'."

So, bundling up her head in a shawl, away she went, and I thought if her tongue was as tired as my ears rest was sweet. Ah, well! one must sometimes take the intention for the deed. My Arkansas traveler came with the best intentions, but she had never sat under the ministry of pain and knew nothing of its teachings. Growing up from childhood to hardy womanhood among the pure, healthful breezes of the mountains of Tennessee, she had learned but little of sickness. A soldier who was "in camp" on historic old Lookout met an old woman of ninety years, hale, hearty and barefoot, who had never been out of sight of her native mountains. She boasted that she had never owned but one pair of shoes, that she bought those for her marriage and was keeping them for her burial. One who does not know from experience what sickness is can know but little of the needs of suffering. Some things only pain can teach us. It has a mission all its own and I do not know that it is best we should miss it.

AUNT RENA.

## Mothers' Department.

### HINTS FOR HELP.

HAPPY LODGE, Sept. 26th, 1882.

**MY DEAR, TROUBLED FRIEND:** So you wish "ever so many more hints," do you? And this time you would like to know if there be an "easy" way of teaching a "fidgety child" how to sew. Of course there is, my dear. Do you think I speak with too much confidence? Not a bit of it. For I know just what I am talking about, because, you see, I have "been through the mill."

If your little girl does not possess a large doll, have a cloth body made and buy a pretty head. This will pay, as you will see before I am through with my lecture. Now begin with the first article of its underclothing. Cut out the simplest pattern you can devise; then with some soft, old cloth (not too old), you are ready for the trial. Cut out and carefully baste the garment, and you will see the

little fingers fairly twitch with eagerness to begin sewing. Very carefully, now, will the little stitches be taken, one by one, with frequent bringings to "mamma" to see if they are quite "teeny" enough. Then with what pride the completed garment will be "tried on dolly." And with what joyful haste you will be importuned to cut out and baste the next article of underclothing for her to make. Ah! you will have no trouble now. But if your experience agrees with mine you will find yourself obliged to hold the ambitious seamstress back instead of pushing her forward, much against her inclination.

So you can proceed from garment to garment of the doll's wardrobe, only you must be careful that each one is an exact counterpart, in every particular, of a "really-truly" wardrobe. Each seam, each gore, each yoke must exactly correspond to the same portion of the same garment as you

are accustomed to make it for the little seamstress herself.

When the child has learned to make a plain wardrobe for her doll, then you can teach her to "put on the fancy touches," to add trimming, to make tiny ruffles, tiny clusters of tucks, etc. Now when this doll appears dressed completely, from "top to toe," you will see just what you have taught your little girl to do, viz.: to make each article of her own clothing in miniature. How simple a matter it will be to teach her to enlarge the patterns and make all her own clothing. Is not this plan an improvement on the old "long seam or patchwork" method? I have given it a thorough trial, and I know it works splendidly. But of one thing you must have a care. Do not allow the child to sit still longer than one hour at any one time, no matter how interested she becomes in her work; and never let her sew in the evening.

"Would you teach a little girl of ten to run a sewing-machine?" No ma'am; nor yet of twelve; no, nor of fourteen. No matter if she be remarkably strong and healthy. Those parts of a woman's body brought into use while running a sewing-machine are the most delicate and easiest disturbed of any which her organism contains. Even when these delicate portions of the human body have reached maturity they should be dealt with very gently. When immature and but partially developed they are easily made a complete wreck of, thus making of the ambitious young girl a life-long invalid.

Have I been explicit enough? Have I made the path straight before you? Will not your blooming little maiden thank me for the suggestion about the dolly? I think so. I love dearly to help little people and hope I may be enabled to assist you in caring for yours. Please do not try to have them "smart." It is so much better to

have them strong and happy. I remember a case which came under my own observation. Will you pardon the liberty I take in referring to it?

A proud, ambitious mother desired her little son to be just the brightest, smartest, most forward child in the whole United States, if it were possible. She very nearly succeeded, too, for when he was but six years old he read "Josephus" through. What do you think of that, my friend? And what do you think of his having an attack of fever, from which he recovered, it is true, but only to find that he was as helpless as an infant. He could neither talk, walk nor read. He had to be taught like a baby to take the very first step, and was obliged to learn his alphabet letter by letter. Where was the gain in this case? I saw this child when grown to manhood. He presented a very quiet, gentlemanly appearance, but he was nothing extraordinary, and his mother died just as he reached man's estate. So she realized but a meagre portion of her high hopes and aspirations. There is still another case I could describe for your benefit, but I rather think one is enough. Is it not?

Very glad shall I be if I have helped you any. I have not swerved one hair's-breadth from the truth in my explanations of plans or description of cases. Be sure to bring your troubles freely to me and I will assist you all I can and grieve that I cannot do more.

But you have a better Helper than I. He is always ready to listen; and, more than that—ready to help you. I know you will go to Him at all times and that my remarks on this subject are quite superfluous. Hoping a few rays of cheering light may radiate from this not over-brilliant epistle, and that thus I may be of some use to you in your need, I am as ever,

Your affectionate friend,

RUTH ARGYLE.

## Health Department.

### INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

THE National Temperance Society has published in a cheap pamphlet an address by Dr. James Muir Howie on "Stimulants and Narcotics." It is a warning in the name of Science against the use of all kinds of stimulants and narcotics, as sources of ultimate and inevitable exhaustion and disease. We make the following brief extract:

"If professional and business men, who have injured their health by using up an excessive amount of energy, could be got to understand that it is not tonics and stimulants which they require, but rest and fresh air, there would be saved to the community many useful lives which are now sacrificed through ignorance and prejudice.

"A certain dose either of alcohol or other stimulant may produce a stimulating effect upon one portion of the nervous system and a narcotic effect upon another portion in the same person at the same moment. This depends upon the difference of delicacy between one set of nerves and another. Some nerves are much more easily

stimulated, and are therefore much more quickly paralyzed than others. Why is it that the same quantity of brandy-and-water, which stays the appetite of a hungry man, makes him continue his work with greater ease than previously? The nerves of the stomach have been paralyzed, so that they cannot express the wants of that organ; but certain portions of the brain and spinal cord have been stimulated to a greater exhibition of energy. If the brandy-and-water had produced the same effect upon the brain and spinal cord that it has produced upon the nerves of the stomach, the man would have been reduced to a state of complete intoxication. The brain and spinal cord will, to a certain extent, suffer a sedative influence when the stimulant effect has passed off, so that unless the man gets his work accomplished before that time he will be compelled either to renew the stimulus or cease from further exertion. If, instead of the brandy, the man had taken food and rest, he would probably have been able to do double the amount of work with less exhaustion. I may here remark that a very small amount of alcohol would have the effect of increas-

ing the appetite by its stimulating effect upon the gastric nerves; but when the stimulating effect had died away, slight nerve paralysis would set in, and thus digestion would be seriously interfered with. Many an epicure is led to believe that alcohol materially aids his digestive organs, when in reality it merely exerts a narcotic influence upon the gastric nerves, and thus prevents him experiencing any dyspeptic inconvenience. The dyspepsia is not removed, it is merely disguised, and will at some future time break forth with uncontrollable severity.

"The comfort experienced by the worn-out merchant after his evening potation is the result of the combined stimulant and the narcotic effect of the alcohol imbibed. Those nerves which inform us that we have done enough of work, and make us feel uncomfortable so as to prevent us doing too much, are very quickly paralyzed by a small amount of alcohol. But the quantity which paralyzes such nerves is just sufficient to exert a stimulating influence upon certain portions of the brain; hence there follows both freedom from uneasiness and positive stimulation besides. When the merchant has been led to understand that his sherry and whisky-and-water deprive his nervous system of as much energy as a few hours' extra work, he will either give it up entirely, or, at all events, he will only drink it as a luxury and at such times as he can well spare the loss of nervous energy to which it gives rise. Those portions of the nervous system which convey to us the most delicate impressions are most easily paralyzed. Take, for example, the nerves which inform us, from looks, tones, accents and movements, what people are thinking about us. You notice a young man who goes out to an evening party among entire strangers. At first he feels very bashful and 'conscious' of himself. He cannot get himself into an easy posture. He doesn't know what to do with his hands; they seem such a burden, so awkward and so useless. He thinks everybody is looking at him, and he cannot think

of anything to say to anybody. How differently he feels after his second glass of wine. The 'conscious' feeling is banished; he is at ease with himself and all the world besides; and he gives forth his opinions with a boldness which is quite astonishing to those who have witnessed his embarrassment half an hour previously. He has no longer the notion that others are invidiously glancing at him. On the contrary, you may soon make a joke at his expense without his being able to detect that you are laughing at him. One portion of his nervous system has already become paralyzed, while other portions are as yet undergoing stimulation.

"When alcohol is indulged in to excess, even the least sensitive portions of the nervous system become more or less paralyzed; but a very moderate quantity disables a man from distinguishing with accuracy the modulations of sound; it diminishes his sensibility to light, and renders his sense of touch less accurate. All this may take place while he is at the same time bright and cheerful and showing no symptom whatever of having had 'a drop more than is good for him.' Every abstainer must have remarked the pointlessness of the jokes and the inane character of the general conversation which delights many moderate drinkers after dinner, even although they are men of considerable intelligence and attainments. And most literary and scientific men have noticed that they are unable to perform work requiring severe exactitude of detail after they have indulged to a very small extent in alcoholic liquor. I am informed by an eminent architect that whenever he takes a 'stimulant' to enable him to proceed with work which involves careful calculation he is invariably compelled to lay it aside. Again, although a little brandy-and-water will urge with fresh impetus the worn-out skater over the glistening plain of ice, he will find himself less able than previously to perform those wonderful feats of precision in which accomplished skaters so much delight."

## The Temperance Cause.

### INFLUENCE.

THE Temperance Association of Friends in Philadelphia have issued a series of excellent temperance tracts of from two to eight pages, for sale at their agency, No. 608 Arch Street. The following is one of the series:

It is not possible to estimate the force of example. Never in this world shall we know the influence we exert over each other. But we cannot think over cases like that of Lady MacDonald, wife of the Premier of Canada, without feeling grateful to that noble-minded woman for entering on the path of total abstinence, and thus making it easier for others to follow in her footsteps. She writes:

"I was myself led to give up wine-drinking after some reflection, suddenly at last, on Christmas Day, 1867. I had thought a good deal on the subject, but never made a decided resolution until this day, when at dinner with a large party.

The conversation turning on total abstinence, one of our guests—himself a strictly temperate man, holding high office in our country (then and now)—said that practically total abstinence was impossible for any one in society. I said, laughingly: 'What a dreadful statement! I quite differ from you.' He took me up warmly, and several joined in; all, without exception, agreeing with him in saying that the requirements of modern society were such that no one could be so singular as to become a teetotaler without being more or less ridiculous; and that the fatigues, excitement, and wear and tear of political society life especially made the use of wine—in great moderation, of course—absolutely a necessity. I entered the lists, scarcely knowing why, and declared I did not believe this theory. At last the question was pressed more closely. My friend who had begun it said that he did not believe even 'you, yourself, Lady MacDonald, could or would give up your glass of sherry at dinner.'

"I asked, why not? And he went over with great force and clearness all the specious and dangerous arguments that are urged in support of drinking wine in moderation, ending with the remark that in Sir John's public position my being a total abstainer would do him great harm politically. This seemed too monstrous, so I said (emptying my half-glass of sherry into the finger-glass as I did so): 'Well, I will try: henceforth I enter the ranks of the total abstainers, and drink to our success in water.' Since then, thank God, I have never found any necessity for wine. In health I can do my life's work without any aid from dangerous stimulants; in sickness I have invariably and positively refused to touch it.

"My life is a very busy one; I have sometimes, for weeks together, days of constant occupation, and nights almost all sitting up. Politics are exciting and fatiguing; and every temptation to try stimulants is to be found in the late nights of listening to anxious debates, and the constant necessity of being 'up to the mark' late and early. I have had a great deal of nursing to do with a delicate husband and child—and this often during our busiest 'society season,'—and yet I have never sought strength from wine at any single moment, and my health is far better than that of so many friends who 'take a glass of wine or a little beer just to give them a little strength.'

"Thus I give you my experience as far as it goes, to show that stimulant is not necessary in the station of life where it is unfortunately most commonly used. So far as mental and bodily fatigue goes, I have tested the possibility of doing

without stimulant to the fullest extent—in long, anxious hours over sick-beds, in sudden disaster, in long watchings and journeys where food was uninviting, and in many fatiguing and very uncongenial society claims.

"When I told my husband my decision, and that our friend had said that it would hurt his prospects politically, Sir John answered with a laugh: 'Oh! I will risk the prospects; you can be a total abstainer if you like.' My example can and ought to help many similarly situated. My husband's long public career and position, only second to that of the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, makes our family a prominent one in Canada."

It may be asked: "Has her example brought forth fruit?" In an American paper for September, 1881, we read the following fact:

"A lady of position was some time ago passing the summer at a fashionable watering-place, and there met at table Lady MacDonald. She was much surprised to find that she took no wine at any time, and at length asked: 'Do you not set out wine when you entertain the Marquis of Lorne?' '*Never*?' was the reply. 'But do you not feel that you must apologize?' 'Certainly not; wine is not a natural beverage, and should rather come in, than go out, with apology.' This answer decided the lady to give up her wine, concluding that what a British nobleman was not offended at, those in her own country ought not to be; and in her city home she soon took a leading part in the temperance cause."

## Housekeepers' Department.

### SAUCES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

**T**AKE a small saucepan (not an iron one, for iron is not suited to the purpose), melt an ounce of butter in it, draw the pan to one side and stir in three-quarters of an ounce of flour (remembering always that in making sauce we must take more butter than we do flour). Beat the mixture with the back of a wooden spoon until it is quite smooth. Sauce with lumps in it is objectionable and now is the time to dispose of the lumps. Then pour in, gradually, half a pint of cold water, stirring the sauce all the time and keep stirring it till it has boiled; add a little salt and pepper or a grate of nutmeg if liked; let the sauce boil for three minutes and it will be ready. The liquid should coat the spoon.

Sauce thus made is fairly good as it is. It would, however, be very considerably improved if a little cold butter were stirred into it off the fire just before it is served. The quantity of butter thus added at the last moment might vary according to the degree of richness required. It must be remembered, however, that the sauce should not boil after the cold butter is added and that it should be put in at the last minute. Many cooks break up the butter into small pieces in order to make it melt quickly.

Melted butter is the basis of a great many sauces and it is astonishing what variations may

be introduced into it. A little lemon-juice or white wine vinegar may be added to it, or a tablespoonful of cream may be stirred in at the moment of serving. The addition of the yolk of one egg will convert it into sauce blanche—excellent for serving with cauliflower. If two, or even three eggs are added with lemon-juice the sauce will be further improved. A dessertspoonful of washed and picked parsley, finely shred and thrown into melted butter, makes it into *maitre d'hotel* sauce, suitable for boiled mutton or new potatoes boiled. Or chopped fennel, blanched and chopped tarragon, pickled shrimps, anchovy essence, bruised capers, onion pulp, chopped onion, hard-boiled eggs, or gherkins finely minced, may be stirred in, and the melted butter will thus be converted into fennel, tarragon, shrimp, anchovy, caper, onion, egg, or a variety of *piquante* sauce. The addition of sugar and any desired flavoring will make it into sauce suitable for puddings. It must always be remembered that egg-yolk, cream and chopped parsley should not boil in the sauce—they should be stirred in at the last moment; also, that white onion sauce should be made with milk instead of water. In brown onion sauce the onions are browned before being used.

When sauce is to be served with meat or fish, stock made of the trimmings should be substituted for the water. When it is practicable it is always desirable to use even weak stock instead of



water, because it contains more nourishment. Of course, brown stock is taken for brown sauces, and white stock for white sauces. When stock is used it should be added very gradually. If hot stock were thrown in all at once the sauce would be lumpy. Skim milk is frequently used instead of white stock in making white sauce for economy's sake.

Dripping is occasionally used instead of butter in making sauce. If any one feels inclined to look scornful on hearing this, let it be remarked that for every culinary purpose good dripping is to be preferred to bad butter. You may make excellent sauce with pure dripping; it is not possible to make sauce that will even pass muster with rancid butter. A smaller quantity of dripping than butter should be used, however, or the flavor of the sauce will not be good. Excellent fish sauce may be made by adding lemon-juice, parsley and cream to melted butter. When cream is used less butter is needed.

Brown sauce and white sauce are very favorite preparations, suited for a variety of dishes. Brown sauce may be made as follows: Peel a shallot, or small onion; scrape half a moderate-sized carrot; remove the dark skin and dark stalk from three mushrooms; chop all finely. Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, sprinkle an ounce of flour into it and beat it to prevent it forming into lumps. Pour in gradually half a pint of brown stock, stirring all the time; then add the vegetables, a bay leaf and a sprig of thyme. Draw the pan back and let the sauce simmer for twenty minutes. Add pepper and salt and two tablespoonfuls of Harvey's sauce; strain and serve. If the vegetables are allowed to "sweat" in butter—that is, fry gently without discoloring—they will yield their flavor better.

The flavor of this brown sauce may be varied in accordance with not only the taste of the maker, but the contents of the store closet, care being taken always to make it suited to the meat it is to accompany. Thus a little celery may be substituted for the mushrooms and a slice of turnip may be added, or lemon-peel, parsley, or a bunch of sweet herbs may be introduced. A slice of lean ham is a valuable flavoring ingredient. Some cooks think that good brown sauce cannot be made without ham; and there is a story told of a cook who, having to prepare a little supper for a prince, ordered fifty hams, only one of which was to go to table—the rest were to be used in making sauces. Chopped pickle or chopped oysters will also give piquancy to a sauce. Essence of anchovy, too, is a valuable flavorer. A very small quantity, not enough to suggest its own taste, may be put into other than fish sauces, because anchovy possesses the property of bringing out other flavors.

White sauce is less frequently well made than brown sauce, but the following recipe will be found excellent: Prepare and chop small two ounces of lean ham; melt two ounces of butter in a stew-pan; throw in the ham and let it fry gently, not discolor. Sprinkle an ounce and a half of flour over and beat till smooth. Add gradually a pint of white stock, two small carrots, and six button mushrooms; stir the sauce till it boils; draw the pan back and simmer gently till thick. Remove the fat from the sauce as it rises, strain it through a "tammy," and add last of all a gill of cream and a few drops of lemon-juice.

Superior sauces are best made perfectly smooth by being passed through a "tammy," or loose cloth especially manufactured for the purpose. The cloth should be laid over a basin and the sauce poured upon it. The cloth should then be folded over to hold the sauce securely; one person should take it up at one end and another at the opposite end, and then the two operators should twist their ends different ways so as to squeeze the liquid through. The cream may be added afterward.

White sauce is frequently used to coat fowls, etc., that is, it is made very thick and then laid gently over to cover the meat entirely. Sauce to be used thus should be stiff, so that it will not run off the meat; therefore it is made either with stock that is so strong that it jellies when cold, or with stock in which a little gelatine has been dissolved.

Plain white sauce may be made with some of the liquor in which fowls or rabbits have been boiled, if a little carrot and onion, three or four peppercorns, and a small piece of mace or lemon-peel be simmered in it till it is pleasantly flavored. It should then be strained, skimmed, reduced—that is, boiled down quickly till the required quantity only remains—thickened and mixed with cream. Sauce is made stronger and better by being well reduced. If you want to have good sauces, reduce them well.

Bread sauce is a very great favorite in English homes. To make it prepare about an ounce and a half of bread-crumbs by rubbing stale bread through a wire sieve. Put these in a stew-pan with half a pint of milk; add a little salt and five or six peppercorns. Let the crumbs soak for a few minutes only; then put the stew-pan on the fire and stir the sauce till it boils. Remove the peppercorns, add a tablespoonful of cream and serve. If liked, a small onion can be boiled with the bread-crumbs and removed with the peppercorns. Many people would consider it a great improvement. For variety's sake a little nutmeg may be added to the sauce. When the sauce is wanted very good the crumbs and onion, after being boiled in the milk, may be rubbed through a hair sieve.

One more suggestion: It is that when delicately prepared sauces have to be kept hot for awhile they should not be left to simmer in the saucepan, as this would spoil them, but that, instead, the vessel in which they are should be placed in another containing hot water to the depth of four or five inches. It may be put by the side of the fire, and here the sauce can be kept hot till wanted without fear of its flavor being injured by overheating.

**ICING PASTRY.**—When nearly baked enough, take the pastry out of the oven and sift finely powdered sugar over it; replace it in the oven and hold over it, until the sugar is melted, a hot iron shovel. The above method is preferred for pastry to be eaten hot. For cold, beat up the whites of two eggs well, wash over the tops of the pies with a brush, and sift over this a good coating of sugar. Cause it to adhere to the egg and pie-crust: trundle over it a clean brush dipped in water till the sugar is all moistened. Bake again for about ten minutes.

## Art at Home.

### DECORATED MIRRORS.

**T**HE fashionable looking-glass is now perfectly square, one side measuring about a yard. The glass is heavy, with a beveled edge raising it above the frame, whereas, until recently, the former was sunk within the latter. The frame itself is generally about one-eighth of a yard in width and is never gilded, old-time glitter having apparently disappeared from this as well as from most other articles of furniture. Sometimes it is of flat, solid ebony, but more often of plain wood covered with a background of paint and decorated in oil colors.

Such a square mirror is hung by one corner, the opposite or lowest angle forming the basis of decoration. Across this, upon both pieces of the frame and continuously upon the glass between, may be painted a spray or garland of roses, a waving bunch of grasses, several fronds of feathery fern, shells, corals, mosses, or anything desired by the artist. The two upper pieces of the frame, converging to the point by which the looking-glass is hung, are also decorated to correspond with the lower corner, but usually less elaborately. For instance, below may be a large cluster of full-blown lilies, above, smaller bunches of leaves and buds.

Sometimes the frame is first covered with plush or velvet, as a background for the painting. Canvas is also employed, but less extensively. The oil-colors may be put on heavily and roughly, as effect is required rather than delicacy of manipulation. A mirror usually hangs high, or in such a position as not to receive much careful examination. For this same reason, large, showy flowers, such as roses, peonies and sunflowers, are better for models than finer ones, like violets, forget-me-nots and lilies-of-the-valley. Autumn leaves and peacock feathers are favorite designs. When a mirror is decorated in oils, part of the ornamentation nearly always extends over the glass. To draw on glass, use a lithographic pencil. The outline can afterward be filled in with paint.

Often the velvet or plush foundation is embroidered in floss and crewels instead of painted. Any lady skilled in art needlework can easily decorate her own mirrors, and see her face framed in a wreath of wild roses, apple-blossoms, or daisies. In fact, the new style of bordering sug-

gests wonderful possibilities to any one possessed of taste.

Take an old looking-glass out of its shabby frame of tarnished gilt or cracked veneer. Get the glazier to cut it square and the carpenter to make a new setting of plain, uncolored pine—or perhaps the young men of a family can do this for themselves—then let the home-artist smear the wood with common black paint, upon which, when dry, he or she may imitate the floral beauties of the woods or garden. Or, unearth the half-forgotten splendor of the now unfashionable garnet velvet bonnet, or the partially worn arm-chair, and fit their pieces so as to cover the unsightly pine, giving them new lease of life with a counterfeited vine of morning-glories upon their blushing surface. Or, if one can do nothing better, thickly cover the foundation with real moss, pine-cones, autumn leaves, ferns or peacock-feathers. Have something pretty, striking and uncommon.

### SHADING A STORK.

**T**HE editor of the *Art-Interchange* gives these directions for shading a stork: Bill should be worked in fine yellow, ridge and tip shaded with brown; forehead, black, tinged with blue and green reflections; crown, the feathers lengthen into a long, narrow crest; filaments and stripe down back, chestnut color; sides of head, rich, reddish brown, a line of which color extends down neck; neck, the upper part is white shaded off into the brown of the side; chin and throat, may be white or very pale buff; middle, maroon and slate gray, long feathers, red-brown shaded into yellow; wings, gray, the long feathers maroon. This design would look best on a very dark olive green ground, dark olive serge cloth would serve for material, and the design may be worked either in silks or in ordinary crewel wools. If rushes or grasses are introduced, use shades of green, shades of olive, and brown tints worked into the more faded reeds. If water or hills are desired, trace in with green. The bullrush flowers should be worked with shades varying from dark brown to yellow. Silks are more suited to the working of herons or storks than wools, as they render more nearly the brilliant yet soft coloring of the birds. If wools are used they should be lightened with silk.

## Fancy Needlework.

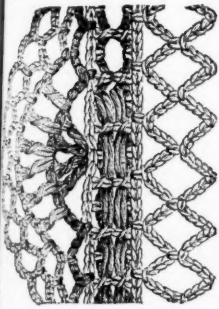
### DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

**NOS. 1 AND 3.—WORK-BASKET WITH CROCHET DRAPE.**—The basket is of brown wicker; it measures eighteen inches in length and six inches in breadth; it is lined with red satin. The crochet drape which ornaments the sides is shown in No. 1; it is worked with Andalusian

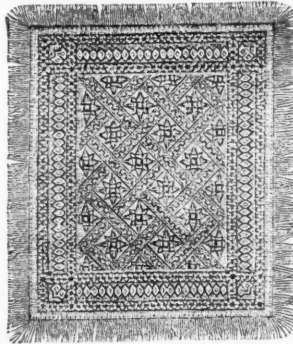
wool of three shades of olive. With the darkest shade of wool make a chain of nine inches long, this allows an inch for taking up in working.

**1ST Row:** With the lightest shade, one double into a stitch, one chain, pass over one stitch, one half treble into the next, one chain, pass over one stitch and repeat.

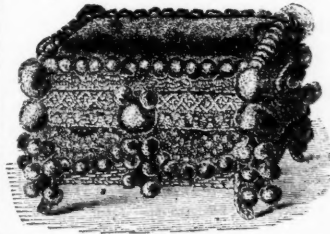
**2D Row:** One double into one chain of last



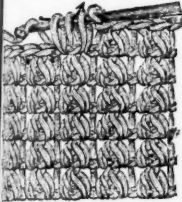
NO. 1.—CROCHET DRAPE FOR NO. 6.



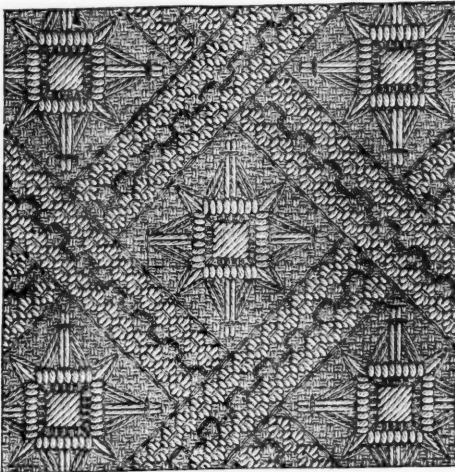
NO. 2.—ANTIMACASSAR.



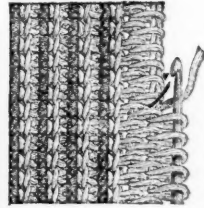
NO. 3.—WORKBASKET WITH CROCHET DRAPE.



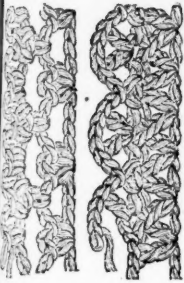
NO. 4.—DETAIL OF PETTICOAT.



NO. 5.—DESIGN FOR NO. 3.



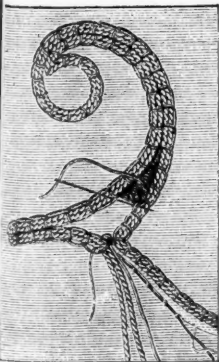
NO. 6.—DETAIL OF BORDER OF PETTICOAT.



NO. 6 AND 7.—DESIGNS FOR EDGING OF PETTICOAT.



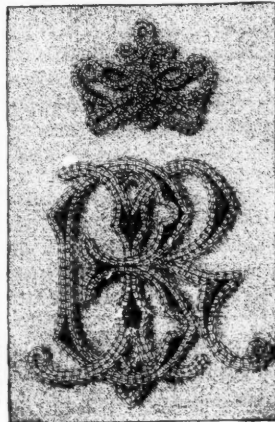
NO. 8.—CHILD'S PETTICOAT CROCHET AND KNITTED.



NO. 10.—DETAIL OF MONOGRAM (NO. 12).



NO. 11.—TABLE WITH EMBROIDERED TOP.



NO. 12.—MONOGRAM, EMBROIDERED.

row, seven chain, pass over four stitches and repeat.

3d Row: One double into fourth of seven chain, seven chain. Repeat.

4th Row: One double under eight chain, four chain. Repeat.

With the darkest wool, on the other side of first chain, work

1ST Row: One double into the chain the half treble was worked into, four chain, pass over four stitches. Repeat.

2D Row: With the lightest shade work one treble over the double of last row into the half treble of first row on the other side of chain of dark wool, one chain, pass over one stitch, one double into the next, one chain, pass over one stitch, and repeat.

3D Row: With the darkest shade, one double under one chain, five chain, pass over four stitches, one double under the next, four chain, pass over five stitches, four trebles each separated by one chain into the next, four chain, pass over five stitches, one double under the next, \* five chain, pass over four stitches, one double under the next, repeat from \* twice more, then repeat from the beginning of the row.

4TH Row: One double under five chain, two chain, pass over five stitches, one treble into the next, two chain, pass over one stitch, one treble into the next, two chain, pass over one stitch, one treble into the next, two chain, one treble into the same stitch, \* two chain, pass over one stitch, one treble into the next, repeat from \* once more, three chain, pass over five stitches, one double into the next, \* five chain, pass over four stitches, repeat from the last \* twice more.

5TH Row: One double under two chain, four chain, repeat from \* six times more, one double under next two chain, \* four chain, one double under five chain, repeat from last \* twice more.

6TH Row: One double under first four chain, five chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

Lengths of red wool are run in and out the trebles above the scallops. The drape is sewn to the basket with a needle and wool; it is ornamented with balls of wool of all the shades combined. The circles of card for the large balls should be about the size of a half dollar, for the smaller ones the size of a quarter dollar. The lid is covered with olive plush, and is ornamented with a border of balls.

NOS. 2 AND 8.—TIDY.—The foundation of this tidy, or antimacassar, is Java canvas; it measures twenty inches in length and seventeen in breadth, without the fringe, which measures two inches in depth, and is made by drawing out threads of the canvas; the embroidery is worked in long-stitches with two shades each of red and olive. The design for the embroidery is shown in No. 8; the stars are in red, and the stripes in olive.

No. 3.—See No. 1.

NOS. 4 TO 7 AND 9.—CHILD'S PETTICOAT: CROCHET AND TRICOT.—Materials required: 6 oz. white and 3 oz. blue Berlin wool, and a bone hook. Cut a paper pattern of the size required, and place the work on it from time to time to see when decrease is necessary. Each gore is worked separately, and all are joined together by a needle and wool. The border is also worked separately, and is sewn to the petticoat.

Commence the gores by working a chain the length of the bottom of gore. Work in the crochet pattern shown in No. 4 as follows: Draw up a loop through a stitch, pass the wool over the hook, draw up a loop through the next stitch, draw through two first loops on the hook then through the two next loops, one chain, repeat, break off the wool at the end of the row, and

always commence at the same side; when decrease is necessary, pass over one cluster of stitches at the beginning of the row.

For the border shown in No. 5, which is worked in crochet and tricot, the shortest way; make a chain of twenty-four stitches.

1ST Row: White wool, one double into each stitch.

2D Row: With blue wool, one double into the back horizontal loop of each stitch.

3D Row: With white wool, like the second, carry the white wool at the back of the work, and work over it into the stitches; these two last rows are repeated alternately until you have worked four raised ribs.

For the tricot stripe with the blue wool:

1ST Row: Draw up a loop through each of the twenty-four stitches, work off in the ordinary way.

2D Row: Draw up a loop between each of the stitches of last row, and to prevent a decrease in the number draw up a loop through the back perpendicular loop of the last stitch, work off in the ordinary way; this last row is repeated twice more, then repeat from the second row of double stitches until you have worked the length required to go round the petticoat, join around, and sew to the bottom.

For the edging, either of the designs shown in Nos. 6 and 7 may be used; work with the blue wool into the border.

For No. 6:

1ST Row: Two doubles separated by one chain into edge of border, three chain, pass over three stitches and repeat.

2D Row: One double under three chain, four chain. Repeat.

3D Row: One double under four chain, three chain, two doubles under same four chain, three chain, one double under same four chain. Repeat.

For No. 7:

1ST Row: One cross treble, one chain, one treble into the last stitch the cross treble was worked into, pass over one stitch, one treble into the next, one chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

2D Row: Two trebles separated by three chain under the chain in the centre of cross treble, one chain, one double into the top of each of the two next trebles, keep the top loop of each on the hook, and draw through both together, one chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

For the band, work three rows of one double into each stitch at the top of gores.

No. 8.—See No. 2.

No. 9.—See No. 4.

NOS. 10 AND 12.—MONOGRAM: EMBROIDERY.—This monogram is suitable to be worked on table-covers, cushions, etc.; it is in gold thread and gold-colored embroidery silk. The detail of sewing on the cord and working the satin stitch is shown in No. 10.

No. 11.—TABLE, WITH EMBROIDERED TOP.—This illustration shows one of the newest styles of tables; it is of walnut, the top is covered with embroidered plush, and the bottom with plain plush; the fringe is of crewel of various shades and colors; the colors of the plush and fringe must, of course, be chosen to suit the furniture of the room in which the table is to be placed.

No. 12.—See No. 10.



## The Season.

### THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

THERE are many sunny glimpses and bits of the picturesque to be met with in our journey through life, dear reader—don't you think so?

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There never was a good deed flung noiselessly upon the ebbing wave of time but what scented the air around with its fragrance, and returned rosily to the doer at some future flowing-in of the tide. If you practice the amenities to those of adult age, dear reader, you shall do well. You shall do better still if you extend your graciousness to little children.

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When we wrap ourselves in our dignity, we may become objects of wonder and of awe to youthful minds; but we shall fail to win either their reverence or their love.

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group that will gather on such occasions and stand in rapt wonder about your knees.

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The seven league boots and the coat of invisibility have a real existence in their imagination. The wonderful achievements of the little hero delight them beyond measure; and with what shouts of rapturous rejoicing they clap their tiny hands when the valiant Jack severs the bean-stalk with his hatchet, and the huge giant comes toppling down headlong, and stretches his great length, prone and motionless, upon the earth.

When you tell them the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, how absolutely breathless is the interest you excite! Look, how the little mouth partly opens, and the eyes become fixed, and the countenance changes to an expression of fear or sorrow or intense joy as the marvelous tale progresses.

But the tale is not marvelous to them. They believe it all. They would not thank you to tell them that Aladdin never existed. They see him in his youthful poverty. They are eye-witnesses of his meeting with the Dervish. They go down with him into the cavern, and pluck with him the many colored fruit-jewels of the tree. When the mouth of the cavern closes over Aladdin, it shuts them in also. When he rubs the lamp in his despair, they see the genius of the lamp rise out of the ground at their feet. They are among the spectators at the wedding of Aladdin with the Princess, and take an especial delight in the gorgeousness of the ceremony.

Quickly as his magnificent palace rose in the night, they saw it grow and expand from the foundation stone to the pinnacle of the dome, with all its glorious ornaments, its rich gilding, and its vivid colors.

Their keen eyes detect the character of the disguised magician who goes about selling new lamps for old; and their hearts beat with rapid throbs as the simple wife of Aladdin exchanges his wonderful talisman for a common household vessel.

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1st Row: One double into the chain the half treble was worked into, four chain, pass over four stitches. Repeat.

2d Row: With the lightest shade work one treble over the double of last row into the half treble of first row on the other side of chain of dark wool, one chain, pass over one stitch, one double into the next, one chain, pass over one stitch, and repeat.

3d Row: With the darkest shade, one double under one chain, five chain, pass over four stitches, one double under the next, four chain, pass over five stitches, four trebles each separated by one chain into the next, four chain, pass over five stitches, one double under the next, \* five chain, pass over four stitches, one double under the next, repeat from \* twice more, then repeat from the beginning of the row.

4th Row: One double under five chain, two chain, pass over five stitches, one treble into the next, two chain, pass over one stitch, one treble into the next, two chain, pass over one stitch, one treble into the next, two chain, one treble into the same stitch, \* two chain, pass over one stitch, one treble into the next, repeat from \* once more, three chain, pass over five stitches, one double into the next, \* five chain, pass over four stitches, repeat from the last \* twice more.

5th Row: One double under two chain, four chain, repeat from \* six times more, one double under next two chain, \* four chain, one double under five chain, repeat from last \* twice more.

6th Row: One double under first four chain, five chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

Lengths of red wool are run in and out the trebles above the scallops. The drape is sewn to the basket with a needle and wool; it is ornamented with balls of wool of all the shades combined. The circles of card for the large balls should be about the size of a half dollar, for the smaller ones the size of a quarter dollar. The lid is covered with olive plush, and is ornamented with a border of balls.

Nos. 2 and 8.—TIDY.—The foundation of this tidy, or antimacassar, is Java canvas; it measures twenty inches in length and seventeen in breadth, without the fringe, which measures two inches in depth, and is made by drawing out threads of the canvas; the embroidery is worked in long-stitches with two shades each of red and olive. The design for the embroidery is shown in No. 8; the stars are in red, and the stripes in olive.

No. 3.—See No. 1.

Nos. 4 to 7 and 9.—CHILD'S PETTICOAT: CROCHET AND TRICOT.—Materials required: 6 oz. white and 3 oz. blue Berlin wool, and a bone hook. Cut a paper pattern of the size required, and place the work on it from time to time to see when decrease is necessary. Each gore is worked separately, and all are joined together by a needle and wool. The border is also worked separately, and is sewn to the petticoat.

Commence the gores by working a chain the length of the bottom of gore. Work in the crochet pattern shown in No. 4 as follows: Draw up a loop through a stitch, pass the wool over the hook, draw up a loop through the next stitch, draw through two first loops on the hook, then through the two next loops, one chain, repeat, break off the wool at the end of the row, and

always commence at the same side; when decrease is necessary, pass over one cluster of stitches at the beginning of the row.

For the border shown in No. 5, which is worked in crochet and tricot, the shortest way; make a chain of twenty-four stitches.

1st Row: White wool, one double into each stitch.

2d Row: With blue wool, one double into the back horizontal loop of each stitch.

3d Row: With white wool, like the second, carry the white wool at the back of the work, and work over it into the stitches; these two last rows are repeated alternately until you have worked four raised ribs.

For the tricot stripe with the blue wool:

1st Row: Draw up a loop through each of the twenty-four stitches, work off in the ordinary way.

2d Row: Draw up a loop between each of the stitches of last row, and to prevent a decrease in the number draw up a loop through the back perpendicular loop of the last stitch, work off in the ordinary way; this last row is repeated twice more, then repeat from the second row of double stitches until you have worked the length required to go round the petticoat, join around, and sew to the bottom.

For the edging, either of the designs shown in Nos. 6 and 7 may be used; work with the blue wool into the border.

For No. 6:

1st Row: Two doubles separated by one chain into edge of border, three chain, pass over three stitches and repeat.

2d Row: One double under three chain, four chain. Repeat.

3d Row: One double under four chain, three chain, two doubles under same four chain, three chain, one double under same four chain. Repeat.

For No. 7:

1st Row: One cross treble, one chain, one treble into the last stitch the cross treble was worked into, pass over one stitch, one treble into the next, one chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

2d Row: Two trebles separated by three chain under the chain in the centre of cross treble, one chain, one double into the top of each of the two next trebles, keep the top loop of each on the hook, and draw through both together, one chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

For the band, work three rows of one double into each stitch at the top of gores.

No. 8.—See No. 2.

No. 9.—See No. 4.

Nos. 10 and 12.—MONOGRAM: EMBROIDERY.—This monogram is suitable to be worked on table-covers, cushions, etc.; it is in gold thread and gold-colored embroidery silk. The detail of sewing on the cord and working the satin stitch is shown in No. 10.

No. 11.—TABLE, WITH EMBROIDERED TOP.—This illustration shows one of the newest styles of tables; it is of walnut, the top is covered with embroidered plush, and the bottom with plain plush; the fringe is of crewel of various shades and colors; the colors of the plush and fringe must, of course, be chosen to suit the furniture of the room in which the table is to be placed.

No. 12.—See No. 10.

## The Season.

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home with a sort of dreamy bewilderment, followed by a deep-drawn sigh.

But not alone has a child faith in those wonderfully-written stories, which from the time of Saxon Alfred have made a willing prisoner of the ear, and plumed the rapt fancy of the young mind for excursive flights into an ideal world.

He believes as readily in the oral traditions which have descended from father to son through many centuries; and though the tricky fairies that once fed on honey-dew and rocked themselves to sleep in the chalices of flowers, or danced gay dances in circles upon the green sward—circles made darker by the pressure of their tiny feet—have strangely disappeared from the sophisticated eyes of modern people, the child still throws himself back into the mediæval ages, and, dwelling with the cotter at his rude fireside, admits no shadowy doubts to destroy the perfection of the delicious vision.

For him, too, even now, in his tender years, Santa Claus is a real presence. Has he not seen him delineated in pictures, stepping down a chimney, bearing on his back that astonishing variety of toys and confections, with part of which he benevolently fills the stockings of all good children somewhere between the closing-in of Christmas Eve and the morning of that day which commemorates the birth of the Saviour of mankind? And so, even to this day, little children hang up their stockings over the fire-place, not doubting to

find them supplied with good things in some mysterious manner when they rise at break of day, and slip down-stairs, with beating hearts, to seize on the treasure which has come to them while they slept. And do not some of them, that have bold spirits, peep cautiously up the chimney before they retire to rest, to see if Santa Claus is already there; while others gaze at the pendant stockings long and earnestly, hoping to behold them in the act of being filled with their choice contents by invisible hands.

And the father and mother look gravely on with only a slight curve of their lips and a mutual glancing of eyes. Good Aunt Margaret, holding the lump in one hand and the youngest child by the other, coaxes the children to come to bed, telling them that Santa Claus is a timid gentleman, who loves to bestow his favors in secret, and will not make his appearance while there are any youthful eyes watching for his coming.

And now, dear reader, let us remember in this season of festivity that the poor, also, are in some sort children—children of a celestial Father; that many of them hang their empty wallets over a darkened hearth and go to sleep in humble and pious trust, believing that in some mysterious and unknown manner humanity will come, like the Santa Claus of the little children, and gladden their eyes and strengthen their faith by its well-timed gifts.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

EVERY now and then, of late, we have heard predictions that costumes composed of more than one material were going out of fashion, but every "opening" shows that this prophecy is a false one. The newest dresses imported from Paris number among them suits of three, even four different fabrics. A stylish costume of the latter order may have vest and front breadth of, say, a figured silk, of dark ground, with a few dashes of bright color; a polonaise of cashmere, of the same shade as the ground of the brocade; collar, cuffs and pockets of plush, matching in hue the figures in the ornamental silk; and side-breadths and flounce of plain silk, either of the same shade as the cashmere and brocade ground, or of a contrasting one. If tastefully done almost any materials may be combined together. If a lady has but a yard or two of rich material of any kind, she can make it do duty as the foundation or chief accessory of an elegant costume. The given material may be plush, velvet, satin, brocade or what not, and may take the form of vest, plastron, collar, cuffs, pockets, front-breadth, side-panels in the skirt. To finish the suit she may use any plain material which will at all correspond.

But, while elegance seems on the extreme this season, so also does simplicity. Plain cloth tailor-made suits seem almost masculine in their severity, with untrimmed skirts and close-fitting jackets. With such costumes only plain linen collars and cuffs, caught with simple gold studs, are allowable,

fancy lingerie and bright ribbons being considered out of place. Other cloth and cashmere suits are sparingly ornamented with kilt-pleatings and lengthwise tucks, with or without silver buttons or soutache embroidery. The latter is composed of rows of old-fashioned, narrow braid, filled in here and there with silk stitches. Some of the handsomest silks and velvets are made up in these plain styles, imitating costumes of simple woolen goods.

New dresses, whether for day or evening, have short skirts—shorter than ever. A few trains are shown in some of the Worth dresses. A novelty is a train turned up to show a contrasting lining of plush. The necks of full-dress evening costumes are less low than formerly. Even for very young girls the throat is filled in with illusion.

In neckwear, we notice especially the velvet collar, either black or of some bright hue. Some ladies allow it to rest against the skin, unrelieved by white—but this is becoming to but few. Another novelty is a scarf of white or colored crape, or of tulle, wound several times around the neck or disposed in graceful puffs and caught with pearl or silver pins. The dog-collar of black velvet holding a locket or brooch is still worn. Clusters of artificial flowers at the neck are entirely out of favor. Of course, nothing can supersede real lace or plain linen. Linen collars are often fastened with a gentleman's stud or a gold initial, instead of a regular breast-pin. Sometimes they are caught with a ribbon bow which is often composed of loops of several different colors.



The Russian redingote resembles a long, close-fitting wrapper or polonaise without loopings. It reaches to the hem of the dress, almost concealing it. The redingote is made of cloth of any of the shades of plum, olive, brown or dark-blue. It fastens only from the neck to the waist, falling open in front to display the dress. It is bordered all around the hem, neck, sleeves and up and down

the front with full ruchings of the cloth pinked out on the edges.

Alpaca both black and colored is revived for costumes. In England it is even made up for full dress.

Hats, gloves, etc., remain much as they were a month ago. Probably there will be no marked change before New Year.

## Pleasant Varieties.

A PERSON once said to a father, whose son was noted for laziness, that he thought his son was very much afraid of work. "Afraid of work!" replied the father; "not at all: he will lie down and go to sleep close by the side of it."

"MADAME DE GENLIS," says somebody, "reproved her librarian for putting books written by male and female authors upon the same shelf. 'Never do it,' said she, 'without placing a prayer-book between them.'"

AN Irishwoman called at the grocer's the other day and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured out, and she put it into a gallon jug. She then asked for another quart to be put in the same vessel. "And why not ask for half a gallon and done with it?" said the grocer. "Oh! bless your little bit of a soul," answered she, "it's for two persons."

"MAMMA," said a child, "my Sunday-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a little while, that we may prepare for a better world—but, mother, I do not see anybody preparing. I see you preparing to go to see the country—and Aunt Eliza preparing

to come here. But I don't see any one preparing to go to Heaven. If everybody wants to go there, why don't they try to get ready?"

A GOODLY parson complained to an elderly lady of his congregation that her daughter appeared to be wholly taken up with trifles and worldly finery, instead of fixing her mind on things above. "You are certainly mistaken, sir," said she. "I know that the girl appears to an observer to be taken up with worldly things, but you cannot judge correctly of the direction her mind really takes, as she is a little cross-eyed."

A LADY was lately waited on by a poor woman who lived in the neighborhood, and who solicited charity, urging that she had named her child after the lady. "I had understood that the little one was a boy," said the lady. "So it is," said the other. "Certainly, then, you could not have given it my name." "I know it," said the other; "but your name is Augusta, and I named my boy Augustus, which is so near it that I thought you would give me a new frock for him: and I will do without the apron on account of the difference in the last syllable."

## Notes and Comments.

### Looking to the New Year.

WITH this number we send you the season's compliments, good-will and congratulations. It will be the last visit we shall make, through our Magazine, to your home this year, and it will rest with you whether or not we shall be welcomed as a guest during the coming year. If you open the door for us and repeat the invitation that has given us a place at your fireside for one, two, ten, or it may be twenty years, we shall be well pleased to accept the favor and will do all that lies in our power to make our visit so pleasant, profitable and entertaining to every member of your household that none will regret that the invitation was renewed.

We are making arrangements for still further increasing the value, beauty and interest of our magazine, and shall add many new features during the next year, both literary and artistic.

Among these will be a larger devotion of space

to home decoration, art-needlework and the various branches of household art and home occupations which may be made both pleasant and remunerative. This special department will be under the care and direction of a person in full sympathy with the new developments in taste and art-culture which are doing so much to render our homes more beautiful, and to furnish light and agreeable employment for hands which might else lie comparatively idle.

We are also making arrangements to establish a purchasing department in connection with our magazine, through which ladies residing at a distance from the city may be able to secure the services of a person of good taste and judgment in the selection and forwarding by mail or express any articles they may wish to obtain, such as wearing apparel, goods for household use and decoration, art materials, whether for painting, drawing or fancy needlework, etc. In our January number will be given full particulars in

regard to this new department through which supplies of useful, fancy and decorative articles of the best quality may be obtained at a moderate cost.

We also propose, in connection with our needlework department, to supply the material for working any of the various patterns illustrated. Of this more will be said in our January number.

This opening number for the new year will be the most attractive and beautiful that we have ever issued. Its illustrations will be of a high order and compare favorably with those of any magazine published.

In a word, we shall add to our magazine every element of interest and value required for making it not only a welcome visitor, but one almost indispensable to every intelligent, progressive and cultivated household in the land.

### Some Noted Plants.

EDITOR HOME MAGAZINE: Horticultural Hall, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, boasts of one of the finest collections of plants in the world. The palm-trees and ferns, in number and variety, are excelled by none in this country.

Most of our readers saw the magnificent glass palace during the Centennial. It is one of the few buildings which remain as they were. This differs from what it was then chiefly in containing much better specimens of vegetable productions and in being surrounded by improved grounds. The general form of the vast conservatory, with its splendid centre hall and four large wings, is familiar to every one.

The main greenhouse is occupied by palms and other tropical trees and shrubs, arranged to form an immense grove, actually planted in soil. Here they live and thrive, some attaining so great a height as almost to reach the crystal dome. A gigantic bamboo, the great grass of the Torrid Zone, seems ambitious to touch the skylights. Here may be seen the date, the sago, the fan, the cabbage, the wine—in short, almost every known variety of palm; the mahogany, the banana, the India rubber, the tamarind, the logwood, the cinnamon, the pepper, and countless other valuable trees, all growing as freely and beautifully as though in their native country.

The coffee-plant bears red berries, while the tea, in leaves and blossoms, resembles the better-known camelia. The traveler's tree suggests a gigantic caladium, or elephant's-ear, with huge leaves, whose immense stalks join together near the ground, and contain within their hollows an abundant supply of pure water. This is one of the most famous of tropical plants. Yuccas, aloes and century-plants are varieties of the great lily family, though they are better known to us by their leaves than their flowers. In appearance, the pine-apple plants are not very different. Bread-fruits, guavas and chocolates are valuable food-producers; betel-nut, quinine and palm-oil recall medical and other uses. A small variety of the banyan shows the manner in which this wonderful tree throws down roots from its branches, which, in time, increase until a large grove is produced

from the parent plant. The notorious upas-tree has long been considered the most poisonous of all plants; but, like some people, it has a worse reputation than it really deserves. Among the sago-palms is one more than a hundred years old, which once belonged to Robert Morris.

The pitcher-plant is another famous vegetable water-cooler. It does not attain a very great height, and its leaves are broad, simple blades, about the size and shape of those of the common iris, or flag. But the curious appendage at the end of each attracts every visitor's attention. It is a perfect pitcher, without a handle and provided with a lid, holding from a spoonful to a quart of water; in texture, the vessel is very fine and delicate, pale lemon in color, veined with scarlet. These pitchers are not flowers, nor has it ever been decided what they are.

Blooming plants, within the hall, are at present comparatively few, and of these the majority are exceedingly brilliant in color. But of all flowers, the most wonderful is an orchid, seldom before seen in these latitudes. It is no less than the famous Flower of the Holy Ghost, or sacred blossom of Mexico and Central America. In general appearance it resembles other orchids in that it has grassy, sheathing leaves, jointed stem, and spike of lily-like blooms. Of this, the plaited, net-veined leaves are about two feet in length and three inches in width; the stem, nearly half an inch in diameter, is almost a yard in height; and the blossoms, twelve or fifteen in number, are the size of a half-dollar. The flower is very fragrant. All its petals, except one odd one, unite to form a vaulted arch, while the odd one turns downward, to display a beautiful dove nestling beneath the canopy. The bird's head, beak, neck and breast are perfect in shape, and from its sides spreads its tiny wings. The whole flower is pure white, except the wings, which are spotted with deep crimson. From the time of the Spanish Conquest this plant, with its blossom, has been revered even to superstition. An inhabitant of its native region believes that, if plucked with a prayer, the flower will bring a blessing to its wearer; but, in a spirit of frivolity, a curse.

The fern-house contains about three hundred species of ferns from all lands. A great part of the space is taken up with gigantic tree-ferns, mostly from Australia and New Zealand. The leaves of some of these measure several feet in length and width. Many of the smaller ferns are equally curious, especially the stag's-horn fern, whose fronds resemble branched antlers; the bird's-nest fern, which grows in such a manner that its leaves stand in a perfect circle, leaving a nest-like hollow in the centre; and a peculiar fern throwing out little, rooting plants from the surface of its frond. The New Zealand filmy-fern and the Killarney Lake fern are as fine and delicate as mosses. Some of the lycopodiums and climbing-ferns are marvels of loveliness. Gold and silver ferns are sprinkled with yellow and white dust. Innumerable varieties of maiden-hair are too beautiful to be described.

In the fern-house, though not a fern, is another celebrated plant, known as Venus's fly-trap. It is small and insignificant in appearance, but it has attracted a great deal of attention from scientists on account of the fact that it is actually a carnivorous, or meat-eating plant. At the end of

each little, grassy leaf is a curious appendage or trap. This consists of two leaves edged with a fringe of bristles, suddenly closing upon an unwary insect, which the savage plant at once proceeds to digest. The fly-trap is a native of the bogs of South Carolina.

The grounds around the Hall may well afford study for several days, even weeks. But, even in a hasty examination of the wonderful beauties of this part of the Park, one should not go away without seeing, in the tanks, three famous plants of antiquity. These are no less than the Egyptian lotus, the East Indian lotus, and the papyrus, or paper-reed of antiquity. The two former are large, showy water-lilies, closely resembling each other and varying in hue from a deep pink to blue and pinkish-white. While they are very beautiful, they are far inferior in loveliness, delicacy and fragrance to our native pond-lily.

The foregoing is little more than a passing allusion to some of the more curious and noted plants in this splendid collection. It is really a botanic garden, rapidly advancing toward perfection, in which earnest seekers for knowledge from all parts of the country, the world even, can study the beautiful science of botany from living plants, and in which all can find something to observe, admire and remember.

October 2d, 1882. MARGARET B. HARVEY.

### The Yule-Log.

THE Yule-log, which once formed so important a feature in the celebration of a genuine English Christmas, is an "institution," as we Americans would say, which dates back to the old Saxon time and derives its name from the Anglo-Saxon word "Goule" or "Gouil," signifying a feast or holiday.

The Yule-log consisted of a huge section of the trunk of an ash or hickory (sometimes an oak) tree. It was usually selected and cut the day preceding Christmas and the hauling of it home was made the occasion of much happy rejoicing and sport. The log was first decorated with branches of mistletoe and garlands of flowers, and not unfrequently with gay ribbons. A long and strong rope was firmly attached to it and all hands, men, women and children, took hold and hauled it home over the frozen ground, the happy toilers singing the while Christmas carols and anthems as they drew the log home.

In the beautiful picture which is given in this number we see a playful imitation of the old custom. A Yule-log has been hauled to the front door of the happy home. The bright little darlings of the household are seated upon the famous log, while the happy mother stands by and holds the little ones upon it preparatory to its being conveyed to the great fire-place in the dining-hall or kitchen.

The Yule-log formed the base of the great, roaring fire in the huge fire-place which was kindled on Christmas Eve and kept alive all that night and Christmas Day. All the family, even to the youngest, and the family servants and retainers, gathered round the great fire. Pleasing stories were related, anthems and songs of joy were sung, while plenty of good cheer was partaken of by the assembled company. At twelve o'clock midnight

the Christmas carols were sung, after which prayers were said and all retired to bed.

*Yule, or Yule-tide*, is the ancient Saxon name of Christmas—or rather of a Druidical festival occurring about the same time that we now celebrate the day. From the Saxons, then, and their heathen rites, the custom came of building up the Christmas fire with a fresh log from the oak, the sacred tree of our barbarian ancestors, of wreathing our halls and temples with the green branches of fir and cedar, and of kissing the fair lady under the mistletoe. The Christmas tree is of German origin—but as the Teutons and Saxons were anciently one people, perhaps this also may be traced to a similar source, Druidical observances of a joyous event.

But let not the casual reader be surprised to learn that we in our Christmas festivities celebrate rites borrowed from heathens. The Christian religion as promulgated among barbarian races adapted itself to all ages and conditions. When it was introduced among old-time, half-civilized Britons, what more natural than that they, while rejecting all the dark and false features of their inherited religion, should retain some of those which brought to their minds images of good and happiness? There was nothing in the new faith to prevent their transforming their gay holidays into Christian festivals. And as the Saxon Yule or New Year occurred so near the generally accepted Christmas season, how easy the transition of the spirit of the latter to the letter of the former! This change is and has been true of nearly all countries. In many places festivals of flowers, fruit and the like are dedicated to certain saints which can be directly traced to similar institutions, in the names of ancestral gods, though the origin may be generally forgotten.

So, strange as it seems, in celebrating Christmas we may be keeping up certain Yule observances which are older than Christianity itself.

### Memorial to Mr. Longfellow in Westminster Abbey.

REFERRING to the committee which has been formed for the purpose of erecting in Westminster Abbey a memorial in the form of a bust to Henry W. Longfellow, a recent number of the *London News* says: "It would be idle to enumerate the members of the committee, since the body comprises almost everybody distinguished in contemporary art and letters. The committee will be called together so soon as 'society' has come back to town from its autumnal outing; and a public meeting, for which Mr. Henry Irving has generously granted the use of the Lyceum Theatre, will then be held. A foolish attempt has been made to deprecate the movement on the ground that there are no memorials to 'foreigners' in Westminster Abbey. There are many."

THE first "illustrated juvenile" ever printed in Arabic has just made its appearance at Beirut, in Syria. It consists of a volume of poems and rhymes selected from *St. Nicholas* and translated under the auspices of the Rev. Henry Harris Jessup. The *Century Company* furnished the illustrations. The first copy was bound in Beirut in June last.

### Novel Church Decorations.

**T**HERE is a little country church at Hill's Corners, New Hampshire, in which are to be seen unique and novel decorations. It has been called the "Worsted Church." Its interior is described as a perfect mosaic of needlework representing vines, flowers and various decorations, composed of worsted in all colors and designs. Few persons, it is said, would believe without actual observation that such charming effect could be produced with such material. Crocheted lambrequins cover the curtains at each window, and hanging baskets filled with zephyr-wool flowers depend from the centre. Harps, crosses, anchors, wreaths of flowers and festoons of vines are placed between large tablets of artistic designs, gracing the walls like ancient tapestry and inscribed with Scriptural selections. These tablets and inscriptions are composed of various colored crimped tissue paper upon a background of cloth. The lettering is well executed and no two inscriptions are of the same character. An immense hanging ornament of flowers and drapery is suspended from the centre of the ceiling with two large arches of flowers spanning the interior of the church, which, with other decorations, produce an effect strange, curious and wonderfully artistic and beautiful.

### Children's Magazines and Papers.

**D**ON'T forget the boys and girls in your arrangements for a supply of reading-matter during the coming year, and above all, see to it that they get only what is pure and good. The mind grows by the aliment on which it feeds and will be healthy or diseased, according to the quality of this aliment; and mental disease is more disastrous and far more to be dreaded than physical disease. You cannot be too careful in regard to this thing. Books, papers and magazines for young people are published and largely circulated which carry with them moral taint and blight, and which are doing untold harm to the rising generation. Happily, we have another class of periodicals for the young, and you cannot go wrong in your selection of one or more of these for the entertainment and instruction of your children. In elegance of typography and illustration and in the high order of literary talent employed they are unequaled in the world. In magazines there are:

ST. NICHOLAS, published in New York by the Century Publishing Company, at \$3.00 a year.

WIDE AWAKE, published in Boston by D. Lothrop & Co., at \$2.50 a year.

OUR LITTLE ONES and THE NURSERY, published in Boston by The Russell Publishing Company, at \$1.50 a year, and

BABYLAND, published in Boston by D. Lothrop & Co., at 50 cents a year.

In weekly papers there are:

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, published in Boston by Perry, Mason & Co., at \$1.75 a year, and

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, published in New York by Harper Brothers, at \$1.50 a year.

We are frequently asked to recommend some magazine that will interest the younger children. For the very little ones BABYLAND is just the

thing. It is charmingly illustrated with quaint or pleasant pictures, and cannot fail to be to them a source of delight. Next to this, and for those who have learned to read and who take their first sweet pleasure in books, we have OUR LITTLE ONES and THE NURSERY. This is the most elegantly illustrated magazine for the younger children that has yet appeared. The designs are original, and the engravings by some of our best artists.

Of the other magazines and papers, a list of which is given above, we need only say that they are not equaled in this or any other country for richness of illustration, beauty of typography, or literary excellence. And, what is better than all, they may be safely placed in the hands of your children.

### Hot Milk as a Stimulant.

**O**F hot milk as a stimulant the *Medical Record* says: "Milk heated too much above one hundred degrees Fahrenheit loses for a time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of body or mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue will find in this ample draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects."

### Emerson and Carlyle.

**I**N referring to Emerson and the literary relations that existed between him and Carlyle, the *Edinburgh Journal* has this interesting paragraph:

"In the death of Emerson, America lost, perhaps, the most philosophical and thoughtful of her literary men. His works have been long and favorably known in this country, commanding the respect and admiration of thousands of thinking men and women. To Englishmen, one of the most endearing features of Emerson's character is his early recognition and loving appreciation of our Thomas Carlyle, Emerson having indeed been among the first, either in the Old World or the New, to see into the depths of *Sartor Resartus*, and to acknowledge the breadth of thought, the manliness of character, the pitiful tenderness toward the poor and distressed ones of the earth, that existed under the satirical veil in which the large-hearted Professor Teufelsdröckh chose to envelop himself when he spoke with the public. Emerson gathered the chapters of *Sartor Resartus* from *Fraser's Magazine*, in which they first appeared, and had them printed and published in America at his own expense, afterward remitting to Carlyle, at a time when such a gift was very acceptable, the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, as the profits arising from the sale of the first edition of the book."



# OXYGEN, THE GREAT HEALTH RESTORER.

What is said by Liebig, Lange, Pravaez, Trousseau, Demarquay, Marchings and other Eminent European Physicians and Scientists.

For many years large numbers of the most advanced thinkers among scientific and medical men have, as is well known, been thoroughly convinced that in Oxygen, the great life-sustainer and blood-purifier, was to be found a certain cure for nearly all forms of disease. An easy, safe, cheap and readily accessible method of using it was long sought for with persistent effort, but unsuccessfully until the discovery of Compound Oxygen.

In the introduction of his Treatise on Compound Oxygen, written nearly ten years ago, Dr. Starkey says, referring to the discovery of Oxygen by Dr. Priestly:

"Knowing, as they did, that life can be preserved but a very few minutes without a due supply of oxygen, philosophers and physicians naturally enough came to think that oxygen ought to restore men to a full state of vitality in case it had been partly lost by disease.

"For many years this conviction has been so strong that experiments by hundreds have been made to use oxygen as a curative agent. But the result hitherto has been so unsuccessful that the best men have yielded to disappointment and have become skeptical as to its having any curative power.

"Ask almost any intelligent physician his opinion as to the power of oxygen to cure disease, and he will tell you—honestly, too—that it has been tried faithfully over and over again and been found wanting.

"And it is true that its use in an uncombined state did, and probably always will, disappoint what would seem to be a reasonable expectation of its results. So, too, has a mixture of it with common air in various proportions failed to produce the healing effects which have been looked for with so much hope.

"But it can now be demonstrated that all these strong convictions, that oxygen ought to prove an inestimable boon to the millions who are suffering from disease, had their foundation in truth."

Recently a larger supply of oxygen than is to be found in common atmospheric air has been obtained by what are called "Condensed Air Baths." These consist of pneumatic

chambers, or rooms constructed of iron plates and rendered air-tight. They are provided with seats and lighted by windows of heavy plate glass. Patients to be treated take their places in these rooms, into which currents of fresh air are forced until the density is increased to an additional pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch, or to an extra atmosphere.\* In breathing this compressed air the lungs are supplied with a larger quantity of oxygen than is to be found in common air, and on this increased supply of oxygen is based a general theory of cure.

The most prominent establishment of this kind is at Riechenhall, Germany. It is conducted by Dr. Von Liebig (son of the eminent chemist). Similar establishments are to be found in other places in Europe and one in the United States, at Rochester, N. Y., conducted by Dr. J. L. Stone.

Dr. Liebig, in his pamphlet on the value of these condensed air baths, says:

"The relief which condensed air affords in breathing is a very perceptible one for patients who, in consequence of catarrh of the smaller bronchials or of emphysema or of asthmatic condition, suffer with troubled breathing; and while they by means of deeper respiration inhale more air, the slower exhalation favors the absorption of the oxygen contained in it. This is, moreover, increased in proportion to the height of the pressure above the ordinary point, because the inhaled oxygen is condensed in the same proportion. *The additional oxygen frequently affords an aid for the state of health, which becomes very manifest and is soon noticed in the improved color and the heightened feeling of strength in the case of chlorotic persons, or those who by their complexion betray the lack of oxygen in their blood. The effect of the augmented reception of oxygen upon the internal vital processes is exhibited in different directions. In persons lacking blood, who usually have but little appetite, it is observed that this increases, as also their digestive power.*"

Dr. Lange says that the efficacy of compressed air baths principally rests upon the

fact that the blood is more richly supplied with oxygen and that a healthier nutrition is the immediate consequence. Pravaez, Demarquay and others maintain, with Lange, that the beneficial effects of these baths are due to the greater supply of oxygen which is presented for absorption.

Dr. Trousseau, of Paris, in his work on Therapeutics, gives the names of nine physicians besides himself who have successfully treated asthma by condensed air baths.

Among other things he says:

"In general the patient is relieved after the first bath, and the improvement soon becomes more rapid. The attacks become less frequent and lose intensity and duration. The catarrh also diminishes, the expectoration becomes less abundant, the sputa less purulent, while the rest of the health improves."

The same author, in speaking of the inhalation of oxygen in this disease, says:

"The attack of Asthma is an affection very suitable for the use of oxygen. What more rational than to offer a purer and more vivifying air to the unhappy patient who inspires so little oxygen and becomes asphyxiated? At the very first Beddoes used it with the greatest success; then Marching, Poulie, of Montpellier, in 1782; Stoll in 1774; Chapet, and at last Thornton, partner of Beddoes, who gave it to a great many patients, and declared that the asthmatics were extremely relieved in the immense majority of cases. Demarquay gave oxygen to three asthmatics. In one case the success was truly marvelous, and the patient felt the dyspnea disappear as the balloon shrank, and the attack was over when the balloon was empty. In two other cases of humid asthma, that is, in emphysematous patients who have contracted suffocative Catarrh, oxygen only brought partial relief. Oxygen has been wonderfully successful in a similar case of ours."

He goes on at some length, and closes by saying:

"The experience which we have had of oxygen in Asthma is very encouraging, and there are few remedies which give hope of such a speedy relief, except the bath of compressed air."

In a letter to Dr. Stone, dated Munich, March 2d, 1882, Dr. Liebig says, in speaking of the baths at Reichenhall:

"The pneumatic chambers at Reichenhall (proprietor Mr. E. Mack) are still enlarging the circle of their patrons. Last summer there were so many applicants that at the height of the season the new-comers had to wait from eight to fourteen days for a seat, and the sit-

tings went on the whole day. There were in the whole, 307 persons, who took more than 6,000 single air-baths. In consequence, Mr. Mack is erecting now a new chamber with twelve seats, and will be able, with this and the others, to accommodate twenty-nine persons at a time. The establishment at Reichenhall is frequented only during the summer. I shall return to Reichenhall for the season in the beginning of May."

All this is in the right direction, and will largely contribute to the work of inaugurating that new era in the healing art which had its beginning with the discovery of COMPOUND OXYGEN. This is a new substance, in which is held a greater percentage of oxygen than is contained in atmospheric air and in the inhalation of which this life-giving element is supplied in a larger measure, and without the costly mechanical appliances necessary in the Condensed Air Baths. A still higher advantage possessed by Compound Oxygen is found in the fact that under the chemical changes and combinations which take place in its manufacture, ozone is developed, and the substance itself acquires a magnetic condition, the effect of which is often very marked with peculiarly sensitive patients—some of whom, during its inhalation, describe their sensations as similar to those felt under an electric current. A distinct shock, as from an electric battery, is sometimes, though in rare cases, spoken of as having been experienced in using our "Home Treatment."

While decided beneficial effects will in many diseases be obtained from breathing the air of these pneumatic chambers, we know from the remarkable results which have attended the administration of Compound Oxygen during many years that our mode of treatment will do all that is claimed for condensed air baths, and a great deal more, and at a cost to the patient so much less as to render it almost nominal.

To those who wish to inform themselves in regard to this new Treatment, we will send, free of cost, our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" and our pamphlet containing over fifty "Unsolicited Testimonials;" also "Health and Life," our Quarterly Record of Cases and Cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in which will be found, as reported by patients themselves, and open for verification, more remarkable results in a single period of three months than all the medical journals of the United States can show in a year!

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1883

ARTHUR'S

1883

# HOME MAGAZINE.

## ANOTHER MOVE FORWARD!

**T**HE increasing popularity of the HOME MAGAZINE is seen in its rapidly growing subscription list, which is now larger, with a single exception, than that of any other literary monthly magazine in Philadelphia.

Exceptionally attractive as have been the numbers for 1882, we shall make the issues for the coming year still more so.

Identified with the people in all their home interests and social relations, the HOME MAGAZINE has been, and will continue to be, just what its name implies. It has always occupied a field especially its own, and meets a want which no other periodical supplies. Its pages are kept absolutely free from everything that can deprave the taste or lower the moral sentiments.

As an inexpensive magazine of high character it has no rival.

Established over thirty years ago by T. S. Arthur, who still remains its editor, it has been during all that period a welcome visitor in thousands of American homes, and to-day has a stronger hold upon the people and is more popular than ever.

Everything is so classified that it gives the magazine a character that is particularly attractive.

Something instructive or entertaining, something to cheer, encourage, amuse or give an inspiration to pure and noble living, will be found in every number.

The editor of a Western paper in noticing a number of our magazine says: "Just across the street is a busy, care-worn wife and mother. For twenty years, with but little interruption, she has been a reader of the HOME MAGAZINE. Its monthly visits have been like angels to her. When she told me the fact of her long-continued subscription, I readily saw where she gathered so much hope and patience and strength."

"The day on which the HOME MAGAZINE comes," writes a subscriber, "is hailed every month with joy, not only by myself, but the whole family. It is like seeing the face of an old friend."


Says another: "I have taken it five years, and feel like saying, 'God bless you!' for one book that we can feel safe in recommending to every one."

And another writes: "I have read the HOME MAGAZINE without missing a single number since 1861. But no words of mine can express fitly my thanks for all it has been to me in these years."


All that our magazine has been in the past, and much more in the way of excellence and interest in its various departments, will it be in the future. We shall continue to make it a live magazine, keeping pace with advancing taste and culture.


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227 South Sixth St., Philad'a, Pa.



"I know of no other magazine in the United States that so nearly fills my ideal of a HOME MAGAZINE—not one. It is rightly named."—EDITOR TOULON, (ILL.) HERALD.

# 1882 — ARTHUR'S — 1882 HOME MAGAZINE.

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THE HOME MAGAZINE occupies, and has always occupied, a field especially its own. While gathering for its pages from the whole range of general literature, the editor and his efficient co-laborers exercise the most careful discrimination in regard to quality and influence. Nothing is admitted which, in their view, can give false ideas of life, or weaken the bonds of virtue. No matter what may be the reputation, nor how brilliant the talents of a writer, if his moral teachings are at all questionable, they cannot find a place in our magazine.

For a period of nearly thirty years, this magazine has been a welcome visitor in thousands of American homes, and there are subscribers on our list who have taken it from the beginning. They have learned that its publishers keep their promises; that the interest of its pages never flags; and that its literature is of the highest character. And still beyond this, that in its peculiar character and varied departments it is more thoroughly identified with the people in their every-day life and home and social interests than any other first-class periodical in the country.


Referring to the steady improvement which, year by year has been made in the HOME MAGAZINE—each new volume presenting increased attractions—we can only promise our readers that this rule of improvement shall be fully maintained, and that the HOME MAGAZINE for 1882 will be the most interesting and attractive that has yet appeared.


Our arrangements are more complete than they have ever been, and our literary resources wider and more varied.


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# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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"I cannot send off this letter without saying how pleased we are with the HOME MAGAZINE. It grows better every month. We find it next to impossible to do without it."

"It is so home-like and good; so pure and ennobling; always appealing to our better selves, and lifting us to higher and better things."

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"I have taken your HOME MAGAZINE since 1855, and have seen none that meets my wants or that we like as well."

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"I have read the HOME MAGAZINE without missing a single number since 1864. But no words of mine can express fitly my thanks for all it has been to me in these years."

"It should be in every home. I hope to take it as long as I live."

"It stands unrivaled; and my wish is that every wife, mother and maiden could peruse its pages."

"Long live the HOME MAGAZINE, the light and blessing of so many homes. I could not well get along without its cheering, comforting monthly visits."

"You may safely count on us as life-long readers."

"I have read your magazine during several consecutive years, and can confidently say that, in my judgment, it is one of the very best monthlies a Christian gentleman can place upon his centre table. It improves as the years roll by, and I cannot in my old age afford to do without it."

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"I cannot send off my order without expressing, briefly, my gratitude for such a blessing as your magazine is to us, and to hundreds of women in our fair land."

"It fills a want in the household that I have long felt the need of; and I am sure, in this, that I only express the sentiments of wives and mothers all over the land."

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"I wonder how I have done without your magazine so long. I hope never to be without it again."

## WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

"No one can peruse a number without having his better qualities thoroughly awakened, and yet it is never in any respect dull, always entertaining and amusing while it instructs and elevates."—*Plaindealer*, Marseilles, Illinois.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE has been received and every word read. We are never afraid of saying too much in favor of this magazine; for the family circle and general home-reading it has no superior."—*Times*, Harper, Kansas.

"For an inexpensive, popular home magazine, Arthur's has hardly a peer. Established years ago, and fostered and brought up under the care of the venerable T. S. Arthur, this publication has found favor in thousands of homes all over the world. To-day it is stronger and more popular than ever."—*Republican*, Lyons, New York.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE ranks with the best monthlies of the day. Everything is so classified and departmentized that it gives a speciality to the magazine that is particularly acceptable to the masses. This magazine has been published, every month, for nearly thirty years, over one-half of which time the writer has received and perused it with great satisfaction."—*Sunday Leader*, Lafayette, Indiana.

"Arthur never disappoints. Something instructive, something to comfort, to cheer and to encourage in every number. It will scatter blessings in thousands of families. Get it."—*Herald*, Toulon, Illinois.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE in its special field has no rival. Helpful to all housekeepers, especially so to young ones; pure in thought and expression, and true to God and humanity, it is a blessing wherever it goes."—*Advance*, Altoona, Pa.

In a friendly and fraternal letter received last year from the editor of the *Toulon* (Ill.) *Herald*, such generous and warm-hearted praise of the HOME MAGAZINE was given that we asked and received permission to publish the communication, which was done in the January number of the HOME MAGAZINE. We repeat a portion of the letter here:

"I know of no other magazine in the United States that so nearly fills my ideal of a HOME MAGAZINE—not one. It is rightly named."

"Just across the street is a busy, care-worn wife and mother. For twenty years, with but little interruption, she has been a reader of the HOME MAGAZINE. Its monthly visits have been like angels to her. When she told me the fact of her long-continued subscription, I readily saw where she gathered so much hope, and patience, and strength."

"Blessings on your dear old magazine! May its forty-seven volumes be increased to one hundred, and the blessings you are bestowing upon thousands of households in this land return to you with tenfold richness."

"The best monthly magazine published in America."—*News*, Clinton, Mich.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE is one of the best that reaches this office."—*Free Press*, Ripon, Ohio.

"Among the choicest and best of the periodicals visiting our table is ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE."—*Star*, Baldwin, Mich.

"If you want a magazine that is in every respect a model, both in appearance and matter, subscribe for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE."—*Home Monthly*.

"There are always daintily-illustrated articles, and the most sensible fashion-plates to be found anywhere."—*Weekly Aurora*, Cleveland, Ohio.

"It is really refreshing to find in one, at least, of the popular monthlies, reading matter that is pure and healthy as well as strengthening. Not a single article, or even page, but has in it some good moral, and a good purpose is felt and seen in every sentence almost throughout the book, and you feel that you are better for having communed with the minds that teach through its columns."—*Guardian*, Westchester, Tenn.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE fulfills the manifest destiny, indicated by its name, by being the most heartily welcomed, at home, of all the periodicals that come there."—*Journal*, Amboy, Ill.

"No home should be without this magazine, for there is a special department for the father, mother, sister and brother."—*Vidette*, Augusta, Ark.

—All Subscribers to ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for 1883 will receive, free, the November and December numbers of this year.

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\$72 a week. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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# FIT'S

A Lending London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS.

From Am. Journal of Medicine.

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 30 years' standing, successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 36 John St., New York.

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A \$6.00 REVOLVER FREE TO YOU.



WEIGHT 7½ OUNCES  
THIS CUT IS 2-3 SIZE.  
**THE BLUE JACKET**

is the most elegant Revolver in the world, as well as the most perfect and beautiful in design and finish. It is made of the very best steel. The barrel and frame is Nickel Silver-plated, with Gold-plated Cylinder, Ivory Stock, and the whole beautifully engraved and enameled, making a beautiful contrast of four different colors. The cut represents only two-thirds the actual size, and as it is impossible to show the beautiful contrast of Gold, Silver, Blue and Ivory, it conveys but a slight idea of this handsome weapon. It is simply beautiful beyond description. It is the first IVORY HANDLE, ENAMELED AND ENGRAVED REVOLVER ever sold for less than \$6.00, and is the most remarkable bargain we ever offered in fire-arms. This Revolver cannot be made to-day for twice what we are offering it for, and it will be long time before we shall be able to offer another such bargain. We have 5,000 only when these are sold, no more can be had except at regular prices. **THE BLUE JACKET** is as well known as any Revolver in the world, and the new Russian Model Hip Stock exactly fits the hand, enabling you to hold it firmly and steadily. It has a *fully* rifled barrel, positive stop-action holding the cylinder firmly in place, and uses the extra-long cartridge. With the **BLUE JACKET** you can shoot a squirrel or partridge from the tallest tree. We guarantee its shooting qualities, and if you are not perfectly satisfied with it **WE WILL REFUND THE MONEY EVERY TIME**. We purchased these Revolvers at less than one-fourth their cost, and we wish to give all who read this the benefit, and at the same time introduce our publication **THE HOUSEHOLD GUEST MAGAZINE**. If you will send us \$2.00, and TEN CENTS EXTRA to help pay postage, we will mail the Magazine one year, and the REVOLVER FREE of all other charges. **THE HOUSEHOLD GUEST MAGAZINE** contains 32 quarto pages, with handsome Illustrated Engraved Cover, and is filled with choice illustrations from all parts of the world. Stories by the best authors; Poetry; Anecdotes; Sketches; Illustrated Fashion Department; useful information; Battles; Amusements; Correspondence; Household Notes; The Kitchen; Ladies' Items; The Toilet Table; The Garden; Wit, Humor, etc. It is now in its fourth year, has a large circulation, and the regular price for a year's subscription has always been \$1.50.

**FREE TO YOU.**

If you will cut this advertisement out, show it to your friends, and get a club of seven to join you, and send us \$14.00, with 10 cents extra in stamps to help pay postage, we will send you the Revolver and Magazine free for your trouble. **PLEASE BEAR IN MIND** that each one in the club will also get the Revolver and Magazine, and when full amount \$14.70 is sent with the club order, we will put in a box of cartridges for each Revolver. As to our reliability, we refer to any New York Publishers or Merchants. Send money by Registered Letter or Post Office Order at our risk.

Address, E. C. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, N. Y.

THE TARGET illustrated here was made with the **BLUE JACKET** at 27 yards. Every shot being put in a bull's-eye one inch in diameter. **CUT THIS OUT. IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.**

## HEMORRHAGE OF THE LUNGS.

In August, 1880, a gentleman in Golden Hill, Ark., ordered a Compound Oxygen Treatment for his wife, who had lung trouble:

"The last of July," he wrote, "she had a very severe hemorrhage, which lasted for several days. . . . Several years ago she had hemorrhage from the lungs. . . . Coughed a great deal."

The first report received from this case, after the Oxygen Treatment was sent, was dated September 29th:

"No hemorrhage since she began the Compound Oxygen Treatment. For a few days after each inhalation, she had a stricture across lower part of right lung, which seemed to get lower down until it disappeared. Since then she has gradually improved. Says she is much better than when she began using Compound Oxygen. When she began, her skin was sallow, and her eyes had a dull look; now, her skin is clearer than for a long time, and her eyes have more animation."

Next report came October 21st:

"Since I last wrote, she has suffered with severe cough. Expectoration is profuse, clear and frothy, and sometimes she coughs up yellow matter."

We did not hear from the case again until the 5th of May, 1881, when the lady's husband wrote:

"I suppose you think I have forgotten you; but no, I should have written before now, but my wife has been getting on so well since using the Treatment, that I have procrastinated from time to time, on account of want of time to write. Really, she has been so much better during the winter than for several years, that we thought, perhaps, she would not need any more until fall. But we got measles in our family this spring, and she, not thinking she would take them, waited on our children. But she was taken sick, and did not suspect measles until they broke out; and she had a very severe cough, and was so troubled with sick stomach, that it brought on a very severe hemorrhage on last Friday, and again on Tuesday of this week, which has prostrated her very much. . . . Inclosed you will find pay for another Home Treatment. Please forward without delay."

July 2d, 1881, we had the following satisfactory report:

"We received the Treatment in due time, and my wife commenced to take it at once, and began to mend right away. When she began she could not sit up more than half the day, and coughed incessantly, but in ten days she was able to walk a mile to her brother's in the morning, and back again in the evening, and she has continued to mend all the time, until now she says she feels as well as she ever did in her life. Her rapid recovery is a marvel to all her friends. I feel thankful to a kind Providence for guiding you to the discovery of such a wonderful curative agent, and for giving me the knowledge of it in time to get it for my wife before it was too late."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

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7. Rest for the Weary and Heavy Laden.
8. The Ministry of Fear.
9. What is Evangelical Religion?
10. The Conquest over Evil by Little and Little.
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13. The Laws of Ascent from a Natural to a Heavenly Life.
14. Unity Among Brethren: Its Origin, Means and Effects.
15. The Doctrines of the New Church, the Measure of a Man.
16. The Death of the Body a Ministry of Life to the Soul.
17. The Nature and Use of Prayer.
18. Efficacious Prayer: The conditions on which it is answered.
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23. Man's Immeasurable capacity to Love, to Know, and to Enjoy.

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A FEW SINCERE AND HARTNET WORDS, FROM LEADING  
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They Have Seen and Know Whereof they Affirm.

The fact that a man occupies the responsible position of a religious teacher entitles him to unquestioned respect, and gives his words and endorsements a special power. The statements which follow, attested by *fac simile* signatures, are voluntary in their nature, and given because the facts they contain are believed to be of great benefit to the human race. All who read these testimonials cannot but admit their sincerity or fail to be impressed with the remarkable power of the article of which they speak.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 21st, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: For more than three years I have believed in the efficacy of the remedy known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I am acquainted with cases of albuminuria, of acute Bright's Disease and of gravel, which have quickly yielded to it. From my knowledge, also, it is a remedy which is sometimes recommended by the most skillful physicians. While I believe it to be perfectly safe to use, I believe, also, that in cases where a cure is possible its effect is to alleviate the great sufferings of the patient.

J. C. Rankin

D. D. and Pastor Congregational Church.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Sept. 26, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have never been troubled with any serious kidney affection myself, but I recommend your remedy from observation of its effect on others. Several of our acquaintances have been so much benefited by its use that after conversation with them I became satisfied of its excellence and recommended it, feeling it to be my duty to do so, if by that means I might help any one to find relief from suffering. I believe it to be as near all that it is recommended to be as anything ever offered to the public.

H. B. Wigg

Pastor St. Paul's M. E. Church.

HAMPTON COURT HOUSE, S. C., May 2, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have been suffering for the past nine years from the most acute pain in the region of the kidneys and liver, and during that time I have looked forward to nothing less than Bright's disease. About March 1, 1881, I read your advertisement which explained the case of Mr. Larabee. It seemed very similar to my own case, and I sent for four bottles of your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I believe it to be infallible, and you can obtain the testimony of all my friends and neighbors to the fact that it rescued me, when death seemed certain. I feel like a young man again.

W. H. Prentiss

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 5, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: Having received from the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure very marked benefit, I can cordially recommend it to others.

A. C. Kendrick

(D. D., Professor of Greek in the Rochester University, and New Testament reviser.)

SANTA CLARA, Cal., May 8, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have used your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure and found it all you represented it.

Rev. C. L. Fisher D. D.

CHELSEA, Michigan, June 10, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: Two years ago, last August, my wife was attacked with rheumatism; a wasting away of the mus-

cular substance of the body, enlargement of the joints, loss of appetite, fearful pain, loss of motive power, and almost perfect helplessness. All was done by the very best physicians I could get, but without the least help. For weary months she suffered on, until in April, when I said in my heart I will give up my prejudice and try your medicine, and lo! the secret was found out. It worked like a charm. My wife is now like herself once more, and sunshine is once more in our home.

Rev. E. A. Gay

935 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 7, 1879. }

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have known of some cases of Bright's Disease which seemed to be in the last stages, and had been given up by practitioners of both schools, in which the speedy change wrought by your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure seemed but little less than miraculous. I am convinced that for Bright's Disease, in all stages, no remedy heretofore discovered can be held for one moment in comparison with this.

C. A. Harvey

(D. D. and Financial Secretary Howard University).

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER,

CHEMICAL LABORATORY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., January 18th, 1881. }

Mr. H. H. Warner has placed in my possession the formulae of the several medicines manufactured and sold under the general designation of "Warner's Safe Remedies." I have investigated the processes of manufacture, which are conducted with extreme care, and according to the best methods. I have taken from the laboratory samples of all the articles used in the preparation of these medicines, as well as the several medicines into which they enter. I have also purchased from different druggists in this city Warner's Safe Remedies, and, upon critical examination, I find them all entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances.

S. A. Lattimore

(Ph. D., LL. D., and Analyst of State Board of Health.)

MONTGOMERY, Ala., May 23, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

GENTLEMEN: I have been greatly troubled with my kidneys and liver for over twenty years, and during that entire time I was never free from pain. My medical bills were enormous, and I visited both the Hot and White Springs, noted for the curative qualities of the water. I am happy to say I am now a well man, and entirely as the result of your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. With such glorious results I am only too glad to testify regarding the remedy which has made me so happy.

Rev. P. D. Marklee

WHIPPANY, Morris co., N. J., July 2, 1880.

Messrs. H. H. Warner &amp; Co.:

DEAR SIR: Until recently my wife has suffered terribly from a severe attack of acute inflammation of the bladder, which occurred October last, and left a chronic inflammation of the neck of the bladder. This disease yielded to no treatment until, some time in March, she began the use of your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and by the use of six bottles was completely cured, which we wish to acknowledge very thankfully. We have commended the cure to others as we have had occasion, and shall continue to do so very cheerfully.

D. M. Gee Baedwell

No higher praise could be given any article on earth, and it establishes beyond a question the value of this great remedy for all diseases of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



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Lydia E. Pinkham

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all these Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous tumors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. -G3

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Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1878.

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The only magazine in the world expressly for Babies!

This dainty monthly, indispensable in all households  
where there are baby folks, will be made more beautiful  
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One of our best artists will draw for it a set of beautiful  
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They will be in outline, and will be very popular in the  
nursery for the children to draw or to color. Mrs. Clara  
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### TWELVE NURSERY POEMS.

BABYLAND is printed in large type, on very heavy  
cream-tint paper.

BABYLAND is only 50 cents a year, and specimen  
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D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers, Franklin Street, Boston.

## WIDE AWAKE for 1882.

The Editors and Publishers of WIDE AWAKE make the  
following announcement of leading features for 1882:

**FROM THE HUDSON TO THE NEVA,**  
a grand serial story of travel, by David Ker.  
The author has recently visited the countries where  
the action of this romantic story lies. Algiers, Greece,  
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neo among the fierce and sorcery-loving Malays; hence  
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number, and will at once take its place in the long line  
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Short Stories will contribute to the magazine during  
the year: Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Mrs. Helen  
Hunt Jackson ("H. H."), Mrs. A. M. Diaz,  
Sophie May, Rev. Wm. M. Baker, Sarah Orne  
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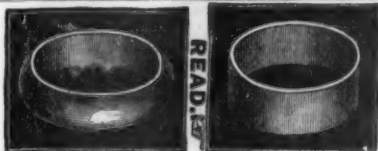
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THIS SILK HAS A SOFT FINISH;  
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"I know of no other magazine in the United States that so nearly fills my ideal of a HOME MAGAZINE—not one. It is rightly named."—EDITOR TOULON, (III.) HERALD.

1882—ARTHUR'S—1882

# HOME MAGAZINE.

ILLUSTRATED.

A New Year, with New & Increased Attractions.

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For a period of nearly thirty years, this magazine has been a welcome visitor in thousands of American homes, and there are subscribers on our list who have taken it from the beginning. They have learned that its publishers keep their promises; that the interest of its pages never flags; and that its literature is of the highest character. And still beyond this, that in its peculiar character and varied departments it is more thoroughly identified with the people in their every-day life and home and social interests than any other first-class periodical in the country.


Referring to the steady improvement which, year by year has been made in the HOME MAGAZINE—each new volume presenting increased attractions—we can only promise our readers that this rule of improvement shall be fully maintained, and that the HOME MAGAZINE for 1882 will be the most interesting and attractive that has yet appeared.


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# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

## WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS SAY.

"The day on which the HOME MAGAZINE comes is hailed every month with joy, not only by myself, but the whole family. It is like seeing the face of an old friend."

"I cannot send off this letter without saying how pleased we are with the HOME MAGAZINE. It grows better every month. We find it next to impossible to do without it."

"It is so home-like and good; so pure and ennobling; always appealing to our better selves, and lifting us to higher and better things."

"I have taken your HOME MAGAZINE for twenty years, and feel now as if I could hardly live without it."

"I have taken your HOME MAGAZINE since 1855, and have seen none that meets my wants or that we like as well."

"It certainly stands in the front rank in regard to purity of tone, and high aim in advancing the true happiness of home life."

"Have taken it five years, and feel like saying, 'God bless you!' for one book that we can feel safe in recommending to every one. I have learned to love it, and the writers seem like dear friends."

"I have read the HOME MAGAZINE without missing a single number since 1864. But no words of mine can express fully my thanks for all it has been to me in these years."

"It should be in every home. I hope to take it as long as I live."

"It stands unrivaled; and my wish is that every wife, mother and maiden could peruse its pages."

"Long live the HOME MAGAZINE, the light and blessing of so many homes. I could not well get along without its cheering, comforting monthly visits."

"You may safely count on us as life-long readers."

"I have read your magazine during several consecutive years, and can confidently say that, in my judgment, it is one of the very best monthlies a Christian gentleman can place upon his centre table. It improves as the years roll by, and I cannot in my old age afford to do without it."

"I can never tell you the good your HOME MAGAZINE has done me. Each year I have taken it contains at least twelve perfectly happy days—the days on which my magazine comes."

"I watch for your beautiful magazine eagerly."

"I should feel poor, indeed, if I were deprived of it."

"Accept my congratulations upon the brave spirit with which you refuse to pander to a vitiated public taste."

"I am a better wife, a better woman, a better mother for its sake."

"It always appeals to the higher side of our nature, lifting us up toward nobler things."

"The numbers have been more than ever instructive and interesting to me. It is all that is pure and ennobling."

"Whenever I write to distant friends, I tell them of the merits of the HOME MAGAZINE."

"I feel almost as though I could not keep house without it; and my numbers are constantly lent out around our immediate neighborhood."

"For six years I have, each month, greeted the arrival of your dear, delightful magazine with the affection I would bestow on a dear friend."

"I cannot send off my order without expressing, briefly, my gratitude for such a blessing as your magazine is to us, and to hundreds of women in our fair land."

"It fills a want in the household that I have long felt the need of; and I am sure, in this, that I only express the sentiments of wives and mothers all over the land."

"It is so thoroughly home-like and good."

"I thank you for giving us a magazine which holds up a high standard of life, and lifts one up to new and earnest endeavor toward the right."

"I wonder how I have done without your magazine so long. I hope never to be without it again."

## WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

"No one can peruse a number without having his better qualities thoroughly awakened, and yet it is never in any respect dull, always entertaining and amusing while it instructs and elevates."—*Plaintender*, Marseilles, Illinois.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE has been received and every word read. We are never afraid of saying too much in favor of this magazine; for the family circle and general home-reading it has no superior."—*Times*, Harper, Kansas.

"For an inexpensive, popular home magazine, Arthur's has hardly a peer. Established years ago, and fostered and brought up under the care of the venerable T. S. Arthur, this publication has found favor in thousands of homes all over the world. To-day it is stronger and more popular than ever."—*Republican*, Lyons, New York.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE ranks with the best monthlies of the day. Everything is so classified and departmentized that it gives a speciality to the magazine that is particularly acceptable to the masses. This magazine has been published, every month, for nearly thirty years, over one-half of which time the writer has received and perused it with great satisfaction."—*Sunday Leader*, Lafayette, Indiana.

"Arthur never disappoints. Something instructive, something to comfort, to cheer and to encourage in every number. It will scatter blessings in thousands of families. Get it."—*Herald*, Toulon, Illinois.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE in its special field has no rival. Helpful to all-housekeepers, especially so to young ones; pure in thought and expression, and true to God and humanity, it is a blessing wherever it goes."—*Advance*, Altoona, Pa.

In a friendly and fraternal letter received last year from the editor of the *Twain* (Ill.) *Herald*, such generous and warm-hearted praise of the HOME MAGAZINE was given that we asked and received permission to publish the communication, which was done in the January number of the HOME MAGAZINE. We repeat a portion of the letter here:

"I know of no other magazine in the United States that so nearly fills my ideal of a HOME MAGAZINE—not one. It is rightly named."

"Just across the street is a busy, care-worn wife and mother. For twenty years, with but little interruption, she has been a reader of the HOME MAGAZINE. Its monthly visits have been like angels to her. When she told me the fact of her long-continued subscription, I readily saw where she gathered so much hope, and patience, and strength."

"Blessings on your dear old magazine! May its forty-seven volumes be increased to one hundred, and the blessings you are bestowing upon thousands of households in this land return to you with tenfold richness."

"The best monthly magazine published in America."—*News*, Clinton, Mich.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE is one of the best that reaches this office."—*Free Press*, Ripon, Ohio.

"Among the choicest and best of the periodicals visiting our table is ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE."—*Star*, Baldwin, Mich.

"If you want a magazine that is in every respect a model, both in appearance and matter, subscribe for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE."—*Home Monthly*.

"There are always daintily-illustrated articles, and the most sensible fashion-plates to be found anywhere."—*Weekly Aurora*, Cleveland, Ohio.

"It is really refreshing to find in one, at least, of the popular monthlies, reading matter that is pure and healthy as well as strengthening. Not a single article, or even page, but has in it some good moral, and a good purpose is felt and seen in every sentence almost throughout the book, and you feel that you are better for having communed with the minds that teach through its columns."—*Guardian*, Westchester, Tenn.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE fulfills the manifest destiny, indicated by its name, by being the most heartily welcomed, at home, of all the periodicals that come there."—*Journal*, Amboy, Ill.

"No home should be without this magazine, for there is a special department for the father, mother, sister and brother."—*Vidette*, Augusta, Ark.

As All Subscribers to ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for 1883 will receive, free, the November and December numbers of this year.

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AN HONEST REMEDY.

Prescribed and Used by our Best Physicians.

It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily, in place of the ordinary Hair Brush. The Brush Handle is made of a new odorless composition resembling ebony; a combination of substances Producing a Permanent Electro-Magnetic Current which acts immediately upon the Hair Glands and Follicles. This power can always be tested by a silver compass which accompanies each Brush.

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Bridgeman,  
BROOKLYN.]

"Gents:—I have never before given a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I am so pleased with your Hair Brush that I deem it my duty to write you recommending it most cordially. My hair, about a year since, commenced falling out, and I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Brush a thick growth of hair has made its appearance, quite equal to that which I had previous to its falling out. I have tried other remedies with no success. After this remarkable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great sufferer from headache, and she finds it a prompt and infallible remedy.

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Mention this Paper. Money returned if not as Represented.

As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us and we will return the money. What can be fairer? The Proprietors of this Publication know Dr. Scott to be respectable and trustworthy; a Brush has been placed in the hands of Mayor Cooper and Postmaster James, of New York, as a guarantee of good faith.

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For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only pure  
cure for Fits, Epilepsy and Nerve Affections.  
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Will be mailed free to all applicants, and to customers without ordering it. It contains five colored plates, 250 engravings, about 200 pages, and full descriptions, prices and directions for planting 1500 varieties of Vegetables and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all. Send for it. Address, D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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THE BEST OFFER FOR RELIABLE SEEDS EVER MADE. New Hardy, Perpetual blooming, Double White Chrysanthemums. The most beautiful new plant introduced for years. Verbena named, 25c. per doz. Roses and Bedding Plants. Catalogues free. D. C. MCGILW, Riverside Gardens, Birmingham, N. Y.

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Some of its Leading Excellences:  
**IT IS** A fragrant and exquisite cosmetic.  
Beautifying, and benefits the complexion.  
Not injurious to the most sensitive skin.  
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**CHAMPLIN & Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.**  
12c Ivory Watch Charms, with Microscopic glass, shows heads of Actresses as large as life; also street Views, Lord's Prayer, The Creed, etc. 12c. postpaid, 75c. per doz. Big thing for Agents. J. L. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

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Bronze, Turkeys, Pekin Ducks, and light Brahmas. 1st premium on all. Send stamp for Stock or Poultry Catalogue.

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# A GREAT REVELATION.

Some Valuable Thoughts Concerning Human Happiness and Timely Suggestions About Securing It.

SYNOPSIS OF A LECTURE DELIVERED BY DR. CHAS CRAIG, BEFORE THE METROPOLITAN SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

"The public speaker of the present day labors under difficulties of which the speakers of the last century never dreamed, for while the audiences of the past received what was said without question, those of the present day are usually the mental equals or superiors of the ones who address them. Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, when a theological student, supplied a church in a neighboring town, and on his way to preach one morning met an aged colored man. 'Well, Uncle, do you ever go to hear the young preacher?' asked the unfledged doctor. 'No, Massa,' replied the negro, 'dis chile don't let none o' dem students practis on him.' The darkey had begun to think. The free and independent thought of this age accepts statements only where they are proven to be truth, while the development of mental power seems equally great in every other department of life. The valuable inventions of the day are counted by thousands. The increase of scientific study is universal. The spirit of inquiry in all fields is so marked as to cause

## COMMENT ON EVERY SIDE,

while people seem investigating and advancing in every direction which can help them morally, mentally or physically. This is specially true of the human body and everything which concerns it, and the truths which the people have found, even in the last fifty years, are simply marvellous. How really ignorant some cultured and supposedly scientific people were only a few years ago, as compared with the present day, may be better understood from a few illustrative facts. A prominent writer prepared an elaborate essay to prove that steamships could never cross the Atlantic, and his pamphlet was issued just in time to be carried by the first steamer that went to England. People once believed that the heart was the seat of life and health. It is now known that this organ is only a pump, simply keeping in motion what other and more important organs of the body have created and transformed. It was once supposed that if a person felt a pain in the back, the liver was deranged; if a pain came in the lower chest the lungs were affected and consumption was near; it is now known that a pain in the back indicates diseased kidneys, while troubles in the lower chest arise from a disordered liver and not imperfect lungs. A severe pain in the head was once thought to come from some partial derangement of the brain; it is now known that troubles in other parts of the body and away from the head, cause headaches and that only by removing the cause can the pain be cured. It is a matter of

## PRIVATE HISTORY

that Gen. Washington was bled to death. His last illness was slight, and caused principally by weariness. A physician was called who 'bled him copiously.' Strange to say, the patient became no better. Another doctor was called, who again took away a large amount of the vital fluid. Thus in succession four physicians drew away the life of a great man who was intended by nature for an old age, and who prematurely died—murdered by malpractice—bled to death. That was the age of medical bleeding!"

The speaker then graphically described another period which came upon the people, in which they assigned the origin of all diseases to the stomach, and after showing the falsity of this theory, and that the kidneys and liver were the causes of disease, and that many people are suffering from kidney and liver troubles to-day who do not know it, but who should know it and attend to them at once, continued:

"Let us look at this matter a little more closely. The human body is the most perfect and yet the most delicate of all created things. It is capable of the greatest results and it is liable to the greatest disorders. The slightest causes sometimes seem to throw its delicate machinery out of order while the most simple and common-sense care restores and keeps them in perfect condition. When it is remembered that the amount of happiness

or misery we are to have in this world is dependent upon a perfect body, is it not strange that simple precautions and care are not exercised? This is one of the most vital questions of life. People may avoid it for the present, but there is certainly to come a time in every one's experience when it must be faced.

"And here pardon me for relating a little personal experience. In the year 1870, I found myself losing both in strength and health. I could assign no cause for the decline, but it continued until finally I called to my aid two prominent physicians. After treating me for some time they declared I was suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys, and that they could do nothing more for me. At this time I was so weak I could not raise my head from the pillow and

## PAINTED REPEATEDLY.

My heart beat so rapidly it was with difficulty I could sleep. My lungs were also badly involved; I could retain nothing upon my stomach, while the most intense pains in my back and bowels caused me to long for death as a relief. It was at this critical juncture that a physical longing which I felt (and which I most firmly believe was an inspiration) caused me to send for the leaves of a plant I had once known in medical practice. After great difficulty I at last secured them and began their use in the form of tea. I noticed a lessening of the pain at once; I began to mend rapidly; in five weeks I was able to be about and in two months I became perfectly well and have so continued to this day. It was only natural that such a result should have caused me to investigate most thoroughly. I carefully examined fields in medicine never before explored. I sought the cause of physical order and disorder, happiness and pain, and I found the kidneys and liver to be the governors, whose motions regulate the entire system."

After describing at length the offices of the kidneys and liver, and their important part in life, the doctor went on to say:

"Having found this great truth, I saw clearly the cause of my recovery. The simple vegetable leaf I had used was a food and restorer to my well-nigh exhausted kidneys and liver. It had come to them when their life was nearly gone and by its simple, yet powerful influence had purified, strengthened and restored them and saved me from death. Realizing the great benefit which a knowledge of this truth would give to the world I began in a modest way, to treat those afflicted and in every case I found the same

## HAPPY RESULTS

which I had experienced. Not only this but many, who were not conscious of any physical trouble but who, at my suggestion, began the use of the remedy which had saved my life, found their health steadily improving and their strength continually increasing. So universal, where used, was this truth, that I determined the entire world should share in its results, and I therefore placed the formula for its preparation in the hands of Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., a gentleman whom I had cured of a severe kidney disease, and who, by reason of his personal worth, high standing and liberality in endowing the Astronomical Observatory and other public enterprises, has become known and popular to the entire country. This gentleman at once began the manufacture of the remedy on a most extensive scale, and to-day, Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the pure remedy that saved my life, is known and used in all parts of the continent.

"I am aware a prejudice exists toward proprietary medicines, and that such prejudice is too often well-founded, but the value of a pure remedy is no less because it is a proprietary medicine. A justifiable prejudice exists toward quack doctors, but is it right that this prejudice should extend towards all the doctors who are earnestly and intelligently trying to do their duty? Because Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure saved my life before it became a proprietary medicine, is it reasonable to suppose that it will not cure others and keep still more from sickness now that it is sold with a government stamp on the wrapper? Such a theory would be childish."

The doctor then paid some high compliments to American science, and closed his lecture as follows:

"How to restore the health when broken and how to keep the body perfect and free from disease must ever be man's highest study. That one of the greatest revelations of the present day has been made in ascertaining the true seat of health to be in the kidneys and liver, all scientists now admit, and I can but feel that the discovery which I have been permitted to make, and which I have described to you, is destined to prove the greatest, best and most reliable friend to those who suffer and long for happiness, as well as to those who desire to keep the joys they now possess."

## IN WIDE AWAKE FOR 1882

(PERMANENTLY ENLARGED, PRICE \$4.50).

There is for the boys who enjoy Exploits and Adventures, a brilliant serial by a famous modern traveller—

## From the Hudson to the Neva.

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## A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent  
Man Made Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle* of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith republished entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting:  
To the Editor of the *Democrat and Chronicle*:

SIR:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness was. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious, or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from Malaria, and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger usually brings a person to his senses even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and travelled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 227 to 139 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My

pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 36 pounds in flesh, become entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe MORE THAN ONE-HALF THE DEATHS WHICH OCCUR IN AMERICA ARE CAUSED BY BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's Disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own. (Indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENTON, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1881.

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**ROLLED GOLD SOLID JEWELRY** makes a beautiful and valuable gift for a lady or gentleman, and in order to introduce our goods and to secure new customers for our Company we will forward **POST-PAID** to any address in U. S. or Canada any article of our **HEAVY 18K. "ROLLED" GOLD** jewelry as shown in the accompanying illustrations, on receipt of **THIS ADVERTISEMENT** on or before **MAY 1st, 1888** and **ONE DOLLAR**. On the inside of any ring we send you we will **HANDSOMELY ENGRAVE** without Extra Charge any **NAME, INITIAL, MOTTO** or **SENTIMENT** desired. Descriptions:—No. 1, Ring we furnish in either **AMETHYST, GARNET** or **TOPAZ**. Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 4, respectively, Ring, Gent's Stud, and Lady's Ear Drops are set with our justly celebrated **FRENCH DIAMONDS**, the best imitation of the real stone ever produced, and we defy any one but the cleverest experts to detect that they are not. No. 5 is our handsome **ONYX INITIAL** Ring suitable for either lady or gentleman; the **ONYX** stones we use for settings show both black and white in their composition, and the effect of the engraved initial is very striking and beautiful. No. 6 is our **GLAZE RING** set with either **Red or Black Onyx**, something new and very handsome. No. 7 is an **INITIAL CHARM** suitable for either lady or gentleman. On one side we **CUT INITIAL** same as No. 5 Ring, on the other side we use as setting **Heavy Rolled Gold** and that this unprecedented offer is only made to introduce our goods and to make price named, we hope to make **Regular Customers** of them. At the same time we send article or articles selected, we will mail you a bundle of our **CATALOGUES** and feel sure that you will be so highly pleased with goods sent and that they will give such satisfaction that you will oblige us by distributing our Catalogues among your friends, at the same time showing them the **BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY** you have received from us. You can in this way assist us in selling other goods of **STANDARD QUALITY** which are manufactured from **New and original Designs** and which are guaranteed to give satisfaction or **REFUND MONEY**. We depend on our **FUTURE SALES FOR OUR PROFIT**. Remember the jewelry we send you is **Heavy Rolled Gold** and that this unprecedented offer is only made to introduce our goods and Catalogues in your vicinity. **OUR COMPANY IS OLD AND RELIABLE**, manufacturing **First-Class** goods from the **PRECIOUS METALS**. We can only send out a **LIMITED NUMBER** of this **FIRST-CLASS JEWELRY** at price named, and in order to protect ourselves from **Jewelers and dealers**, ordering in quantities we will insert this advertisement but **ONE TIME** in this paper, hence require you to **CUT IT OUT** and **SEND IT** with your order that we may know you are entitled to the **BENEFITS** of this offer. Under no circumstances will we send more than **ONE ARTICLE** of each kind at price named, but after you receive goods ordered and others are desired we will furnish them in **18K. Solid Gold** at **\$6.50** each. If you wish one article send this advertisement and **\$1.00**, if you desire two articles send this advertisement and **\$2.00**, or if all one of each are desired send this advertisement and **\$6.00**. If more than one of each are desired you must pay full price as given in our catalogue. To ascertain the size ring you wear, cut a piece of paper so as to fit around the finger you wish to wear the ring on and send the slip to us. If you order a ring state what you wish engraved on the inside, and if you order either Nos. 5 or 7 state the initial desired. In ordering No. 1 state the stone desired, as we furnish them in either **Amethyst, Topaz or Garnet**. And if No. 6 is ordered state which setting you prefer the **Black or Red Onyx**. **ORDER BY NUMBERS**. Remember under **NO CIRCUMSTANCES** will we sell more than **ONE OF EACH** at price named. You can order one or any number up to eight, but not more than one of each kind and you must **CUT OUT** this advertisement and **SEND IT** on or before **May 1st, 1888** with your order. Small sums can be sent through regular mail or send by Registered Letter, Money Order or Draft. Address **G. W. PETTIBONE & CO., 25 Maiden Lane, New York.**

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They should be adopted at once by those suffering from any bodily ailment, and also who wish to

#### Ward Off Disease,

Preserve her good health, and retain and improve the elegance of her figure should give them an immediate trial. It has been found that magnetic treatment makes the muscles and tissues more plastic and yielding, and it is argued from this that Ladies who wear these corsets will have no difficulty in moulding the figure to any desired form, without tight lacing. A tendency to extreme fatness or leanness is a disease which, in most cases, these corsets will be found to cure. In appearance they do not differ from the usual corsets, being made of the same materials and shape (see cut). They are worn the same, and fit the same, but give a more graceful figure.

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In place of the ordinary steel busks in front, and a rib or two at the back, Dr. Scott inserts steel magnetode which are exactly the same size, shape, length, breadth and thickness as the usual steel busk or rib. By this means he is able to bring the magnetic power into constant contact with all the vital organs, and yet preserve that symmetry and lightness so desirable in a good corset. It is affirmed by professional men that there is hardly a disease which Electricity and Magnetism will not benefit or cure.

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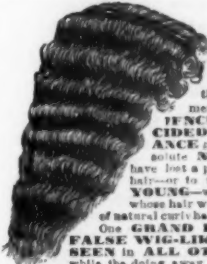
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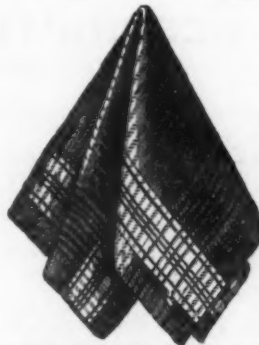
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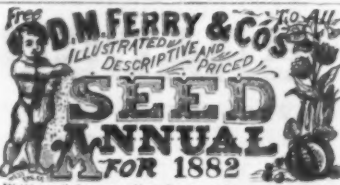
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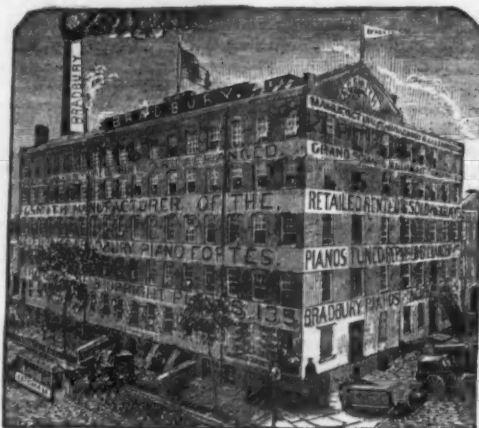


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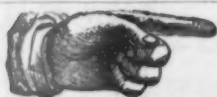
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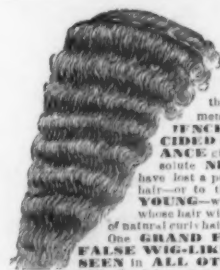
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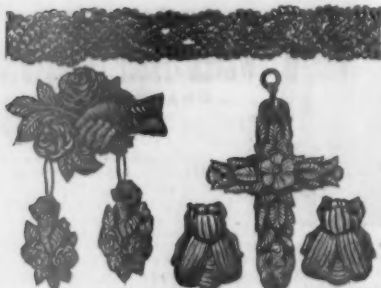
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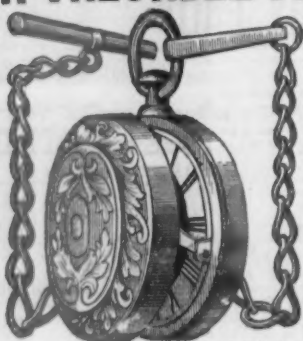


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The extraordinary success of this Magazine proves that the people desire the best literary and artistic matter for the instruction and amusement of little children. The stories and poems, all original, are by the best writers for children. The illustrations, 390 a year, are made by the best artists in the world, expressly for this work. The cheapest as well as the best. \$1.50 a year, 15 cents a copy. Invaluable as an educator. Newsdealers sell it. Specimen free. The most liberal terms to Agents.

**RUSSELL PUBLISHING CO., Boston, Mass!**



**ROLLED GOLD SOLID JEWELRY** makes a beautiful and Valuable Gift for a lady or gentleman, and in order to introduce our goods and to secure new customers for our Company we will forward **POST-PAID** to any address in the U. S. or Canada, any article of our **HEAVY 18K, "ROLLED" GOLD** jewelry as shown in the accompanying illustrations, on receipt of **THIS ADVERTISEMENT** on or before **MARCH 1st, 1888, and ONE DOLLAR**. On the inside of any ring we send you we will **HAND-SOMELY ENGRAVE** without Extra Charge any **NAME, INITIAL, MOTTO or SENTIMENT** desired. Descriptions.—No. 1, **FRENCH DIAMOND**, Full Back Ear-Drops. No. 2, **LADIES' LOCKET**, opens, place for two pictures, **REAL** **CAMEO** in centre. No. 3, **GENTS' FRENCH DIAMOND**, Full Back Stud. No. 4, **LADIES' or GENTS' FRENCH DIAMOND** Full Back Ring. No. 5, **Ladies' FRENCH DIAMOND** Full Back Lace Pin. No. 6, **Ladies' or GENTS' CHASED HUCKLE HAND** Ring, the very latest design. No. 7, **Ladies' or GENTS' CAMEO RING**. Our **FRENCH DIAMONDS** are justly celebrated, being the best imitation of the real stone ever produced, and we defy any one but the cleverest experts to detect that they are not. In the manufacture of all the above described goods we use **HEAVY ROLLED GOLD**, and in offering a **LIMITED SUPPLY** of these goods to the readers of this paper at the nominal price named, we hope to make **Regular Customers** of them. At the same time we send article or articles selected, we will mail you a bundle of our **CATALOGUES** and feel sure that you will be so highly pleased with goods sent and that they will give such satisfaction that you will oblige us by distributing our Catalogues among your friends, at the same time showing them the **BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY** you have received from us. You can in this way assist us in selling other goods of **STANDARD QUALITY** which are manufactured from **New and Original Designs** and which are guaranteed to give satisfaction or **REFUND MONEY**. We depend on our **FUTURE SALES FOR OUR PROFIT**. Remember the jewelry we send you is **Heavy Rolled Gold** and that this unprecedented offer is only made to introduce our goods and Catalogues in your vicinity. **OUR COMPANY IS OLD and RELIABLE**, manufacturing **FIRST CLASS** goods from the **PRECIOUS METALS**. We can only send out a **LIMITED NUMBER** of this **FIRST-CLASS JEWELRY** as priced named, and in order to protect ourselves from **fraudulent dealers** ordering in quantities we will insert this advertisement but **ONE TIME** in this paper, hence require you to **CUT IT OUT** and **SEND TO US** with your order, that we may know you are entitled to the **BENEFITS** of this offer. Under no circumstances will we send more than **ONE Article** of each kind at price named, but after you receive goods ordered and others are desired we will furnish them in **18K SOLID GOLD**, from **\$1.00** and upwards. If you wish **ONE** article send this advertisement and **\$1.00**; if you desire **TWO** articles send this advertisement and **\$2.00**, or if **ALL** (one of each) are desired send this advertisement and **\$7.00**. If more than one of each are desired you must pay full price as given in our Catalogue. To ascertain the size ring you wish to wear



the ring on and send the slip to us. If you order a ring state what you wish engraved on the inside. **ORDER BY NUMBERS**. Remember under **NO CIRCUMSTANCES** will we sell more than **ONE of EACH** at prices named. You can order one or any number up to seven, but **NOT MORE** than one of **EACH KIND**, and you must **CUT OUT** this advertisement and **SEND TO US** on or before **MARCH 1st, 1888**, with your order. Small sums can be sent through regular mail or send by Registered Letter, Money Order or Draft. Address



**G. W. PETTIBONE & CO., Man'g Jewelers, 25 Maiden Lane, New York.**

**50** New and Elegant Hand, Bouquet, Pond Lily, Horse Shoe, Lily of the Valley, etc., Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Book free with 1st order.

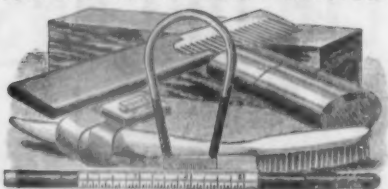
**STAR CARD CO., Clintonville, Conn.**

**YOUR NAME** on 50 Large, Handsome Chromo Cards 10c. They are entirely new, made expressly for our 1883 trade. 13 packs for \$1.00. Agents' Book of Samples, 25c. **Franklin Printing Co., New Haven, Ct.**

**CARDS 50** New Chromo Cards with name, 10c. Blank cards to Printers, 50c. per M. and upward. Agents wanted. Send for Catalogue and 1 doz. samples, etc. Game of Authors, 20c. **CLINTON BROTHERS & Co., Publishers of Chromo Cards, Clintonville, Conn.**

**\$72 a week.** \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address **TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.**

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Six useful and valuable articles for 48 cents, or less than one half the usual retail price. The greatest bargain of the season. This Combination or Cabinet contains six articles, as follows:

No. 1. Combination Pencil, the latest Parisian Novelty, eight articles in one as follows: 1 Pencil and Pen, 1 Lead Pencil, 1 Slate Pencil, 1 Blue Crayon, 1 Red Crayon, 1 Ink Eraser, 1 Three-inch measure (divided into sixteenths of an inch), 1 Metre or French Measure, the whole fitting closely into a handsome case no larger than an ordinary lead pencil.

No. 2. Sportman's Whistle, a very loud, nicely nickel-plated call whistle, which can be blown only by one in the secret. A genuine puzzle and valuable whistle.

No. 3. Pocket Match Safe. The neatest, prettiest, and most convenient match safe made. It is handsomely nickel plated. Has corrugated bottom for striking matches, and is a perfect beauty.

No. 4. Imported Tooth Brush. Made in London, of first quality white bone and bristles. Any one, male or female, having any regard for cleanliness, the preservation of their teeth, or their personal appearance, should use a good tooth brush like the one here offered.

No. 5. Pocket Comb and Case. Made of fine horn, tough and durable. In a neat case, cannot soil the pocket. Suitable for ladies or gentlemen. A handy useful article.

No. 6. Horse Shoe Magnet. A scientific toy that should be in the possession of every child in the country. It is very strong, and will readily pick up keys, pins, needles, screws, nails, etc., in fact any small metal article.

This Combination contains useful novelties sufficient to supply a whole family with Christmas presents. Persons not wanting all the articles can sell those not wanted for more than the cost of the whole. Understand we do not offer you a single article, but the complete Combination, containing all the above-named articles from No. 1 to No. 6, securely packed, and mailed, post-paid, for only 48 cents, or 16 three-cent postage stamps. 3 Combinations for \$1.25; one dozen \$4.00, post-paid. Postage stamps of any denomination accepted the same as cash. Address all orders to

Eureka Trick and Novelty Co.,  
P. O. Box 1148, 87 Warren St., New York.

## FUN AND MYSTERY.

Endless amusement for only 30 CENTS. Our New Budget contains 5 Beautiful Face Pictures; 100 Choice Selections in Prose and Verse for Autograph Albums; 10 pieces of Popular Music; 1 pack "Hold to Light" Cards; 1 pack Humorous Cards; 1 pack Comic Escort and Acquaintance Cards; 1 pack Flirtation Cards; Language of Jewels and Flowers; Star Puzzle; 2 Transformation Puzzles (change color right before your eyes); 10 Interesting Games; 12 New Tricks in Magic; 25 New and Pretty Fancy Work Patterns; 1 pack Heller's Wonderful Illusion Cards; 1 set Chromo Cards; The Great \$5.00 Prize Puzzle; 1 Mystic Oracle; 1 Pleasing Picture of "Puss in Boots"; 1 Chinese Puzzle; 1 Thirteen Puzzle; 1 Egyptian Cross Puzzle; 1 Game of Fortune Telling. All post-paid, 30c; two packages, 50c. Stamps taken. Address plainly, HOME MAN'G CO., P. O. Box 1916, Boston, Mass.

Illustrated Catalogue, Photograph and Lecture, 10c.

## MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS ORGANS \$5

Magic Lanterns and Slides WANTED

HARRACH ORGANINA CO., 811 FILBERT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**THE ANNEAR SAUCE**  
UNRIVALLED FOR ITS Piquancy & APPETIZING PROPERTIES.  
MEDAL OF SUPERIORITY  
NEW YORK 1881.

## KIDNEY WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated KIDNEY-WORT as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

**PILES.** THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

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**THOUSANDS OF CASES** of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

It cleanses, strengthens and gives new life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully.

It acts at the same time on the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. **22 SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, 21, LIQUID OR DRY.** Dry can be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt. (37)

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Your choice of 40 Gold, Silver, Bird, Motto, or 50 Good Luck, Fruit, Flower, &c., or 25 Handmade Chromo Cards sold for 10c. Send 10c. stamp for our Illustrated Premium List of Imitation Gold and Nickel Cased Watches, Solid Gold and Ruled Plate Jewelry, Books, &c. Novelties, &c. Agents' Sample Book No. 1, 25c. No. 2, \$1.00. G. F. BROWN & CO., Northford, Conn.

PACK of handsomely written cards, 30c. Circular free. Prof. MADARAZ, Box 2105, N. Y. City.

## AUTOMATIC CABINET. Play any Tune.

Musical Wonder Catalogue, FREE.

FREE J. S. BIRCH & CO., 34 Dey St., N. Y.

## AND NOT WEAR OUT.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

Send sketch or model for Preliminary Examination and Opinion as to Patentability. No charge for same. Send for Pamphlet. Established in 1865.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 stops, \$125. Pianos \$297.50, Factory running day and night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.



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NOT ONLY UNEQUALED BUT UNRIVALED.

**MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED STYLES** of these famous Organs are now regularly manufactured, from the smallest size (Style 109), with sufficient power and compass (3 $\frac{1}{4}$  octaves) and **BEST QUALITY**, for popular, sacred and secular music generally, at **ONLY \$22.00** (net cash price) up, by small additions in price, to \$900.00 for the largest size (Style 1,200, with three manuals and full pedals), for one of which this Company had the honor to receive an order, within a few weeks, for the personal use of **Dr. FRANZ LISZT**, who has long tested the MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS by the use of a smaller size.

**THE FINER DRAWING-ROOM STYLES** are not merely UNEQUALED, but quite UNRIVALED by any other instruments in the world. They are furnished in a variety of cases, of **SOLID BLACK WALNUT**, **ASH**, **MAHOGANY** and **EBONIZED**, with **ONE**, **TWO** or **THREE MANUALS**, **FULL PEDAL BASE**, etc., etc., at net prices, from \$200.00 to \$900.00 and up, the greatest variety being from \$200.00 to \$400.00.

**POPULAR STYLES, FOR CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, DWELLINGS**, and all uses, are in great variety, from \$22.00 up.

**THE SUPERIORITY OF THESE ORGANS IS PROVED BEYOND QUESTION**, by the fact that at **EVERY ONE OF THE GREAT WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS FOR SIXTEEN YEARS** (at Paris, 1867; Vienna, 1873; Santiago, 1875; Philadelphia, 1876; Paris, 1878; Milan, 1881), they have been found worthy of the **HIGHEST HONORS**. No other American Organs have been found equal to them at **EVERY ONE** such comparison.

These Organs are sold for cash, or easy payments. A **NEW ILLUSTRATED Catalogue** (40 pages, 4to) is recently issued, describing a number of new styles, and will be sent free.

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154 Tremont Street, BOSTON.

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149 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.

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A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of **EPILEPTIC FITS**. From Am. Journal of Medicine.

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address

Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

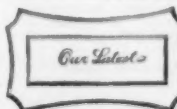


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**GET UP CLUBS** of 15 names for 15 packs (10c. a pack) of 24 lovely imported all Chromo cards for \$1.00 (Landscapes, Swiss & French Florals, Birds, Wreaths &c., with names in the finest style of new type. Sample Book for agents 25c., unequalled for all the new styles of Cards, also Imported Christmas and Birthday Cards. Send 5c. for entire new Catalogue and Premium List of useful and fancy articles given as premiums or largest cash commissions paid. Register Letters to **E. F. EATON, Northford, Conn.**

**50** All Chromos, elegant designs, Bouquet, Goodluck, etc., name on, in case, 10c. **E. H. Fardee, New Haven Ct., Branch P. O.**

**40** Large New Chromo Cards (1883 series), Gold & Silver assorted, name on, 10c. **Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.**



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**50 CHROMO CARDS** in seven colors, comprising sets of Summer Scenes, Winter Landscapes, Marine Views, German, French, Italian & Oriental Vignettes, Panel Cards in Gold & Silver, Birds, Florals, Motions etc., 50 designs, with your name in neat type 10c.

A BOOK OF SAMPLES FOR 1883—

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send **TWO BOTTLES FREE**, together with a **VALUABLE TREATISE** on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

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**50** Large Chromo, Motto, Roses, etc., new style cards, name on, 10c. **G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Conn.**

**50** Elegant Chromos, name on, in fancy case, 10c.; 3 packs and handsome Present, 30c. **Vann & Co., Fair Haven, Ct.**

**50** New and Very Choice Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Book, 25c. **Crown Printing Co., Northford, Ct.**

**SHORTHAND** Writing thoroughly taught by mail or personally. Situations procured for pupils when competent. Send for circular. **W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N.Y.**

## RUPTURE

Cured without an operation or the injury trusses inflict by **Dr. J. A. CHERMAN'S** method. Office 261 Broadway, New York. His book, with Photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.

—Dr. Cherman will be at his branch office, corner of 4th and Market Sts., St. Louis, Mo., during two months of November and December, 1883.

**SELECT** your Visiting Cards from our Beautiful Sample Package, only 10c., and see the quality and price before purchasing elsewhere. **TODD & CO., Clintonville, Conn.**

## FRUIT TREES. ORNAMENTAL TREES. GRAPE VINES. PLANTS AND BULBS. SMALL FRUITS. SHRUBS AND ROSES.

An immense stock. Splendid Assortment. Warranted true. Remarkably cheap—40 CHOICE

Send for Catalogue free. 28th year. 400 Acres. 18 Greenhouses. Address  
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### FREE! Beautiful Box of Fine Stationery, Jewelry, and Other Useful Articles.

Desiring to introduce our charming Family Magazine, *The Fireside at Home*, into thousands of houses where it is not already taken, we make the following unprecedented offer: Upon receipt of **Only Twenty-five Cents in postage stamps**, we will send *The Fireside at Home* for **Three Months**, and to every subscriber we will send, **Free and post-paid**, an **equal Box of Fine Stationery, Jewelry, etc.**, the contents of which are as follows: Twelve Sheets of best quality **Printed Note Paper**; Twelve Superior Envelopes to match; One **Elegant Carnelian Finger Ring**, with gold-plated top and name-plate; One **Elegant Ladies' Jet Brooch**, very handsome and stylish; One **Fine Silver-Plated Thumb**, of good quality; **Buckner's Musical Chart**, by the aid of which any one can learn to play the piano or organ in a few hours; **Twenty-five Embroidery and Needle Work Designs**, all new, with directions, and a large collection of **Valuable Receipts and other Receipts**. All the above, in a neat and handsome box, will be sent **Free** to all who send twenty-five cents for a three month's trial subscription to *The Fireside at Home*. All these goods are warranted genuine and first-class in every respect. We offer no cheap or trashy articles. *THE FIRESIDE AT HOME* is a large and handsome magazine, containing 36 large pages, 100 columns, including cover, profusely illustrated, and filled with up-to-date serial and short stories by the best authors, poems, useful knowledge, sketches of travel and adventure, reading for the young, farm, garden and household recipes, wit and humor, etc., etc. A complete and elegant family magazine in every respect, and one of the most valuable and interesting published. We will not send 25 cents and get it three months, together with our beautiful Box of Fine Stationery, Jewelry, and all the other useful articles named above? Remember, all these useful goods are given **free**—you merely pay for the magazine. This great offer is made simply to introduce the magazine into new homes. Take advantage of it now—at once. We guarantee every one three times the value of money sent! If you are not more than satisfied, we will cheerfully refund the amount. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in New York, likewise to the Commercial Agencies, as we are an old-established house, well-known and reliable. Five subscriptions to the magazine, with five boxes of the premiums, for \$1.00. Thus, by getting four of your friends to send with you, you will secure your own free Address, **F. M. LUTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.**

## THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls.

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"Our boys and girls crave reading matter, and the character of *THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND* is calculated to elevate them and do them good."

"It seems to me such a pure, bright book as *THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND* must have an ennobling influence in a household."

"... There are no books we so prize of an evening as our dear *CHILDREN'S FRIEND*, for in the four years I have taken it I have never found a piece that I hesitated to read to my children."

Terms, \$1.50 per year. Club rates very moderate. Send two 3-cent stamps for sample copy, and try to get up a club. Address

**M. Y. HOUGH, Editor.**

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Patent Foot and Steam Power Machinery. Complete outfits for Actual Work-shop Business. Lathes for Wood or Metal. Circular Saws, Scroll Saws, Formers, Mortisers, Tenoners, etc., etc. Machines on trial if desired. Descriptive Catalogue and Price List Free.

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**FITS STOPPED FREE**  
Marvellous success.  
Insane Persons Restored.  
**DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER**  
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Fits, Epilepsy and Nerve Affections. **INFAILLIBLE** if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying expressage. Send name, P. O. and express address to **DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.** See principal druggists.

**YOUR NAME** on 50 artistic Chromo Cards and a Pocket Memorandum Book, all sent for 10c. Agents' new Sample Book only 12c. Assorted Package of Embossed Pictures 10c. Give us a trial order.

**CLINTON & CO., North Haven, Conn.**

**BIG PAY** to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. **TATLER BROS. & Co., Cleveland, O.**

## HEALTH AND LIFE.

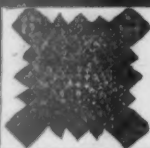
A Quarterly Record of Cases and Cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

### CONTENTS OF OCTOBER NUMBER.

Attempted Analysis of Compound Oxygen. Chronic Inflammation of the Lungs. "Could Not have Lived many Days." A Very Remarkable Case. Arresting the Progress of Consumption and Holding the Disease in Check. A Gain of Fifty Pounds in Six Months. At Death's Door. Inflammatory Rheumatism. An Astonishing Cure. "Wonderfully Better." A Very Singular Case and Wonderful Improvement. A Case of Rapidly Developing Consumption. Office Treatment. Home Treatment. Cost of "Home Treatment." Our Depository on the Pacific Coast. Treatise on Compound Oxygen. Unsolicited Testimonials. Leaving Home in Search of Health. Danger to Consumptives in High Altitudes. Impatient for Results. The Ravages of Consumption. Catarrh. Lung Diseases. Sick Headache. A Blessing to Mothers. Oxygen, the Great Health Restorer. In New South Wales. Facts vs. Analysis. Without a Parallel in Medical History. Brief Extracts from Patients' Letters.

This number will be sent free.

Address **DRs. STARKEY & PALEN,**  
1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philad'a.



**15c**

### ONLY, FOR 75 BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS FOR NEEDLE-WORK.

A very beautiful collection of designs for Borders, Corners, and Carves in making Tables, etc., on Java Canvas Holbein Work, Worsted Work, Berlin Work, etc. These designs are new and remarkably pretty. Every lady should have them. No. 1 contains nearly 25 Designs for Worsted Work, Canvas Work, Crochet Work, etc. No. 2 contains nearly 25 Designs for Holbein Work, Honeycomb Canvas, etc. No. 3 contains Designs for Berlin Work, Mosaic, Small Carvings, etc. Send 15 cents for the three books. Send also for our catalogue of 1,200 useful articles and Christmas gifts.

**BOWMAN BROS., 46 Beekman St., N. Y.**

## WIDE AWAKE.

*The Great Pictorial Magazine for Young Folks. Only \$2.50 a Year.*

During the past year this popular magazine has been made up monthly with an enterprise and a lavish expenditure that is little less than regal. Indeed, a prominent reviewer calls it "the prince of magazines."

In this determination to have the best, **WIDE AWAKE** last season offered American artists \$500.00 for the best frontispiece drawings; and the first prize picture, "A-Maying," represented, when published in June, 1882, probably a far larger expenditure than any picture ever before given in a juvenile magazine. It was engraved by Closson, and when exhibited at the Paris Salon this spring won for him the distinguished honor of a medal, ranking him first of American engravers.

And when, a few months ago, America's beloved poet, **LONGFELLOW**, died, it was **WIDE AWAKE** that secured the memorial poem by his great contemporary, **WHITTIER**, and first gave it to the world.

The rare editorial instinct of the conductors of **WIDE AWAKE** is universally recognized.

And withal, the magazine is notably healthful and sensible and practical, and at the same time wonderfully entertaining.

The foremost authors in America contribute their brightest work to this monthly: John G. Whittier, Edward Everett Hale, Arthur Gilman, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Mrs. Susan Dunning Power, Susan Coolidge, Helen Hunt, Margaret Sidney, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Sophie May, Sarah Orne Jewett, Nora Perry, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, and hosts of others.

**DURING THE COMING YEAR** the work of these popular authors will be supplemented by the finest poems and prose contributions from brilliant English authors, among them Dinah Maria Mulock (Mrs. Craik), Christina Rossetti, Rose Kingsley, Philip Bourke Marston, Mary A. F. Robinson, and others.

A **PARTIAL ANNOUNCEMENT** is here given of leading features for 1883. For Full Prospectus see November **WIDE AWAKE**.

**THE SILVER CITY**, by FRED. A. OBER, late explorer for the Smithsonian Institute, will take the readers into entirely new fields of realistic romance—the interest centering about the exciting search for and discovery by the boy hero of the famous Lost City in Yucatan of which tradition has whispered mysteriously ever since the conquest of Mexico, and in which present interest is excited by the report of a traveler now in the region that within a few months he has seen in the distance its white and shining walls. Many of the seventy-five illustrations by W. P. Bodfish will have as backgrounds to the dramatic action the marvelous sculptured ruins from photographs taken by Mr. Ober himself.

**OLD CARAVAN DAYS**, by MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD, is a story of the frontier States in the days when from Ohio westward the great "pikes" were trailed over by the slow lengths of white-tented wagons, in one of which lived the hero and heroine of the story, Bob-a-day and little "Aunt" Corinne. This exquisite story of child life will have thirty-six drawings by Mr. W. P. Shere.

**A DECIDED NOVELTY** will make the third serial in that it will have no text, but instead will consist of three to five pages each month of by-the-way sketches, studies and drawings by one of **WIDE AWAKE**'s favorite artists who has just gone to Europe with his sketch-book for this purpose.

**DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE TROPICS**, by DR. FELIX OSWALD, will give the boys a capital combination of Natural History and adventure fully illustrated by Faber.

**MY WINTER GARDEN**, by AMANDA B. HARRIS, is a series of curiously interesting and profusely illustrated studies of the change of buds to leaves and blossoms on twigs gathered in winter and kept in jars of water in a sunny window.

**TWELVE DECORATIVE PLAQUES**, each full page size, by GEORGE F. BARNES, will be of notable interest to amateur artists.

**INDIAN FOLK-LORE STORIES**, by BRIGHT EYES; **INDIAN LIFE OF TO-DAY**, by MRS. FLETCHER; **AZTEC INDIAN LEGENDS**, by A RECENT EXPLORER, will form three fascinating and remarkable groups of articles by authors in whom the American public has a present and great interest.

**COOKERY FOR BEGINNERS**, by MARIAN HARLAND, will be a new department, conducted for the **WIDE AWAKE** cooking club by the ablest American who has written upon practical cookery.

**C. Y. F. R. U.**—The second annual reading course of the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union (a feature to include which **WIDE AWAKE** enlarged itself one-fourth last year) is begun in the October number, '82, and includes the following series:

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